THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu… …ekly
Founded … Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this copy of The Saturday Evening Post place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any U. S. postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

DEC. 8, 1917

5cts. …E COPY

for him from you!

This "pound-of-P. A." in glad togs adds weeks to Christmas joys!

YOU can't jam more delight into smoke hours of men-of-war and men-of-peace than to dole out bright and early crisp Christmas morning this cheeriest-of-chums—a pound of Prince Albert tobacco in the gaily-clad crystal glass humidor!

Prince Albert is not only the tobacco best liked by a great majority of men because it has the *desirable quality*—but, *to have a whole pound wished on you at one shot*—that just beats all! *P. A. smokes for weeks!* And, every load fresh-like-a-dewy-daisy, because, the humidor's sponge moistener top keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition day in, day out!

Quality makes Prince Albert king-pin-popular-packing for Christmas and for all-year jimmy pipes, or, any way you like to fire-up! *Quality flavor, fragrance, coolness*—all the time, no matter which way the wind blows! And, P. A. can't bite your tongue any more than the woolly toy cat under the tree! Our exclusive patented process *cuts out bite and parch!*

Speed this gladsome Christmas package on its mission of happiness while time's just ripe—for it spreads smokejoy so lavishly! Prince Albert's holiday supply has never equalled the constantly increasing demand. Early ordering avoids disappointment!

Inside and out, this "pound-of-P. A." is a whale-of-a-gift that will be in action long after Christmas is forgotten! And, it boils down the give-game to the a b c class! *Just simplifies the whole proposition!*

Prince Albert in the merry togs, as in the tidy red tins, toppy red bags and handsome pound and half pound tin humidors can be purchased wherever tobacco is sold. *Only*, get in before the high-sign "all out" gets plastered up on the plate glass!

the national Christmas joy smoke

PRINCE ALBERT

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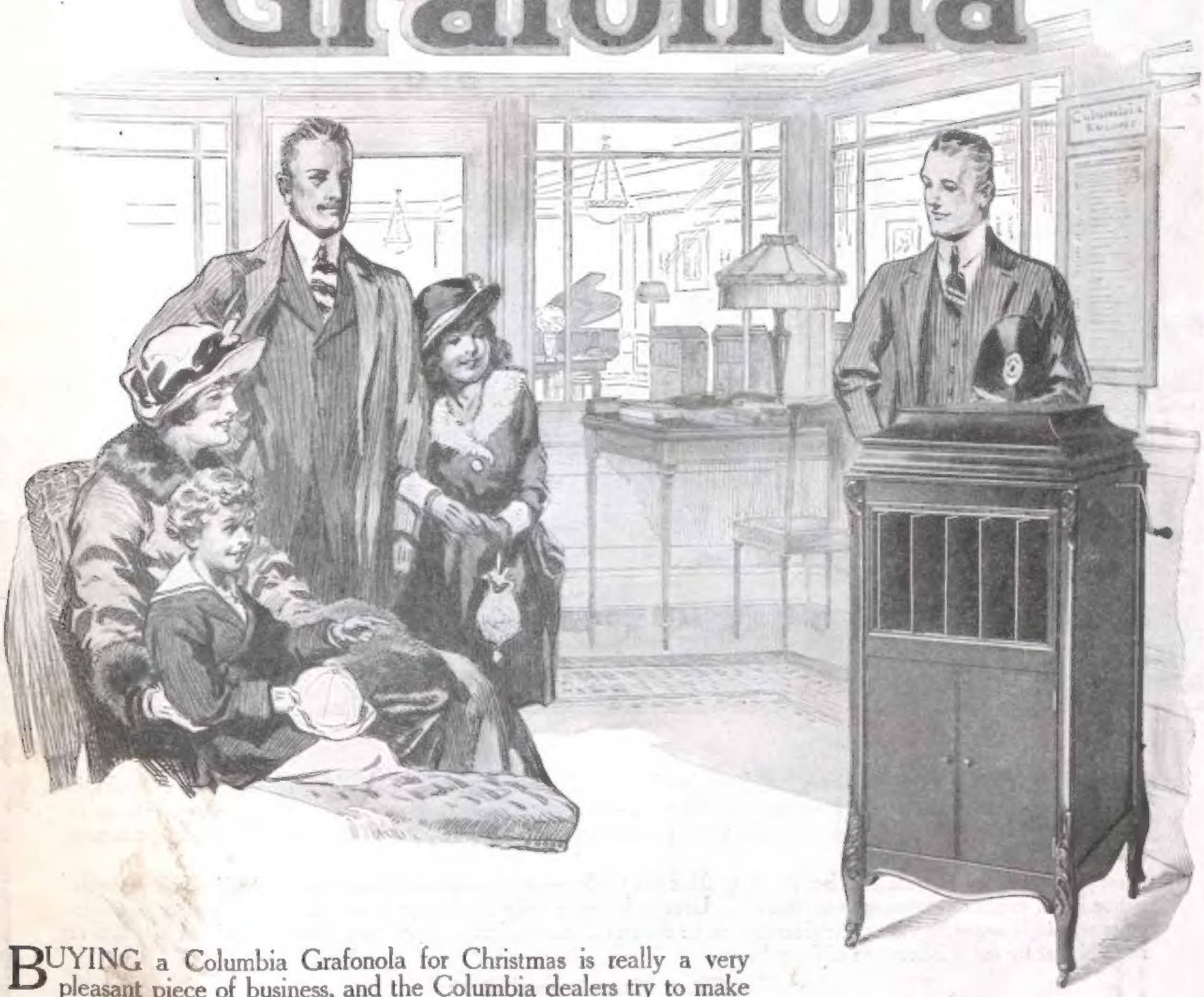
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Columbia Grafonola



BUYING a Columbia Grafonola for Christmas is really a very pleasant piece of business, and the Columbia dealers try to make it even more pleasant. So do not hesitate to go in and get acquainted with the Columbia Grafonola. Columbia salesrooms are operated for no other purpose than to give the public a chance to see the Columbia instruments and to hear the Columbia records. The Columbia dealer realizes that the American tendency in buying phonographs is to shop and compare. He knows how to make the shopping enjoyable and he welcomes the opportunity for comparison of the Columbia Grafonola with any other instrument. In a test, the Grafonola always appears at its best.

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PERHAPS no article in home furnishings is selected with such care, thought and deliberation as a rug. And it is equally true that no article receives so little worth-while attention after it comes into the home. Sweeping, or at the best, vacuum cleaning, must suffice while almost everything else not only is dusted but kept as bright as new with soap and water.

Most people hesitate to clean rugs because they think the work requires special skill and secret methods. This probably is true if the rug is dirty through and through. Usually, however, only the surface is soiled. Then, as with numerous other seemingly impossible tasks, the cleaning can be done at home as often as necessary without professional help and at nominal cost by the judicious use of Ivory Soap.

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No matter how delicate the colors may be, this treatment can do nothing but restore them to their original beauty. For water, used sparingly as suggested, will not injure them, and Ivory Soap cannot harm anything that water itself does not harm.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 190 *PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 8, 1917* *Number 23*

THE BUSINESS OF WAR

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ABROAD-SHOULDERED, deep-chested man, with keen blue eyes and an unyielding jaw, the breast of his khaki tunic ablaze with service and order ribbons, sits at a flat-topped desk in the War Office in London with his finger on the pulse of the most remarkable business machine in the world. Before him each morning is laid a sheet of paper less than a foot square on which is typed the feeding strength of all the British Armies—man and beast—in every theater of war, together with the precise quantity of food, fuel and forage available for them. On another sheet is a compact summary of all supplies contracted for or speeding on ships and trains toward the zones of distribution and consumption. At a glance, therefore, he can appraise the situation on which victory in the field stands or falls.

Though aloof from combat this man controls the arteries through which pulses the very lifeblood of war, for he is Lieutenant General Sir John S. Cowans, K. C. B., Quartermaster General to all His Britannic Majesty's forces. He feeds, clothes and supplies a khakied host equal to the population of Greater New York; under his command are enough horses and mules to operate all the farms in Iowa; he renews and keeps going a fleet of mechanical transport that would duplicate more than one-sixth of all the commercial motor vehicles in use in the United States. In a word, he is managing director of one vast branch of the stupendous business of war.

There are dozens of British generals better known to the average man in England than General Cowans, but none, not even Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig himself, has a more important task. Without the "Q. M. G.," as the Quartermaster General is commonly known, there would be no big offensives in Flanders, Egypt or Mesopotamia—indeed, no advance anywhere along the bristling British battle line that stretches from the English Channel to the shores of the Mediterranean. His work is the work preservative of war. About it is no glamour of spectacular performance, no thrill of battle heroism. It unfolds no panorama of grim and glorious deed. But it furnishes the real fuel of war; it stokes the mighty human furnace that forges the Hammer of the Hun.

Unsung, and often unrewarded by the honors that go to troops of the line, the Army Service Corps, which mans the legions of Supply and Transport, can fight as well as feed. It takes a higher courage to drive a motor truck where shells are falling than to operate a machine gun under fire. The record of the army behind the army is a continuous narrative of unflinching bravery shot through with a valor that is full brother to the efficiency of the corps. A squadron of motor trucks laden with food charged and routed a troop of German uhlans in the retreat from Mons; at the first battle of Ypres cooks, orderlies, farriers, chauffeurs and even battalion clerks swelled the long thin line of heroes that checked the Kaiser's march to the sea.

There has never been a day since the immortal first seven divisions dashed to the relief of Belgium that Thomas Atkins has missed a day's rations. He has had them served hot and plentiful amid all the stress and storm of flying death. Day and night, up and down the hell-swept roads and regardless of the terrors that lurked in land and sky, the food has always been served. No matter how the tides of battle ebb or flow man and beast must be fed. Break the lines of food communication, and all is lost.

But this immense operation is not without a romance all its own. The endless chain of army supply, geared as it is to the most incessant and unfailing of all demands, the appetite, has annexed the whole world of output. It reaches to the waving wheat domain of Argentina; to the fleecy Cotton Belt of our own South; to the rolling oat realm of Canada; to the dripping oil fields of Burma, Mexico and California. Into its hungry channels flow the products of the great American packing houses, the benches and mills of New England, the canneries of Australia. All lands and all flocks are stripped for its needs. It has recruited a host of workers as huge as the battling armies it sustains, to the insatiate end that the wheels of war be kept whirling.

Though it involves millions of men, requires an expenditure of billions of dollars and provides a continuous procession of supplies, it is dominated by one man, who can sit at a far-away desk, the absolute centralization of the whole ramified activity. How is it possible—when the seven seas have become the graveyards of transport, when human life is as a candle in the wind, when half of mankind is bent upon destruction?

The answer is easy. It all results from the fact that the business of war as represented by the supply and transport of the British Armies is nothing more or less than a colossal piece of merchandising that has become a triumph of standardization. What scientific efficiency experts have preached to American factory owners for application to the arts and crafts of peaceful pursuit has here reached the last degree of practical interpretation for the maintenance of the war of wars. It expresses the genius of organization of a hundred United States Steel Corporations, Standard Oil Companies and International Harvester Companies rolled into one. It is a supercorporation, knit by iron discipline, fed by fire and driven by an energy that would kindle and keep an empire. Apply it to a purely commercial enterprise and it would yield a well-nigh fabulous profit.

Yet the men who operate it are, in the main, soldiers who grub at prosaic desks, battling each day with questions of raw materials, overhead costs, production, transportation and distribution.

"Speed Up, Sam! Your House is Next!"

Though unlimited financial credit is behind them they must account for every dollar they spend. In providing for the battlefields of war they parallel nearly every problem of the battlefields of business. War as waged to-day is merely bitter and bloody competition between nations. In the operations of an army in the field you have, for example, the working out with men and guns of the most difficult and costly of all industrial items, distribution. So, too, with supply and transport, which is just another kind of distribution made possible by invoking every rule of the business game.

Study the system and you will find the whole armament of scientific trade warfare. You will encounter charts and diagrams of office and staff organization that will apply to any money-making establishment regardless of output. In the follow-up of army supplies you will see that every tin of jam is traced to the ultimate fighting consumer. You will discover processes of economy that turn over John Bull's taxes half a dozen times, though originally intended for a single outlay. You will meet with battle salvage that redeems the débris of war, ranging from the nails in a timber trench support to a twelve-inch gun. Under this drive for war commodities new industries have been created and old ones revived. A gigantic mechanism has been set in motion that though dedicated to war is paving the way for a more efficient and a more economical peace.

In previous experiences with the British Armies in France I had seen the supply and transport only as a necessary incident in the life and death struggle that raged from Ypres to the Somme. Lately, however, I made a special trip to study it at first hand. I have talked with its organizers and its doers; I have followed the food and equipment from the time they were contracted for until they reached the men in the first-line trenches.

In my work I have been one of the historians of so-called Big Business; in this war I have been with the five great Allied Armies. It is no depreciation of any of them to say that the British organization for the supply of its fighting men is in many respects the most amazing business institution that I have yet seen. At a time when America is preparing to play her part in the supreme drama an intimate revelation of British methods—the methods, it is well to remember, upon which the whole success of our cause depends—may be helpful to soldier and civilian alike. For no man can know them without realizing the magnitude of the task that lies before our army abroad.

The Gigantic Feeding Problem

VICTORY in the war may or may not lie in the kitchen, but no one can deny that it is very likely to perch on the banners of the best-fed armies. From Darius to Napoleon the empty stomach has been first aid to defeat. "Many can lead troops; I can feed them," was one of Wellington's proudest boasts.

It was a hard job to feed soldiers when they were numbered by tens of thousands; it is infinitely more difficult now that they are reckoned in units of millions. There was a time when invading armies lived on the lands they occupied. Fancy the fate of Haig's hosts if they tried to subsist upon Flanders and Northern France! But war, like life, is a constant evolution. Hence the transition from plunder to preparedness, from the era of grafting sutler and unscrupulous army contractor to the present-day procedure that has made a perfect art of the commissariat.

Clearly to understand the system of supply and transport—"S. and T." they call it in the army—you must first get the active army organization fixed in your mind. There are two grand divisions: One is Operations, which has solely to do with strategy and fighting; it is controlled by the Imperial Staff, whose chief is General Sir William Robertson; its tools are men and guns. The other is Administration, which is charged with the task of keeping these men, their guns and their transport fed, fueled and equipped. At the head is the Quartermaster General. He not only provides what the men and horses eat but purveys the whole mechanical transport. He likewise furnishes all the wood, coal, disinfectants and medical comforts needed by the armies.

There are two kinds of supplies: Essential articles, like tinned and preserved meat, bread, biscuits, flour, jam, tea, sugar, butter, bacon and condensed milk; and nonessentials, like fresh meat and vegetables.

The number of supply items for the British Army has grown to an almost incredible extent. In the Crimean War only three articles—flour, meat and vegetables—were issued to the troops. In the Boer War there was an increase to forty-five. To-day the Quartermaster General has exactly 454 on his list.

If the Quartermaster General's work was confined to subsistence and fuel for man, beast and vehicle his labors would be comparatively easy. But linked with his task is the sponsorship of what is called ordnance and equipment stores. To the ordinary men the word "ordnance" simply means guns of all kinds; as a matter of fact, in the British Army the term "ordnance stores" covers nearly eight thousand items, ranging from an ax to a mess tent that will shelter a circus. The principal stores, however, are camp equipment, clothing, shoes, underwear, blankets, shirts, harness, saddlery, trench tools, oils, paints, chemicals, ironmongery, furniture of all kinds, huts, and the materials for the repair of all these articles.

Still a third detail of Administration deals with the question of remounts, which means the renewal of horses. Both ordnance stores and remounts have their own directors, who work in conjunction with the Quartermaster General. The only important equipment used by armies not supplied by the Quartermaster General is arms of all description, guns and gun carriages, vehicles, telegraph and telephone stores and ammunition, which are all provided by the Master General of Ordnance, whose chief source of supply is the Ministry of Munitions.

The big difference between food supplies and ordnance stores is that one can wait and the other cannot. Guns, for instance, do not have to be fed regularly, but soldiers and horses cannot go a day without sustenance. Hence the supply machine can brook no delay or breakdown. Interruption spells disaster.

Here then is the situation: Roughly speaking, five millions of British soldiers are training at home or fighting or being held in reserve in France, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Saloniki or Africa. They must have three meals and their tea every day; their clothes, boots, underwear and equipment must be kept in good order and renewed at regular intervals; their horses, mules and motor cars must also have the wherewithal to live or to be used; in short, the British Army must be maintained as a going and effective concern.

Some of these troops are five thousand miles from the original source of their supplies; nearly all their food and commodities must run the gantlet of the seven seas, where hides the deadly peril of the submarine. Besides, immense details of troops are being constantly shifted from place to place; in some quarters ranks are thinned; in others they are steadily and sometimes suddenly increased. How then is the vast task of supplying them achieved?

Let us begin at the beginning. You cannot distribute food and materials for these far-flung millions without assembling them first. Furthermore, you cannot mobilize supplies without knowing what and how much you want. Hence the cornerstone of the immense structure that we are about to explore is really needs, as expressed by the army contract.

Formerly all British Army contracts were made by the Director of Army Contracts at the War Office. He was a civil servant, and therefore not a soldier. As the armies swelled from hundreds of thousands to millions, and as the enormous demands for food and supplies began to test and tax the sources of raw and finished materials, it became apparent that only trained and seasoned business experience could successfully cope with a situation that threatened to be acute and costly.

Early this year the whole scheme of War-Office contracts, which means the provision for all the British Armies, was placed in the hands of Mr. Andrew Weir, a civilian. He is a hard-headed, large-visioned, self-made Scotchman, a shipping prince whose boats are known in nearly every port and whose name is almost as familiar in New York as it is in London. The ancient title of Surveyor General of Supply was revived for him.

Mr. Weir is a member of the Army Council, composed of the Chief of the Imperial Staff, the Quartermaster General, the Adjutant General, the Master General of Ordnance, the Director General of Military Aëronautics, the Director General of Movements and Railways and a Financial Secretary. This council runs the war, so far as the British end of it is concerned. At the head of it is the Secretary of State for War—the post that Lord Kitchener held at the time of his death, which corresponds to the Secretary of War in our cabinet, but with larger powers.

We can now proceed to translate the whole system of supply and transport into the simple terms of trade: The Surveyor General of Supply is the producer; the Quartermaster General is the distributor; the army is the consumer. The only difference between this business and a regular business pursued for profit is that with the former no selling campaign is required. All the output is sold before it is produced.

Being a business man, Mr. Weir looked upon his new work in the light of an industrial enterprise. He immediately organized it just as if he were going into the business of war supply for the rest of his life. He knew nothing about war, but he assumed, and not without truth, that the principles that had made him a successful man of commercial affairs would apply to any other undertaking. With the organization of the Department of Army Contracts you strike the first line of scientific defense that approved trade methods have reared about the subsistence of the British Armies.

The Pyramid of Organization

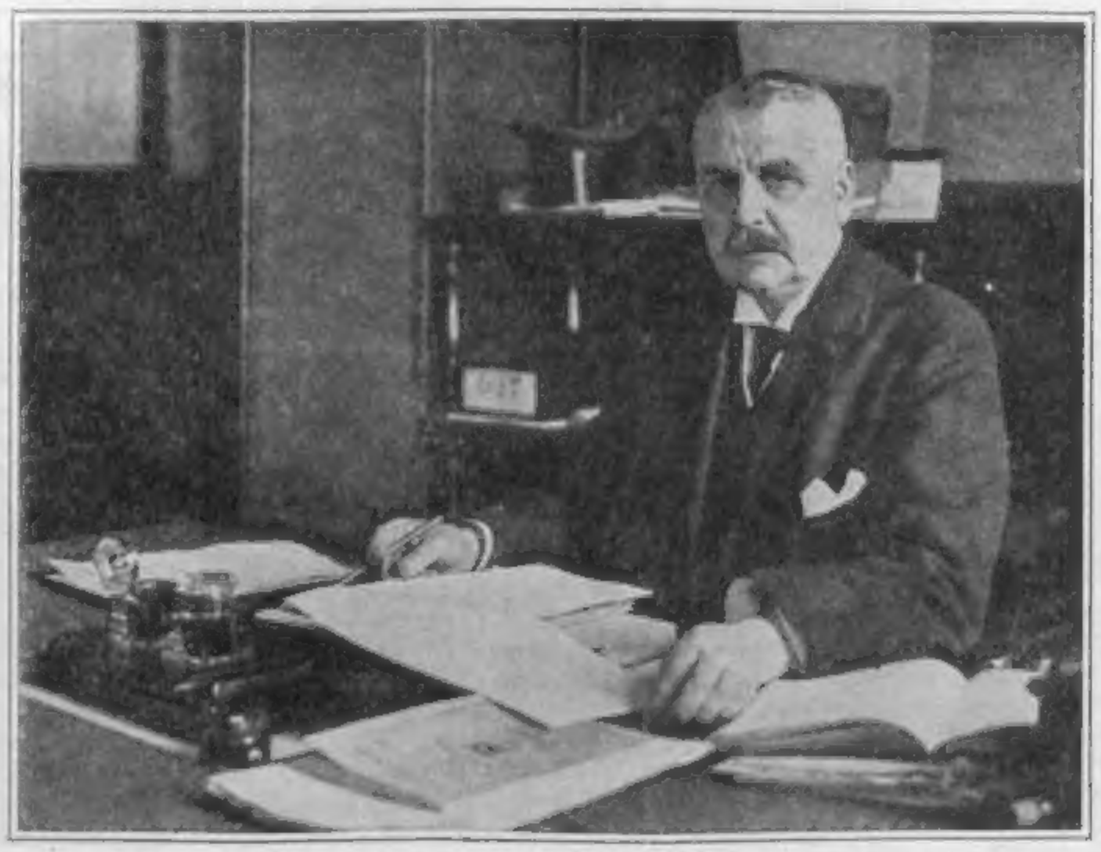
TO THE everlasting credit of the British soldier let it be said that he welcomed the innovation. The old enmity between regular and civilian was at once wiped out. The soldier realized that this war has become the biggest business of all time. Contact with live and business brains and elastic business experience has stimulated his imagination and developed his initiative. The old-time administrative soldier was the slave of red tape; all his thinking was done for him; everything was by precedent. The men of the Quartermaster General's department under this new association will be masters of trade technic, equipped to run any business job when the war is over.

When you go into the office of the Surveyor General of Supply you think you are in the board room of a great corporation. On the walls, for example, hang the diagrams so familiar to American industrial establishments. Unfolded on a table is the master chart that tells the whole story of army supply from the contracts' end.

At the apex of what we in the United States call the pyramid of organization is the Surveyor General of Supply, who corresponds to the president and general manager. Next in rank comes the Advisory Board, consisting of the Quartermaster General or a representative; the Master General of Ordnance or a representative; the Finance Member—the watchdog of the British Treasury—or a representative; and three civilians, who are Lord Pirrie, chairman of Harland & Wolff, the famous shipbuilders and one of the largest employers of labor in England; F. Dudley Docker, the George Pullman of England and builder of the first tanks; and P. H. McClelland, a shipping wizard and all-round man of business. The Assistant Surveyor General of Supply—Mr. Austin Harris, another captain of capital—is an ex-officio member. This board, I might add, sits every day on the business at hand, just as the board of directors of the Standard Oil Company convenes every morning. It knows precisely what is going on all the time.

These civilians emphasize one of the most significant phases of the whole supply-contract scheme. It lies in the fact that in every domain that spends money for the army you find what Mr. Weir calls commercial members, men recruited without pay from the business world, who pass on the economic and financial merits of all propositions. In this arrangement is one of the many valuable lessons that our new and growing military establishment may learn from the British.

The work of the Surveyor General of Supply is divided into three main branches: Demands, Contracts and Administration. Since the word "demand" will appear frequently in this article and others to follow, it may be well to explain just what it means: A demand is the itemized statement in terms of pounds, cases, tins, gallons, garments or bushels of an army's needs. It may be a single typewritten



Mr. Andrew Weir, the Hard-Headed, Large-Visioned Surveyor General of Supply

sheet or forty sheets. In the case of ordnance stores for a unit like a battalion, battery or brigade the list is printed in book form and called a mobilization unit table. The demand is made up in the field by the Director of Supply and Transport attached to each army. There are five complete British Armies comprising the expeditionary force in France. He knows just how many men and animals he must feed; how many trucks, cars and motorcycles he must supply with petrol and spare parts. Since forces are being shifted and changed constantly a new demand is made up each month. The demand becomes the food and supply budget—a definite thing to do business for and with.

You get some idea of the scope of British Army supply provision when I say that since the beginning of the war the value of purchases made by the Contracts branch alone has aggregated $3,750,000,000; that the annual gross outlay now is something like $1,750,000,000; and this does not include guns, ammunition, aëroplanes or mechanical transport.

Among the purchases during the war have been 105,000,000 yards of cloth; 115,000,000 yards of flannel; 400,000,000 pounds of bacon; 500,000,000 rations of preserved meat; 260,000,000 tins of jam; 167,000,000 pounds of cheese; 35,000,000 knives, forks and spoons; 35,000,000 pairs of boots; 40,000,000 horseshoes and 25,000,000 gas helmets.

Looking at this enormous outlay from another angle, the British Armies in France alone each month require 95,000 tons of oats; 4,000,000 gallons of gasoline; 20,000 tons of flour; 10,000,000 pounds of jam; and 75,000 tons of hay. Ponder on these figures and you begin to realize that demands are written on ten-league canvases with brushes of comet's hair!

Having seen what a demand is, we can proceed with the specific job of the Surveyor General of Supply, which is to see that contracts are let for the items set forth. This brings us to the Demands and Contracts Divisions.

Let us take the Demands Division first. It is divided into five sections: Stores, which comprise all engineering equipment, timber and hardware; Supplies, which embrace all food and fuel; Works Supplies, such as building and trench material; Clothing; and Medical Stores.

Each one of these Demands branches has a supply committee, which includes a commercial member, the inevitable link with business; a representative of the Quartermaster General's department concerned with this specific article—it may be food or clothing—who is known as the demanding officer; and a representative of the Director of Army Contracts. The post of Director of Army Contracts survives, but it is subordinate to the Surveyor General of Supply. Thus the supply committee becomes a miniature organization of experts which concentrates upon one group of supplies.

Since we have reached the liaison, as the army phrase goes, between the Quartermaster General's department and the Surveyor General of Supply, it is important that you know just how the former organization is constituted. Henceforth, and until the food and supplies reach Tommy in the trenches, you will find some member of the force in evidence.

The Distributing Machine in Action

YOU have seen how the Quartermaster General, Sir John Cowans, sits at his desk in the War Office, head of the whole distributing machine and knowing every hour just what the British troops want and what they have. Under him are two separate units: One is that part of his organization that works at desks in the War Office and throughout England, America and wherever the British Army buys or makes supplies; the other is an exact replica in the field, from Quartermaster General down. There is a complete organization in France, and there are smaller ones in all the other theaters of war.

For the purposes of the present article we are concerned with the contingent in England.

The Quartermaster General to all the forces is really the Andrew Carnegie of the supply corporation. Like Carnegie, he has the ability to select and keep capable associates and subordinates. First down the line, in the office next to him, is the Director of Supply and Transport, Major General A. R. Crofton Atkins—"Tommy Atkins" is what his colleagues call him—titular head of the Army Service Corps, and a many-sided individual who combines the authority of the soldier with a rare genius for organization. If he had gone into trade in England he would have been another Lever or Lipton; in America, John Wanamaker and Marshall Field would have been his rivals.

Under him the British supply machine, built to meet the needs of 168,000 men—the old regular army—has stood the strain of every demand that this war has made, which means that it has provided for five millions. It is still going strong. In General Atkins' office is a chart which sets forth in pyramid fashion the work of every branch of the Quartermaster General's department. The smallest abattoir in the Department of Meat Supply is fixed on it.

PHOTO BY KINGSTON, LONDON, FROM A COPYRIGHTED PORTRAIT BY PERCIVAL ANDERSON

Above—Lieutenant General Sir John J. Cowans, K. C. B., Quartermaster General to All His Britannic Majesty's Forces. Major General A. R. Crofton Atkins, Director of Supply and Transport

Every branch has a number and an executive head. Take Food Supplies. It is technically known as "Q. M. G. 6," and is headed by an Assistant Director of Supplies, Colonel H. F. P. Percival, who has his own staff. Each branch in turn has various subdivisions indicated by letters such as "Q. M. G. 6 A," which has to do with the organization of base and main depots; fixing reserves of food to be held in the field; provision of meat stuffs, military butcheries, cold storage and refrigerators; supply accounting and relations with the Food Ministry.

"Q. M. G. 6 B" deals among many other things with one of the most difficult of all problems, gasoline; "Q. M. G. 6 C" with coördination of all demands from the field and all questions affecting the shipment of supplies—the allocation of tonnage is an immense problem—and so on. I merely cite these typical duties to show the immense scope of the department. There are eleven of these numbered branches, each with many subdivisions, yet all are joined by a teamwork that is one of the wonders of the organization. None of the activities clash. Each unit has its rigidly defined task. Linked together they make a marvelous machine.

By this procedure you can understand how easy it is for the Surveyor General of Supply to have a competent demanding officer from, let us say, Q. M. G. 6 on the supply committee which deals with food supplies. In this concrete case the demanding officer is the one who receives the monthly demand from the Director of Supply with the overseas armies.

Now we can go into the matter of contracts. The Demands Division has already made known the needs of the armies. For staple supplies like jam, tinned meats, biscuits, flour, sugar and potatoes, which can be bought in big bulk, and for articles to be manufactured the Surveyor General of Supply must get the demand three months ahead so as to enable him to place orders in America, Australia and Canada.

In order to coördinate the work between Demands and Contracts Divisions there is a committee in the Contracts branch to correspond to every supply committee in the Demands section. Likewise there is a General Supply Contracts Board, headed by the Assistant Surveyor General of Supply.

It is in the Contracts branch that you find the commercial domination of war supply at its height. In the economies effected, the controls established, the mobilization of materials achieved, you get the full dramatization of business efficiency. Under its constructive influence the army contract as created by this war has been purged and sterilized. Instead of a juicy plum to be plucked by the despoilers of the people's purse it has become a definite, businesslike document, safeguarded and supervised at every turn.

In normal times government purchase in England is by public competitive offering. Where the needs of the army form a relatively small part of the available production of the country and where, as a result, there is effective and healthy competition, this method is the best means to secure satisfactory supplies at reasonable prices. The tremendous demands of this war upset all these conditions. The resources of many trades and industries began to be taxed. The gouging of the government began. But John Bull did not long stand for this sort of thing. As early as June, 1915, when the industries began to feel the strain of the unprecedented production, the system was inaugurated of requiring contractors to justify their quotations of price by the submission of costs, or what the English call "costings." It limited profits to a reasonable per cent and wiped out the effect of the artificial market conditions produced by the abnormal military demands.

But this procedure had no statutory authority. It was purely a matter of negotiation with individual contractors and trade associations. As the armies grew and the difficulties of supply increased, these more or less amiable methods were found to be ineffective.

John Jones, the manufacturer, capitalized his advantage and exacted his pound of flesh. Rotund as he is, John Bull declined to stand for the extortion. Fangs were put into the Defense of the Realm Acts, with the result that a firm's output could be requisitioned by the government and a price fixed on the basis of cost of production plus a reasonable profit on a pre-war standard. These powers have been widely used by both the War Office and the Admiralty. The mere fact that they exist is a bulwark to the public purse.

This is the way it works: Let us assume that the War Office through the Surveyor General of Supply gets a bid for overcoats at ten dollars apiece. "All right," says the supply board, "we will accept that bid subject to costings." Accountants are immediately set to work upon the contractor's books. If it is found that the price is excessive the factory is commandeered and run by the government. This whip hand over extortion has had the effect of reducing the prices of all war commodities.

The End of the Era of High Prices

THE system in vogue for keeping a check on the contractor is very simple. A staff of skilled investigators visits the plant and checks the details of material used from the actual invoices; of labor employed from the wage books; of overhead charges from the trading and profit-and-loss accounts; and of profits from the pre-war rate, the present turnover and the amount of capital employed. Thus there is no way for the contractor to escape absolute and complete scrutiny and censorship.

The savings effected in the purchase of Miscellaneous Stores—hardware, horseshoes, brushes and similar articles—will show the beneficial effects of the system. During the twelve months ending April 30 last the cost of contracts for these stores was $42,500,000. These costs were investigated under the Defense of the Realm Acts and reductions to the value of $2,000,000 made. On the first five million dollars the reduction was nine per cent; on the last it was only two per cent; which shows that the era of extravagant and padded quotations is over. It is only one result of the business administration. War is indeed on a business basis.

But this enormous saving, which applies to practically every commodity, is merely one phase of the larger rehabilitation of the whole matter of army supply. As the demands of the armies increased it was found necessary to regulate production in all stages of manufacture, down to the raw materials. Under the Surveyor General of Supply a Director of Raw Materials was appointed in A. H. Goldfinch,

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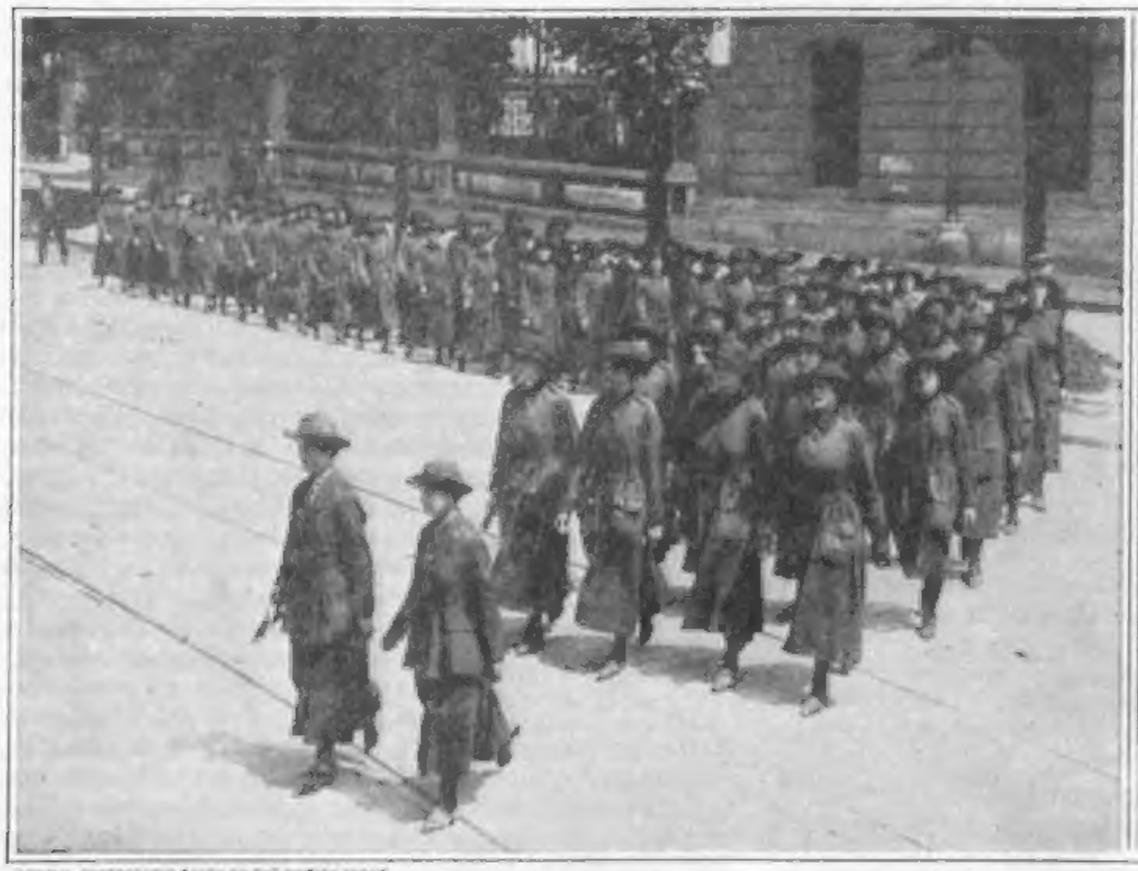
THE TOMMYWAACS



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE BRITISH FRONT

The Way They March Would Do Credit to Seasoned Troops

Long Rows of Huts Serve for Living Quarters

By George Pattullo

NOT long after the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps went to France, some Boche airmen made a raid on one of the bases at which they were stationed. Bombs began dropping near the telephone exchange—and in the exchange were girls of the corps

Did they make a dive for the cellars, as the civilian population was doing? They did not. The Tommywaacs stuck to their posts; they kept the telephone service going throughout the bombardment. Wherefore the army officer commanding the base recommended that their gallant conduct be mentioned in orders.

Mark well what follows: A ruling was made that British soldiers were not supposed to be mentioned in orders for the faithful performance of duty, and therefore the W. A. A. C. should not be!

The Tommywaacs were delighted. Here was recognition, the more precious because it was unconscious. Had they been awarded Military Crosses they could hardly have been prouder. They constitute an adjunct to the forces at home and overseas, and the admission of women to labor beside their men in the zone of war was so contrary to all precedent and Anglo-Saxon notions of a woman's sphere that full official recognition is bound to be slow.

It will come, however. Nobody can watch them at work or measure the value of their help without becoming convinced of that.

Even yet the bulk of the British refuse to take them seriously.

"I want to see the W. A. A. C.," I mentioned to an official.

"What? You mean the Waacs?" he replied incredulously, and laughed.

There were several other officers in the room; they laughed too. So did I. The notion of going to the Front to watch some zealous women pottering round was sufficiently absurd.

A Cheery Blighter's Inspiration

HOWEVER, we jovial idiots were all wrong. A person who has never seen the corps engaged in its multifarious activities, who has no knowledge of its spirit, has the excuse of ignorance for levity. But I defy any man with something between the ears to investigate the work of the Tommywaacs and not come away with a mighty and wholesome respect for those women. He may go to scoff, but he'll return a convert.

Waacs, by the way, is a rotten name for them. They were dubbed that because of the letters denoting their corps, just as the Australians and New Zealanders are called Anzacs. Then some cheery blighter had an inspiration and referred to them as Tommywaacs. The women pounced on the sobriquet; it was almost as good as being called soldiers.

The first batch to come over discovered that their cots had springs and were more comfortable in every way than the regular Tommies'. It nearly broke their hearts. They promptly refused to sleep in the cots and gave them up for hospital use, meantime clamoring loudly for the same treatment as privates received. However, they were eventually persuaded to accept them.

And when they stepped off the boat at a French port—fired with the spirit of consecration, fairly tingling to get into the carnage—what did a wretched male protoplasm do but step up and say: "Don't be frightened, ladies. You'll be much safer here than at home. The bases aren't nearly so dangerous as London"? They wanted to slay him on the spot and leave his mangled remains in the road. What did he suppose they had come for? They weren't afraid of danger; they were seeking it.

For similar reasons one of their most cherished privileges is sleeping between blankets, just like the men. Indeed, I honestly believe that a Tommywaac would be insulted by an offer of sheets from the quartermaster's department. And the girls in the Signal Corps, who are permitted to wear a blue-and-white band round the arm, are the envy of all their comrades; for that is the only regular-army insignia permitted to the Waacs.

Just how many of the W. A. A. C. are in France I am not permitted to state. More are coming every day; and that they have made good is strikingly evidenced by recent advertisements announcing that the British War Office requires ten thousand women a month for the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, for both home and overseas service.

For the first lot, which were wanted before the end of October, five thousand domestic workers were desired—cooks, housemaids, waitresses and general servants; also, three thousand stenographers and clerks. And an urgent demand was made for women to engage in aëroplane construction and for driver mechanics for transport work. These must have had six months' experience in commercial driving and be able to do running repairs.

Their work is divided into two parts—home and abroad. I propose to tell only of what they are doing in France, since they are close to the fighting there.

The scope of W. A. A. C. work covers clerks and stenographers in the transport department; cooks for the soldiers at the bases and on the lines of communication; waitresses in officers' and sergeants' messes; storewomen and orderlies; motor drivers; upholsterers, body painters, and so on; gardeners; photographers for the Royal Flying Corps; printers; telephone and telegraph operators for the Signal Corps; bakers; mechanics; fabric workers; and letter sorters for the postal service.

While I was making the rounds of a large veterinary hospital, where they always have a couple of thousand horses and mules as patients, the captain in charge remarked that he proposed to ask for women from the Waacs to aid in the work. Now grooming a mule falls into the category of precarious occupations; but they will do that and clean out stables and help doctor sick and wounded horses. And there isn't a doubt that they will be equal to every job.

The Tommywaacs are distributed throughout most of the British Army's zone in France—from their ports of entry to within sound of the guns. They are not holding front trenches; but that isn't because they don't want to be.

There are forces of them at every base, and lesser numbers in all the villages along the lines of communication. The object of this substitution of woman labor, of course, is to release able-bodied men for fighting. The authorities figure on four women to replace three men; that is roughly the ratio.

In the way they are laid out and maintained the big camps compare favorably with the base hospitals in France; and that is saying a good deal. One I visited is located on a hill overlooking the sea—an ideal site. The ground dries quickly in rainy weather, and they are not bothered much with dust, because the rainfall is so regular.

Long rows of Nissen huts serve for living quarters. These are the type of huts used by the soldiers, with a wooden floor and an elliptical roof of sheet iron that does away with walls. Their great value consists of the ease with which the parts can be transported and assembled.

The Tommywaacs continually get special treatment from the army authorities, in spite of themselves. For instance, they have far more sleeping space than is ever allotted to soldiers. At one place they were given for one hundred women the accommodation usually provided for one hundred and fifty Tommies. And in all the huts I went through they had comfortable intervals between the beds and a wide space between the two rows of cots. All of which is as it should be.

What Was Under the Mattress?

THE girls have decorated their quarters until they bear a startling resemblance to the rooms in a school dormitory. Posters and pennants adorn the walls; also, pictures of their favorite movie actors and matinée heroes; and the photographs of their conquests gaze soulfully at you from every hand, mute testimony that the Waacs are there in the favorite feminine pastime, too, as well as in soldiering.

I have seldom seen neater, more orderly barracks. The blankets were folded in precise piles at the heads of the cots, the same meticulous care being paid to the proper arrangement of the seams as is required of a veteran. At the foot of each cot was the owner's suitcase, set primly in line with a certain crack in the floor; and on the iron rods above reposed her shoes, toes downward—everything placed according to rule. A month in the corps would be an education for the sorority girls of the United States.

"Great!" I remarked. "Fine!"

And then I made my first break: I started to lift one of the mattresses in order to inspect the springs with which the cots are provided, springs being a luxury peculiar to hospitals and the Waacs.

"Better not do that," cautioned the administrator. "A girl keeps all sorts of things under her mattress, you know."

In my sweet innocence I didn't know—how could I? But I won't tell what we saw there. For one thing, it would take too long; and for another, any schoolgirl can almost name the list. Yet one thing puzzles me: Why does a girl need a trunk when she has a mattress?

The floors were speckless, and flowers were stuck in vases and pitchers and glasses. There isn't a dunderhead male on earth who would bother about flowers in barracks, even supposing he would be permitted to have them.

"Your regulations for keeping quarters must be very strict."

"There they are, on the wall," answered the administrator.

The rules were practically the same as those governing soldiers' barracks; but what interested me far more was another set, which had evidently been tacked up by the girls themselves.

SOMME ROUTINE ORDERS

1. Huts to be left tidy, and no cigarette ends left under beds.
   Water should not be emptied outside your own hut—someone else's is better.
   Hair should not be thrown in the fire bucket. In case of fire it would singe.
2. Food should not be left in the huts. Hut inspectors are often hungry.
3. Don't pinch the next girl's cigarettes—she might count them; but soap and tooth paste can be confiscated with smaller risk.
4. Workers should wash their faces before coming to breakfast. . . .
6. Don't eat apples in the ranks after the section commander has called Shun!—unless you're in the rear files. . . .
10. Workers must on no account speak to officers or black men. Should these unfortunates presume to address you, the following procedure will be found effective: "Nose, punch on—One! Right-about turn! Double!" Strict silence and rigid composure of features should be maintained throughout.

Perhaps that touch about officers surprises you. The explanation is that officers are forbidden to talk with the Tommywaacs. Privates may walk with them and talk with them; but not officers.

There is a military reason back of the order. The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps has no rank in the army. Private soldiers may associate with its members, and very frequently do. Consequently it is considered highly inadvisable for officers to associate with them also. Picture the complications resulting from a Tommy and his colonel growing interested in the same pretty Waac!

Too Much for Human Nature

YET human nature will assert itself, and officers have been known to break the rule. I caught one doing it.

"You ought to be court-martialed."

"What for?" he inquired blandly.

"You were talking to that sweet little driver."

"Not at all. Not at all. I was murmuring."

At another of the camps there ran a hard cinder path in front of each row of huts, and there were plots of green grass and flower beds, surrounded by a very low tiny slat fence, freshly painted in white. They had a flagstaff too. Everything was beautifully kept up. Mosaic borders to the walks and mosaic walls—made of tin cans and colored stones and cement—were back of one of their kitchens. The camp looked, in its precise orderliness, like a prosperous sanatorium.

They have individual showers and bathrooms, which are connected with the sleeping quarters by inclosed passages for protection in winter, and scrupulously clean messes, with long tables and plank benches. And the Y. W. C. A. maintains recreation huts similar to those the Y. M. C. A. provides for the army; in fact, its relation to the Tommywaacs is precisely the same. These recreation huts have a stage for concerts and plays, a piano, a phonograph, comfortable chairs and lounges, plenty of reading matter and all manner of games.

The girls are strong for sport. They go in for cricket more than anything else; but hockey—similar to shinny on your own side—runs it a close second. Rounders is also a popular game.

Matches are organized against the men; and as often as not the Tommywaacs trim them. Of course the men have to play left-handed; but that doesn't lessen the feminine triumph.

English women are magnificent walkers. They don't take long walks as a painful duty, but because they like them. It is nothing for a bunch of the Waacs to start off across country on their day off and do eighteen to twenty miles before sundown. They carry lunch with them and make a picnic of it.

The effect of this habit is seen in their stride and in their marching. The way they march to and from work would do credit to seasoned troops. I saw a platoon of them returning from their offices. They were marching in columns of four, and the rhythmic tread of the left foot, which marks the cadence, was as distinct as that of regulars.

In order to reach their camp the girls had to ascend a steep flight of stairs up the side of an embankment; they formed in twos with the ease of long practice and, never losing step, climbed to the pathway at the entrance and were dismissed in sections as they arrived. It was done with absolute precision; yet they receive only three weeks' training in squad drill in England before coming over.

Indeed, they tell me that Waac competition has made the men buck up amazingly in their marching, more especially those units employed in similar lines of work, which are composed of men physically unfit for the strain of trench service.

The daily schedule is about the average one for women workers in clerical capacities in America. They don't get up to bugle call and take setting-up exercises and all that; but they must report for breakfast sharp at seven-thirty every morning. Follows a parade at eight-fifteen, and later they are marched to the offices for work, which usually commences at nine o'clock. They are let out at noon, but return to their jobs from one-forty-five till five o'clock, and often again in the evening.

After tea they may be free to go out until the nine-o'clock roll call, which arrangement gives them a long evening to themselves. All lights in their camps must be doused at ten; but they are not obliged to maintain silence after that hour, as soldiers are. The Waacs are permitted to talk, provided they don't overdo it and get noisy. A rule of silence would be inhuman.

Of course the above schedule does not apply to every sort of worker among them. The cooks, for example, have different hours. That is why no set general regulations can be laid down for the entire corps. There is such wide diversity of occupation that rules made for one class of workers would cause an unnecessary hardship to another.

When a draft of them sailed from England in the month of August the London papers gleefully recorded that the Waacs were not obliged to salute any male officers. All together, girls—hurrah! That was the jeering tone of their comment.

Which brings me to organization and administration. The corps is administered generally on army lines.

Their Chief Controller, who is to the W. A. A. C. what the Commanding General is to an army, comes under the orders of the Adjutant General at General Headquarters. She is an exceptionally able, energetic and capable woman—who was formerly a lecturer at the University of London and jumped into this work with less than two weeks' preparation and made a success of it. Though her accent is English, the Chief Controller has the viewpoint of an advanced American woman.

Under her are area controllers, who are attached to the staffs of base or other commanders in the army, and who are responsible for the work of the W. A. A. C. in the territory assigned to them.

Then they have administrators of various grades, who have charge of the camps. There is at present no definite grouping according to numbers, as these depend upon local needs. An administrator may have several hundred women under her, and one of lower grade may have only twenty. The smallest camp consists of three or four huts, with accommodation for fifteen to a score of women; while the largest will house five hundred.

The Pay and the Uniform

LOWER in the scale come the forewomen, who, in their relation to the girls, correspond to noncoms. in the army. They are known as N. G. O.'s—nongazetted officials.

Naturally some sort of badges had to be invented to distinguish the Waacs' officials. The Chief Controller wears a fleur-de-lis and two roses on the shoulder straps; her deputy, one fleur-de-lis and one rose; area controllers have a fleur-de-lis only; a unit administrator wears three roses; a deputy administrator two; assistant deputy one; forewomen a rose and a laurel wreath on right upper arm; assistant forewomen a laurel wreath.

The uniform of the Tommywaacs consists of a long coat, falling almost to the ankle, and a felt hat. It is about the same color as the British army khaki and looks very serviceable.

Now the women are not enlisted; they are enrolled. And their officials are not commissioned, but gazetted.

The Waacs have to buy their own underwear; but they have issued to them yearly: one coat-frock, as they call the coat; one felt hat; one pair of shoes; one pair of gaiters; one army greatcoat; two pairs of stockings.

Make a note of the last item. The authorities were determined to do the decent thing by the Tommywaacs. They didn't start them out with only the stockings they had on, but gave an extra pair.

One pair of shoes strikes an observer as rather a short allowance too. A soldier uses five or six pairs a year. But doubtless all these matters will adjust themselves in time. The corps was in the nature of an experiment and many things had to be rushed.

All classes are represented in the W. A. A. C., from gentlewomen to scullery maids.

Service abroad in the W. A. A. C. is an exceedingly attractive proposition for the average working girl.

The weekly pay for stenographers is 37 shillings and 6 pence, about $9.25 in our money. But out of this comes a deduction of 14 shillings a week—equivalent to $3.50—for rations and accommodation. That leaves them about $5.75 a week above their food and clothing and lodging.

Deductions for rations and accommodation are made from the pay of all workers except household people, according to the kind they receive. That must be taken into account in considering their pay. Ordinary clerks

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OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE BRITISH FRONT

The Arrival of the Mail From Home

The Women Take Care of the Military Cemeteries Within Their Areas

THE CHASM

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY J. DE IVANOWSKI

"'I Am Not Blind. There Is Something Else Which Comes Between Us! What Is It?'"

ON ITS way to Chicago the train from New York clipped the rail joints on a long straight stretch the other side of Trenton. There was an hour left before reaching Philadelphia and I, with a leg under me and my other foot resting on the opposite seat, tried to write on my knee.

Some of my papers, among them a military pass which I had used at the Russian Front, fell out of my brief case, and the individual who had come to sit across from me in one of the few sections in the car which the porter had not made up, reached down to lift the papers from the floor. I saw his long slim artist's hand before I saw his face.

"You have been in Russia!" he exclaimed. He had distinction. In his deep eyes under their heavy brows there was plenty of the philosophical glow; there was strength of purpose in his long nose, and a suggestion of sensitive and temperamental spirit in the dark oval face, which some thirty-five years had marked and penciled with the lines of laughter, suffering and sharp conflict. A stranger might have guessed that the firmness of the man's mouth had not been acquired easily; that the strength had been written there only by years of struggle with forces within the man. It so happened that I was not a stranger to him.

I recognized him before he recognized me. Some years had passed since I had known him in my university days. For a few weeks then, because of one of those curious intimate human affairs which happen unexpectedly and without invitation, he, with a sickened soul, had been thrown into my arms; and I had tried to be decently good to him. I had learned from time to time of his climb upward. I thought of his position in the old days and of the magic metamorphosis, the marvelous change which, even more marked than the evolution of his face, had transformed his state. For reasons of my own I call him Mortimer Elms; as a matter of fact his name is known all over the Wall Street district, and probably to every social-service worker in the country. Once he wore summer suits, needing pressing, in January; banker, philanthropist and still in youth now!

"It's you!" he ejaculated.

I thought he need not have shown much astonishment or excitement. He need not have acted as if my existence were a miracle. During all the intervening years he might have looked me up if he had wished, at any time.

For a moment we stared at each other.

He said at last: "I am struck so hard by this strange repetition of chance! By it you and I are now thrown together for a second time—I might say the second time—when I am at one of life's real turns in the road."

I expressed my surprise sincerely enough, but to him it may have sounded perfunctory and cold.

"I asked about Russia because the revolution and all ——"

"I had left Russia before the revolution," I told him.

He was disappointed; he had wanted to ask something.

"You know I am a Russian Jew?"

"I did not know you were Russian—that you were born in Russia."

He made a motion as if to wipe the frosting from the window pane, but instead of touching the glass with his long fingers he found a little bare place and gazed out into the night. "I'm not quite steady," he said when he looked back at me. "There's an hour more. You know how I came to you once? I was in trouble."

"Yes."

"Listen to me again," he said with a pleading note in his rich warm voice. "I suppose under any other circumstances—a less strange conjunction of two crises so far apart, with you reappearing in life—I would not ask this of you, you understand?"

I nodded. I said, "I confess it is odd."

"At Philadelphia—there is a chance that she ——" He stopped, looked at his gold watch and closed its case softly with the slow pressure of his palm. Nevertheless, his hand trembled. I thought he must be at the end of a long and terrible mental strain. His eyes were deep-set and sad.

He said: "Sometimes when I am alone at dinner in my New York house I look about at the proportions of my dining room. Suddenly it seems as vast to me as it once would have seemed to my very young eyes. I have developed something of the prodigality of a bachelor collector of the arts, and when the eyes of youth come back to me I appear to be sitting in the apartments of an emperor. To realize that the magnificence which my friends admire is expressive of me—brings right away the thrill of my own achievements. . . . Well, you knew me when I was humble enough, and I am humble now—perhaps more sincerely humble than I was then.

"As I said, I have moments alone when I look up and realize that I, like a spider, have woven so glorious a web about me in so short a time. You would feel that way if eighteen or twenty years ago you had been wearing shoes made of plaited rope, and gnawing black bread on a country roadside. You would lose your head. Suddenly the point of view of your youth would return; and then—presto!—all the material possessions, all the machinery of life, the offices in the Street, the bowing and attention of men who once would have moved away from one on a Subway seat, the respect of intellectual people too—my best friends—it would intoxicate you. You would say: 'If I want I can write a check for this or that sum—great sums.'

"But the damnable house when I am alone at dinner is still as death. The very spaciousness and size which I have bought and paid for, the thickness of the carpets, the training of the servants which makes them catlike in tread—contribute to that stillness and that emptiness. The noises of the asphalted street are dimmed by the heavy bronze front door through which I have passed when I came in. I am the master, he who paid for the doors—thirty thousand dollars!

"Well, the size and magnificence—that is me; and the stillness and the emptiness—that is me also. For all the reaching, the plucking, the hopes, the fears, the climb, the sweat, the coursing of blood in infinite labors, for all the saving, the self-restraint, for all the steeling of myself to the sneers of those who had contempt for my first efforts, and who have tried to come close to me when I had won my fight—what have I? Nothing! Exactly nothing!

"'What is it for which the spirit strives?' I ask.

"My name is not Elms; it is Stem. That is news to you? Oh well, so also is the news that I am a murderer.

"All this I have told her. To her it is now no news—it was told long ago, so it seems. Not so long ago, and yet long ago.

"Her name is Margaret. That is sufficient. She is the one thing I have not been able to have—the one thing which I can't understand. There seems to be an abyss between us. She is on the other side.

"Do you know how vivid are the strips of memory—short strips—like a bit of moving-picture film of colorful things, back in childhood? Pieces saved by the memory for no reason whatever remain, and they are thrown on the screen of one's reflections. So all through my life, but more vividly lately, I have seen the countryside round Vitebsk, the district where I was born. I can see the flat agricultural lands and the peasant houses of wood, weathered gray by our hard white winters. I can see the chimney smoke curling from the clumps of trees round the estate of the landowner, and the lights in the windows at night, and the minaret spire of the Russian church, a ball of gilt above the ugly cube of building which faced the square in the middle of the city. I can hear the jangle of the church bells—the tinkle of little bells, and the roar of the bell with the great terrifying bass voice, coming over the fields from far away. There was a bathhouse at the end of our village street, and the steam used to leak out of its crevices, and children, jumping up, would pretend to catch some of it in the cups of their hands and stuff it into their pink mouths.

"I envied them—these Russian children. For us it was all toil, and occasionally, for me, instruction at the knee of an old man who had come from Poland and had spent his youth in Germany. They took him away because he was accused of some plot against the Czar's officers. That was in 1891, and we never saw him again.

"The suppression and abuse and fear hung over us like a gas, rising from some marsh, which fills the body with fevers and tremulous apprehensions. The poor feared and ground away life with toil; and sometimes we whispered among ourselves as we grew into manhood and womanhood. Even the Russians felt the fear, but it was we who felt it most. Special rules for us—not to go here, not to go there; to do this and not do that.

"I remember once when I came back from work in the fields I looked at my family sitting in front of the door of our house in the evening sunlight. There was my grandmother, a million wrinkles; and my young sister, who later married a boy from Mohileff; and my brother Jacob, the shoemaker; and my father, who was shot down the next year by the gendarmes. They were all bowed down, I thought. I looked again. Yes, their heads were all bowed down as if they had worn all day this yoke of suppression. And for the first time my imagination was fired.

"I said to myself: 'What would it mean to live a life where one grows as his will directs?' And a bitterness struck into my heart. I saw myself as I was then—an awkward, overgrown youth of seventeen—mad for knowledge, mad for books, for a way to express something of myself, mad to be free, mad for life. But I was clad in miserable rags, ordered thus and so by a grim authority, despised by nine-tenths of the men I met on the road to the town—the drunken and empty, platter-faced peasants. I looked into the water which filled the barrel by the masonry stone. And I saw in my own face the sadness I had never known was there. I think it was at that moment that youth—real youth—went forever. I think it was at that moment that there came to me the gnawing desire to cast all the fetters off and climb and climb. I did not know it then, but because of that flash of thought, which came and went like a whisper of fate, I was ready to kill—when the time came I was ready to strike. I was an awkward, cringing youth, I guess, but down deep there was a fire burning within me. . . .

"It is so long ago! There is a wide gulf between those days and that place, and the limousine in which I was driven to the station in New York an hour and a half ago, past the great hotels, the swarming sidewalks, the city lights.

"Clearly enough I can see my father's death. It was outside the town. He had gone to protest the arrest of a neighbor. I stood trembling with excitement to see the passion on my father's face. It was usually a patient blank. The officer commanded him to go to his home. He had turned, and fear seizing him he began to run. What sudden wrath entered the heart of the officer, with his red roast-beef face, I do not know. He whipped out his revolver and shot my father in the back. Bang! Down went the old man, sprawling face forward, coughing and coughing, and the blood flowing from his twisted mouth. Shot in the lungs! There he lay with his long coat wrapped about his legs and his hands clutching the grass. The spring wild flowers touched his white cheek.

"I gave a cry—a hoarse animal cry. That was a call to my courage and to my hate. It was like a call from some all-powerful dictator, commanding me, inspiring me. It was not like my own voice. I seized the officer's arm and twisted the revolver from his grip. I was a weakling compared with that great brute, but the warmth from his bestial paw was still on the handle of the revolver when it fell into my palm—when it settled into my grip as if the gods had put it there. . . .

"I shot him. I was seventeen. You know what that meant for me. I was an infinitesimal morsel, and the great dripping maw of Russian authority was hungry to swallow me. It meant flight—the wild, terrified flight of an insignificant boy of a despised race. I was a fugitive not only from the authorities but from all the people, who hated me because of my blood.

"I rushed from the spot into a field of grain; I burrowed into the soft warm soil and lay upon my face, with my eyes seeing nothing but the pictures of those two prone bodies I had left behind. Then realizing that my hiding place was no hiding place at all I scrambled up and ran and ran until I had come to a stretch of woods; and in their shade I fell again, my body heaving up and down over my thumping heart. Finally I looked up at three awaking ravens circling over the tree tops against the blue sky, and I thought how easily I could escape if I were winged. And terror seized me again. I ran beyond the far edge of the wood, and from high ground I could see far away the hut of a friend of mine—a youth from Warsaw, who had married in the spring and farmed a bit of ground. It was he who sheltered me—brave boy!—for three days. It was he who begged from a doctor of our race a bottle of peroxide of hydrogen; and sometimes when I think of my bleaching my hair so that I appeared like one of the blond Russians I laugh as you laugh.

"It was my friend who hid me in a huge bundle of straw among other bundles of straw upon a borrowed wagon and drove me two days' journey toward Poland. In the middle of the night he set me down outside a town which neither of us knew. I looked into his face, dimly lit in the moonlight. The night wind was blowing gently across the sweet fields and turning cold the tears upon my cheeks. 'Good-by,' I said. . . . I never saw him again.

"The miracle had happened. I had escaped. And the word America kept on singing in my ears and brain. Five years before the day when you first saw me; five years of the fever of a youth mad with ambition; five years of menial labor to live, to study, to master language and knowledge; five years of deprivation and of a crazy appetite for power—unlimited, mighty power—five years had gone by since I had landed in New York. Do you know, I could see in those five years the changes in my own face! Sometimes it would be a face white with stress and bad nourishment and unwholesome living; but soul rallied the body and always there was in me more strength.

"Back there where I was born was Russia—Russia. How I hated her! Once I met a man from my village. I did not tell him so. He had had a letter—one of our kind, a youth, had killed an officer of the guard. A price was on his head. The secret society to which the officer belonged had sworn to remember and seek for a lifetime. It was I whom they sought. I said nothing. I laughed and shrugged my shoulders. Russia! Damn Russia! I would never see Russia again. Damn Russia, with her flat plains covered with snows! Damn Russia! . . .

"Well, there is magic in America. Surely it was not all in me. There are magic and miracles in America. The boy with the shoes with soles leaking the mud and slush of East-Side streets; and then—presto!—a man with a country estate on the Hudson, and a slim trig lady of a steam yacht cutting the waters of the North River, taking him to an office with marble wainscoted corridors. And a view of the harbor—of Liberty holding the torch above the mists! And power!

"I had driven on toward success. That is what they call it. When I came out of the university without a cent I took a job with a wholesale business, almost defunct. I tried to put it on its feet. The old man who owned it watched me helplessly, and when I made it show a slight profit he was satisfied. But I was not satisfied. I wanted bigness. And that meant money—raising money, taking risks. I raised the money. I took the risks. I learned that it is financing which is the lady worth courting—a dangerous, beautiful woman, but a goddess, a witch, the queen of all the fairies. I made the one-horse business a big enterprise—we showed big profits. And then one day a voice said to me: 'Do this thing not once, but over and over and over.'

"It was that which took me into Wall Street. I wanted men to assert: 'When Elms asks for money give it to him. He makes magic—money does what Elms tells it to do.' Well, they said it. They said it more and more.

"I was not a gambler. There are some who think I am a gambler—the fools! The thing I was doing was not changing money from hand to hand: I was making it. I said to a dollar: 'Go forth! Go this place; go that place! Make things—make material things! Make brooms, make electric-lighting fixtures, make cigars, make houses, make apartment buildings. And when you come back be two dollars instead of one.' Do you think that is easy? I tell you there is endless labor in study, in analysis, in accumulation of experience. . . . But that was the way to riches and power—and the adulation! I have had it.

"Ten years ago I had it. They would say: 'There goes Elms,' or 'Who is that lunching with Elms?' or 'Elms has played a stiff game. He is a whirlwind.' And the college football captain, who once looked upon me as the dirt in the gutter, and who went into the biggest office in the Street, and leads cotillons and wears the clothes that are just so, bows to me and says: 'I wish you'd motor over to my place in Westchester some Sunday, Mr. Elms.' He knows I began with a handicap, that I have passed him, and now he has to come to me. Acquaintance with me is money in his pocket. He wonders what is the difference between himself and this tall, strange figure with a face which people say is the face of a dreamer.

"You think I am boasting? No, I have outgrown that. Do you think I do not realize how sour it turns? It is the emptiest of all structures—a resounding hollow, cold and lonely hall of agony. Happy and ignorant is the fool who believes he has built in such a structure a temple. Five years ago I was the most miserable human being in the world—rich, successful—with a train of hungry, self-abased hangers-on giving me flattery, calling me the Boss, hating me, imitating me, fearing me, protesting their love for me. And I, with money, power, positive fame—all turning to an evil-smelling dust in my clutching hands.

"What is it for which the spirit strives?

"Well, it wasn't that. I had come to the top of that hill, panting, with nerves tense, hot with the struggle. But it was only a hill surrounded by mists. There was no view. There were only loneliness and desolation and the belief that beyond the wall of clouds there was another climb—the mountain!

"I grew sick with that thought. Literally I grew sick. Indigestion, fatigue, the wear and tear of these years I had given to success, began to gnaw me. I had come to the top of the hill; and when I sat down, when I relaxed, there was a cry from my body. I began, I thought, a fight to live. I went to the experts, the specialists. I took their electric treatments, their corrective gymnastics, their soundings, probings, analyses, diagnoses to bring to light the obscure disturbance of balance from which my body suffered. I was an important person, and I thought of that person. Day and night I was conscious of that person. They said I was overworked and must travel. I went to Europe. They said I must develop new interests. Well, I did. I learned to know painting. I became a discriminating buyer of pictures representing the various Spanish schools—I am a fellow of the Academy in Madrid. I own a half hundred pieces of which I am proud and for which I have paid a small fortune; but I am still more proud of the fact that when the infamous Duke of Antilla, attributed to Velasquez, was offered to Morgan, it was to me he had to come for proof that Velasquez never painted the canvas.

"And yet in art collecting, and even in skilled criticism I found nothing. Had I been able to paint—well, that would be different. I tried. I've often thought how the Street would have laughed if they knew I was daubing—trying to become a creator of beautiful things. But it was too late! . . . The hand will follow only the lead of youth.

"I realized that I was a slave again. No peasant in Russia suffered from a sterner limitation than I. I had thrown aside the fetters once. I had fled. I had found freedom. And now I was fettered once more. And there could be no flight. . . . How could I flee from myself?

"It was then I met Margaret. After I had known her some time I believed that hers was the voice I sometimes heard calling to me through the mists, telling me that the top of my hill was only the top of a hill of dirt and dung—that it was not the top of a stepping-stone toward God. I thought that she was there beyond the mists—on the mountain.

"Women had meant little to me. I have told you that when there are no guests the bachelor's palace is ghastly with emptiness. Of later years I had thought, in the abstract, of

I Was a Weakling Compared With That Great Brute, But the Revolver Fell Into My Palm

a woman and of children. So other men found their happiness. But no woman had interested me deeply. In the days when youth is passionate I had poured the energies of youth into labor. The storehouse of such love had been kept empty by the call of my ambition for all that there was of any energy I had. The habit of desire, the instinct, good or bad as it may be according to the uses to which it is put, had been diverted to other things than love. I knew in my eyes what beauty is. It stopped in my eyes.

"Sometimes women, and beautiful women, tantalized perhaps by the gain—the feathers, the hats, the furs, the servants, the limousines, the ease, the luxury—I must have meant to them, have tried to wake me. I have felt faintly the temptation. But it passed and I have smiled and forgotten.

"Who knows why all the flood of instinct—the highest, finest instinct—stored and stored through these years, should now have become such an explosive? A spark—and it was a bursting, all-powerful force in my life.

"I met her at a dinner at the Jacksons in Philadelphia. She sat at my left. Her face is long but with a square chin at the bottom, a long, delicate nose, light hair of varying depths of gold. Most men would say she is a little too angular, but none could deny that in her figure, just as in her face, there is an assurance of tenderness and of courage as well, of some elusive quality of charm and yet a guaranty of some eternal permanence of personality; some constant, shimmering change, and yet some integrity as everlasting as that of the sea. I drew in my breath at the sight of her—at the sound of her voice. For she seemed to me like life itself. She seemed to be the lacking part of me. She seemed to be that last one thing which I must have. I laughed at myself then for that thought, swallowed with a gasp; but it never left me.

"No doubt it is unfair for me to tell her name. As circumstances now are it will not do. She is the daughter of a Philadelphia woman who married into an English family of ancient worth. There were two brothers—one who died of tuberculosis years ago, and the other twenty-six months ago somewhere in France—in a charge. I do not think either of them was a brilliant man. I picture them as rather silent, slim-bodied, blue-eyed fellows, fond of horses and hunting, with a rather limited understanding and always wondering why the rest of the world was not exactly after their own pattern. The younger, who was on the edge of success, threw everything away when he enlisted as a private. I think I said then it was a cruel folly. But that is nothing.

"At the beginning Margaret did not like me. It is not agreeable to say, but I had no end of a task to teach her that I was not the person she pictured to herself. But it was she who turned my energies into the new channel of self-expression. She had given herself over to service in social experiments, and she had come to America and taken a room in some Philadelphia settlement house. That was four and a half years ago.

"She was poor and she was serious; and that often disqualifies a woman for the more brilliant social contacts. Not in her case. She could play an excellent game of tennis. She was vivacious; and, in spite of the fact that she was the kind of woman who chooses a marriage rather than is chosen, she had friends enough—even among the polo-playing kind of men. Humor and charm and straightforward friendship she had to offer. Those were the attraction for them. . . . For me? For me she was that indescribable hunger—that realization that alone, without her, I was as nothing.

"Margaret had concluded on her own account that all that was being done for a new social order was ineffective because it came from the top. How many times I have heard her say: 'Mortimer, it must come up out of the hearts and hides of those at the bottom. The people of the slums must be taught to found and operate their own relief, their own settlement houses; and the reforms must be their reforms.' She said, for instance, that the leadership of labor unions must be by those from the laboring classes who were specially trained for honest, intelligent leadership. 'Charity must cease being paternal,' she said; 'it must be cooperative.' She believed that the way to begin was by founding the movement in locality after locality.

"I enlisted in her work. It was the beginning of all that I have done and all that I have given according to her plan or my own in this new channel of expressing myself. As you realize, I have become known as an authority on charity administration. The founding of the preventive-medical-clinic idea in twenty cities has cost me a million dollars and more—though that is confidential and between us. The two free dental hospitals and clinics, together with the supplementary work, have taken a million and a half more. Last year there was a tremendous appropriation for the research work in Europe—because Margaret believed that much of the experience of war-relief work was being lost because no records, statistics and data were being kept. And then of course there has been the immense expense of starting her idea of self-running cooperative settlement work, administered by the poor themselves—an immense task. Did I throw myself into this work on her account, to keep near her in almost daily conference and contact? I wonder.

"I gave my money freely, and at first it may have been for her, but then it became a real love of seeing that which had been mine go to work in a new field. I was climbing a second hill. Other men who become rich climb that hill—many, many men. One begins thinking of self—and then at last one begins awkwardly, timidly, and with such satisfaction as can be gotten from it, to think of the other fellow. I am a philanthropist; you have heard them say, 'Elms was successful and now he has gone in for charity.' I suppose they notice that I am still young, that success turned my stomach quicker than the others. People write to me—a basket of letters a day—asking for help for everything, from themselves to the Patagonian orphan asylums.

"Well, that's a kind of fame—a reputable kind of fame. Sometimes I've thought that in a world that was fair the credit would be Margaret's and not mine. She gave the inspiration and the brains to the task, and she gave herself. I put up the money. But no one has ever heard of her. I've wanted sometimes to pluck the world by the sleeve and say 'Look here, she is the one!' But a man can't do that. So I am a philanthropist.

"And I have learned to hate the word! I have learned to hate it because somehow the good I've done does not seem to be a part of me. There is something devilishly impersonal about money. It was my money, but it was not me. It was my money, but when it was given it only seemed a just thing that it should be given. The poor fool of a philanthropist who thinks he is doing good with his distributions is wrong; he's only paying back a little of the debt he owes to mankind. I realized that at last.

"I, who had been trying, as the saying goes, 'to do good'—I woke one day. I had just signed a big check. It was about five one winter's afternoon. I was alone in my office, and through the big windows that overlook the harbor came a flood of western light from the New Jersey horizon. And it was as if some great hand pushed me out of my desk chair onto my knees on the green carpet with my forehead against the cold glass of the desk top. For then I had climbed the second hill—the leisurely, comfortable, smug climb, self-satisfied, smiling at the ease with which man can do good—can win new heights.

"I wonder whether anyone ever thinks fellows like me, when no one sees, are knocked onto their knees like that—lonely, bitter with failure. I had climbed the second hill—it was nothing. There was no view. There were still the mists—and the mocking of a thousand voices.

"You can see—can't you?—that there was just such an experience as would drive me with new force toward the one woman I had loved. I had wanted her. From then on I wanted her more than ever. Money; success; social position, in the sense that intellectual, rich-living people sat at my table; reputation in the street; reputation among lovers of art; reputation among those who through charity and reform were seeking to make a better world—all were mine. I was a power—I was all that I had dreamed I would be. But it was all turning to evil-smelling dust in my clutching hands.

"The yearning I had had for her now became a madness. I say it had become a madness. Before that it had been a careful, slow, restrained campaign. She had begun by disliking me. And I, who am used to having what I want—all I want—I knew that it would take shrewdness, patience and restraint to get her. And I had exercised all of those qualities I could bring to bear. I wanted her. I wanted her so that I could say 'This is my wife.' But I wanted her more than that because I believed that she was the lost part of me—the unfulfilled part of me. I believed that if I could climb up beside her I would have reached the top—the top of the mountain.

"I said: 'It is that completeness for which the spirit strives.'

"We had worked together, dined together; and I think she had learned that my companionship was sometimes the most comforting and sometimes, when she sought it, the most stimulating of any human being's she knew. There were times, when our conferences were over, that she would take long, long walks with me. She would lead me out of my beaten path—the path of my limousine up the Avenue—and dusk would find us on the edge of some pier overlooking the river. It was there one evening, after she had said nothing about it all day, that she turned to me and told me the news: 'My brother was killed with many others of his regiment. I heard of it yesterday.'

"I started to speak.

"'Don't let us say more,' she said. 'It is too much a miracle—and I think a very happy miracle—what a fine fellow he was!'

"But she put her hand in mine—I was her friend. I knew it then! I was her friend! She had turned to me! Later, when we started to go, there was a little tender smile on her finely molded lips.

"I had never spoken to her of love. But I loved her, she must have known. I was sure that she understood, but there had been no issue made of it, and I, as long as I kept my head, was not ready to bring it to trial. I was playing to win. I wanted her, I wanted her so badly—more than I had wanted success—more than I had wanted anything in the world.

"And yet the bitterness of the fruits of success made the yearning to have her a madness. Truly a madness, because it drove me to speak too soon. Not that it would have availed to have waited longer. It would not have made any difference if I had waited ages and ages! The result would have been the same, I think. It's hard to give up the one thing one wants when one has had all the rest. I never can quite believe that it cannot be—that time will go on—that I shall grow old—and the one woman ——

"I told her about two months ago. On one of the rare occasions when I had gone to Philadelphia to talk over new plans with her, she asked me to come after dinner to her house. She now lives on the second floor in one of those fine old Philadelphia houses; a colonial staircase and rooms so high that the light from the lamp on the desk at which we sat failed to banish the shadows that hung above us as we worked together. It was a synopsis of a typical neighborhood survey which she was making—something which she wished to teach the dwellers in the industrial-workers district to do for themselves. Midnight struck while we were still lost in discussion.

"And suddenly I realized that an inexorable hand was often laid upon my shoulder, and a merciless voice often said: 'Come! This is an hour when you must say good-by.' I did not want to say good-by. I never wanted to say good-by again. I wanted all time, all hours, all days, all years—to be our own—ours together—forever.

"I know she saw that in my face—I know she knew that the moment had come.

"She said: 'Mortimer—my friend!'

"I think she wanted to stop me. But it all rushed upon my lips. The dammed-up flood burst forth—I told her of the months and months of my silence. I told her of my hopes, my prayers, my waiting. I told her of all the bitterness and pain, all the loneliness and suffering that gnawed within me. I told it all badly, I suppose, but yet, well, because it was my inmost self that spoke, unrestrained and true to myself.

"I said: 'I am not blind. I want to be kind to you, dear. I am sorry now that I have spoken. I will save you a reply. I will answer as you will answer. I know that you, who seem a part of me, will never be a part of me as I would have it. I know, Margaret, that you know me, all of me, now that you know I love you. I have laid before you all that I have. There are no concealments, no new evidence to introduce. I am the man you know and nothing more. And there is no hope for me. I see in your face, dear, exactly that which I might

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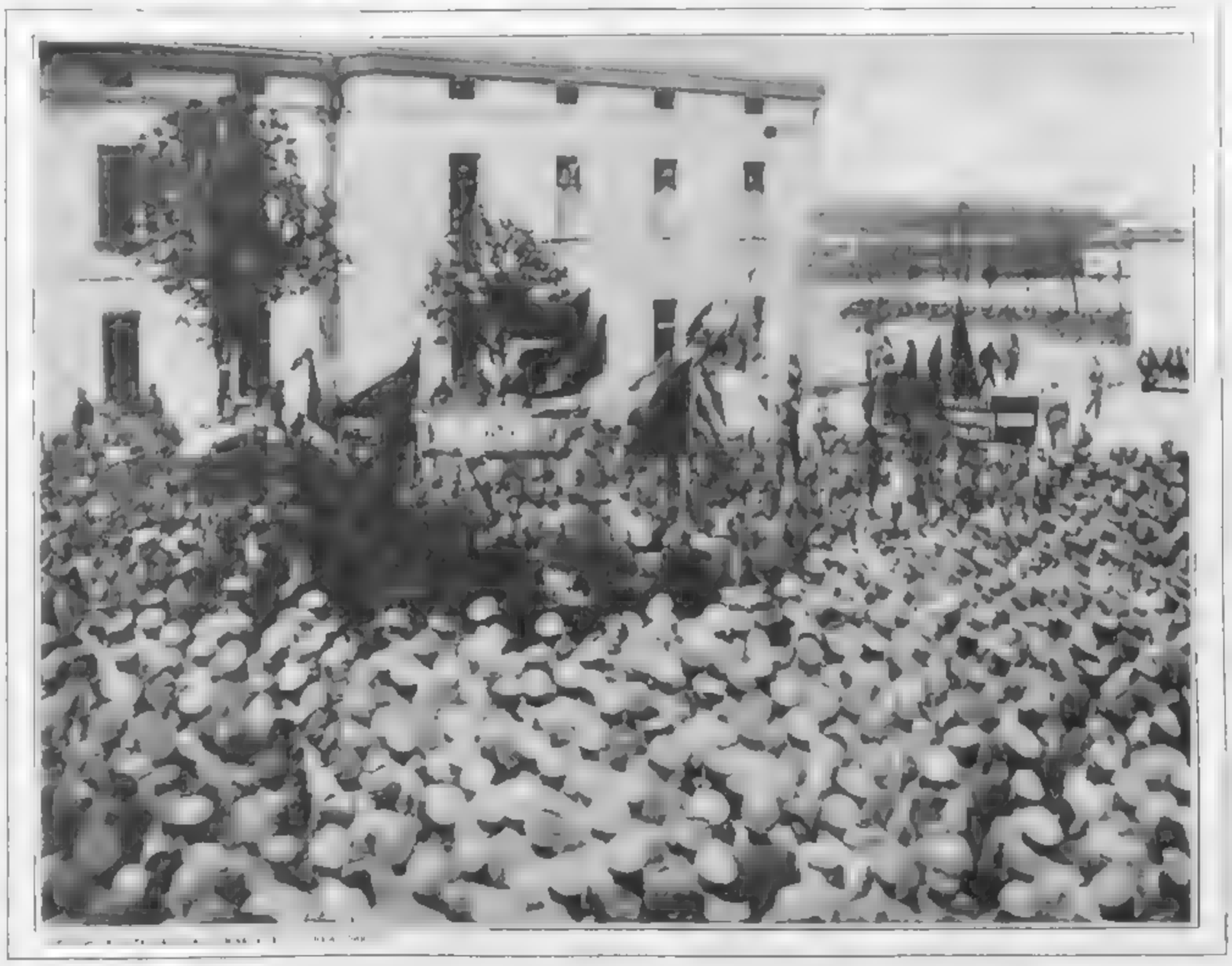
"When I Had Won My Fight, What Had I? Nothing! Exactly Nothing!"

A VAST FRIENDSHIP

Possibilities in a Russian-American Entente

By ERNEST POOLE



The Famous Revolutionary Leader, Boris Georgievitch, Addressing Russian Soldiers

IN RUSSIA all last summer—in Petrograd and Moscow; in district towns and in the camps; and again in the small villages where, through my interpreter, I had long revealing talks with the peasants and those who know them best—I came from doubt and confusion into a deepening belief that, in spite of the present disorders, when the storm has cleared away there is to arise slowly through the years such a prodigious democracy there as, in coöperation with France, England and America, will make the dreams of Berlin utterly hopeless.

But that is for the future. What of the year that lies ahead? The latest news from Russia is certainly discouraging, though Kerensky may still regain control. The Bolsheviki and the Maximalists, who managed the recent coup d'état, are the extreme radical wings of the two big socialist parties, and they represent but a small per cent of the whole Russian people. Nine Russians out of ten with whom I talked last summer in cities, towns and villages, were against the Bolsheviki. These men cannot govern Russia alone. They will doubtless try to gain the aid of the more moderate socialist and labor groups who till recently supported Kerensky; and if they succeed it is possible that a new all-socialist ministry may be formed that will initiate a second stage of many months in the Russian revolution. But no government there can long endure unless it meets in practical ways the great immediate problems of transportation and supplies which grow more urgent every week. And the Bolsheviki hitherto have not shown themselves to be practical men. If by giving all land to the peasants they bring on wholesale violence throughout the country districts, if the railroad service breaks down and there is famine both in the towns and among the armies at the Front, then the Russian soldiers may leave their trenches and go home. And that may mean months of anarchy and a separate peace with Germany. But I doubt if all this will happen, for there have been tremendous forces working harder every day toward sanity in the national life, toward practical construction, toward driving the war through to the end.

Building for the Future

THERE has been a growing impatience against the talk of the Bolsheviki and a fast deepening eagerness for friendship with America. And so much depends on that! Their railroad system has been improved—thanks to aid from America. The problem of food and clothing supplies may be solved by help and sound advice—also from our country. And the lies of the German agents about England, France and America may be offset by telling the Russians the whole truth about ourselves and our purpose in the war.

In brief, all I have seen in the last few months has made me sure that as soon as the present confusion subsides the friendship of America can still do much to hasten the building of a new Russian nation against the German autocracy, not only by material assistance from our country but through the mingling of the best and deepest ideals of our people and theirs; through our vigorous methods, our practical ways, our inventiveness and efficiency, our push and drive, our spirit of resolute optimism and our impatience of despair.

And so urgent is the need of this aid that, leaving for later articles all attempts to describe what I found in the heart and mind of this newborn Russian nation, groping, struggling toward the light, I shall try here to give a brief sketch of the work of our Red Cross Commission, which, together with the splendid record of our embassy in Petrograd, and the immensely effective labors of our Railroad Commission and of the American Y. M. C. A., is typical of the kind of work we started and must increase tenfold—a hundredfold. It cannot perhaps be done just now. We may be forced by the anarchy there to withhold our efforts until there is once more a government we can work with. But that may come within a few days; and the moment it does our work must go on. It must go on for months and years; for upon this Russian experiment depends to a large degree the fate of democracy in Europe.

In the men of our Red Cross I found the driving vigor and faith that Russia needs from America. Though when I met them first they had been but three weeks in Petrograd, they had gone at their work with an energy and an insight that had already pierced through the turgid surface of disheartening party politics and revealed to them the deeper needs and the deeper forces working there—the profound immense idealism of these Russian people, their patience, their humanity, their many virtues and their faults, their weaknesses, their urgent needs. The commission, then, had lost no time in getting to work. I saw Raymond Robins first, for he was an old friend of mine. And he said:

"We're here for business, Poole. We have on this commission one of the finest crowds of men I've ever met in all my life. And some of us mean to stay right here until the war is over. Others will be going home to push the work from the American end. There won't be any let-up. We're in this game to see it through."

The next day I had a talk with the chairman of the commission, Colonel Billings, of Chicago; and with Colonel Thompson, of New York, who had come as business manager; and with Major Thayer and Major Post.

There were about thirty in all—specialists in relief work, medical men, food experts and sanitary engineers, lawyers and keen business men; a group of Americans ably equipped to size up, as it came along, each proposition or appeal for aid from Russian organizations. From the commission's headquarters, in the Hôtel de l'Europe, these men were constantly starting off on foot or by motor over the city, or again by train to Moscow or to refugee centers far down in the south, while others took long trips to the Front. Colonel Billings had organized the work with a speed and a thoroughness that seemed like a miracle to those of my Russian friends whom I brought to his headquarters.

"This is what we need," said one. "This is what you Americans have and we Russians lack. If these men will only keep on like this they can do more for Russia than any group of foreigners who have come since the revolution."

He felt the constant throb and drive of work organized efficiently by able, practical, strong men; and he went away and told his friends. The news spread over Petrograd, and Russian organizations of all kinds came in with their appeals. And as these were gone into one by one plenty of flaws were discovered, plenty of crookedness was laid bare. But the Red Cross men found so much else, so much that was honest, hard, clean work, devotion and self-sacrifice, so much that was tremendously fine—that, with all their American keenness, they seemed to me at times like men going through some very real and profound religious experience.

Work for Russian Soldiers

MOST of them were not the kind of men to care to stop and analyze their own thoughts and feelings. But vaguely, I think, each man was aware of being one of the pioneers in a vast adventure here, with a world-wide significance—the welding of a friendship between the United States and Russia.

And their determined, deepening faith in this new Russian nation, their optimism in the face of endless discouragements on all sides, was a force I could feel spreading out among the Russians themselves. It reached far and wide and high and low; for while Colonel Billings, Colonel Thompson and their aides were having long talks with Kerensky and other heads of the government, and with more conservative leaders outside, with business men and scientists, Major Robins was talking to labor men, leaders from the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies, and was getting into workingmen's homes—not only to learn about Russia from them but to tell them about America, and by his truth offset the lies that have been industriously sowed broadcast by German spies and agents, who have pictured to the Russians an America rotten to the core, a country owned and sweated by a few big Wall Street millionaires, who now for their own profit had driven their hundred million slaves into this European War against the innocent Fatherland.

I had been combating such lies myself, not only among the workingmen but with the Russian editors and out

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Where Your Liberty Bond Money Goes—By Edward G. Lowry

THE other day a man down in Virginia who had bought a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond wrote to the Federal Reserve Bank in his district and asked when and where he must begin to pay his interest on it. There was a dead-game sport. But he is not the only one. It has come to light since the two Liberty Bond campaigns that hundreds of persons bought or subscribed for bonds who didn't know in the least what they were doing. For the most part they looked upon their bond purchase as an outright gift to the Government. They only knew that the Government needed money and they gave. Others have written to Washington asking: What becomes of all the Liberty Bond money? What is it spent for? Why was it necessary to issue more bonds so quickly after two billion dollars had been raised on the first issue?

A member of the House Ways and Means Committee, Mr. Garner, of Texas, in the very act of authorizing the second Liberty Bond issue, put the desire to know rather plaintively to the Secretary of the Treasury:

Mister Secretary, the question is constantly being asked by members of Congress and by citizens what we are doing with so much money that we are appropriating; and I want to make the suggestion that you assume the burden, if you will, and put in this record in some form a statement showing how much money we have appropriated for war purposes up to date, and in a general way the purposes for which it is used. Some gentlemen were talking to me yesterday and comparing the amount of money spent by foreign countries and the amount of money we have appropriated up to date for our own uses, and they asked me why it was it took so much more money for us than it did for foreign countries. I was not probably in possession of all the facts, but I gave them a general outline of whatever information I had. I think it would be quite interesting and would serve a good purpose if you could put in the record the amount of money we have had to use for ourselves for war purposes in excess of the general budget which we have each session, and in a general way the purposes for which it was used.

The reply was not very helpful:

Now, Mr. Garner, of course I should be very happy to give that information if it was in my possession, but it is not in my possession. All of that information is in the possession of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives. You have got more detail there than I could fish out for you in a month of Sundays; and if you will take the testimony given before your Appropriations Committee you can get that information.

Now these are fair questions. We certainly have a right to know what we are paying for. In something less than a month of Sundays I have been able to fish out the answers. Let me try to set them down in order and in the simplest possible terms.

Loan Figures

ON APRIL 6, 1917, a state of war was declared between the United States and the Imperial German Government. Secretary McAdoo immediately advised Congress of the financial necessities of the country, and on the twenty-fourth of April the greatest bond bill in the history of the United States was passed by a practically unanimous vote by both houses of Congress. The law authorized an issue of $5,538,945,460 in bonds and $2,000,000,000 in certificates of indebtedness. On the second of May it was announced that the first bond issue was to be for $2,000,000,000, and the entire bond issue was named the Liberty Loan of 1917. On the fourteenth of May the details of the bonds were made public and subscriptions formally invited. The campaign opened on the fifteenth of May and closed on the fifteenth of June, with the result that more than 5,000,000 citizens subscribed, and the aggregate amount of their subscriptions was well over $3,000,000,000.

Though the subscription was well over $3,000,000,000, the Treasury issued only two billions' worth of bonds. People have asked why all the money offered was not taken. Secretary McAdoo explains that the offering was limited "in order that the bankers and financial men of the country should know what shifting of accounts and resources must be arranged for . . . but also it was a good thing to have an unsatisfied demand for these bonds."

On September twenty-fourth Congress authorized a second issue of bonds "not exceeding in the aggregate $7,538,945,460." The Treasury invited subscriptions for $3,000,000,000 of these bonds, but this time reserved the right to allot one-half of the amount of any oversubscription. The second Liberty Loan campaign to sell these bonds closed on October twenty-seventh. At the time this is written the Treasury has not been able to announce the number of subscribers and the total amount of bonds applied for. If five billions has been asked for the Treasury may issue four billions' worth of bonds. If four billions has been subscribed, three and a half billions may be issued.

In these two bond acts Congress set aside "for the purpose of more effectually providing for the national security and defense and prosecuting the war" $7,000,000,000 to be loaned to the Allies. They had received of this sum on November first, $3,691,400,000. Great Britain got $1,860,000,000; France, $820,000,000; Italy, $500,000,000; Russia, $450,000,000; Belgium, $58,400,000; Serbia, $3,000,000. Of this great sum they had expended $2,758,900,000, and had lying at their disposal in the Treasury at Washington a remaining balance of $932,500,000. How did they get it? What have they done with it? The requests of the Allies upon us for loans have aggregated more than $500,000,000 a month. It is estimated that the seven billions we have set aside for them will last until June 30, 1918. If this rate of expenditure increases Congress will have to provide more money for them, or if the war is not ended by next June another sum of billions will have to be placed at their disposal. Let Secretary McAdoo explain:

"Up to the present time I have tried to limit the loans we have made to the Allies to their monthly requirements. These credits"—loans—"are determined largely by the representations made by the different Powers as to their necessities for carrying on the war. These loans are always made with the representative of the country—that is, the representative authorized to act for the foreign government, generally the ambassador or minister. We take the obligations of those governments in due form in each instance. They are the obligations of the government concerned to pay back to us the amount of money advanced to it.

"My judgment in making these loans to the different Powers is determined very largely by what they represent as their actual necessities for the purchase of supplies and materials and other requirements in carrying on the war. If I determine that I can make the loan I then submit it to the President, discuss it with him, and if he approves the loan is made."

A Pooling of Resources

"TAKE the produce of this country—the human-food products of the country. In wheat, grain, and all other kinds of food products production has been greatly stimulated. The farmers have been stimulated to the utmost endeavor—and for what purpose? It is not only to feed our own people but it is to sell to the Allied Governments. The Allied Governments cannot buy that stuff unless they can get credit; and it is essential for our own protection—and I am speaking not only of our protection in a military way, because of course we have got to beat our enemies, but for our economic protection and welfare we must extend these credits to enable those people to buy this stuff. We cannot keep it here and let it rot on our hands.

"They are looked on as any other solvent people without the ready money, but who are perfectly good. We must give them credit not only for the purpose of keeping up the war but for our own economic welfare.

"I think if you will get the statistics of the Allied Governments you will find that their export trade has declined everywhere. Now let me say this: That we are concerned in their maintaining their export trade in a very considerable measure. Their commercial salvation is just as essential a part of their effectiveness in the war as ours is, and unless they can keep their population engaged in some measure at some business the situation will be unfortunate. It is the true policy and a policy of economic soundness to have them do everything they possibly can to maintain their industrial and economic condition.

"They are not hurting America any that I can see. As a matter of fact this war requires, on the part of those making common cause with each other, to as large an extent as possible the pooling of their resources; and that is what we shall have to do. We are not endeavoring to carry this whole burden, but we are endeavoring to supplement the resources of those nations with which we are making common cause with such of our resources as Congress may authorize us to employ, and no more. It is to the common interest that that

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The Liberty Bell on Parade in Philadelphia During the Liberty Loan Campaign

THE INEPT LOVER

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

FOR the romancer's purpose, man that is born of woman may be divided into two great classes: men who can make love gracefully and men who cannot—that is to say, those beings to whom the art of wooing is a natural gift and those others who must acquire it.

It is useless for the latter to make invidious dog-in-the-manger comparisons. It behooves them rather to emulate their luckier brethren and go to school to them for method. Nor need the natural possessors of this gift of making the deadlier sex look upon them with soft eyes take too much credit for the dower Nature has bestowed so freely. It is not due, as anyone can verify for himself, to beauty of person or mind. It is rather a sort of personal aura—a glamour that the individual exhales; which, possessed by a man even with unrestrained girth and a nose like a Bermuda lily bulb, may prove the utter rout and discomfiture of comelier but more ineffective masculines. By way of confirmation, take the case of Barlow Wells; for at eight-and-thirty years Barlow Wells was a bachelor, undisturbed, though with considerably more than an ordinary share of good looks.

Homelier but sprightlier brothers had long since outdistanced him in all local matrimonial competitions. Youths "who had a way," youths with none, plain youths, average youths, the fascinating, the mediocre, each had swept his respective lady into that magic haven whose sesame is the Golden Circle; but Barlow still remained unwed and, what was worse, unwished. And this was not for lack of suitable intention on his part—especially in his earlier years.

At eighteen a well-shaped young giant of six-feet-one, with a complexion like a peach, and a pair of comely brown eyes that could assume a dog's mutely adoring expression on occasion, Barlow, with the leaven of Old Adam working in him, began to cast sheep's eyes at those tantalizing feminine morsels who wrought such deadly havoc, with their airs and furbelows, from the opposite side of the church. He even made a few tentative clutches at the coat tails of Romance. But he knew very early that his technic was bad. He made so many tactical errors and was penalized so often that he lost heart and gave it up.

There was Clara Spicer, for instance; as pretty and trim a girl as ever pulled a staylace too tight. Clara's eyes were blue fire, doing Gatling-gun destruction when they happened to rest on Barlow's admiring brown ones.

So she maneuvered a Sunday evening meeting that was nothing short of a challenge. And Barlow met the challenge, a thick choking in his throat.

"Comp'ny acceptable?" he muttered hoarsely; it was the approved formula of the youths of his set.

She let him see company was very acceptable; so they set out for a walk. It was not a walk—a beat, rather—beginning at the Immanuel Church door and running out to a region along the river, beset by luxurious hard maples thickly pressed by ragged hemlocks, and known poetically as Lovers' Lure.

Now, even with his first words, Barlow showed his ineptness. For, on being accepted as cavalier to the lady, he should have permitted his hand to seize her arm protectively, just above the elbow—just as he had seen Wayne Lester and Phil Ford do a hundred times—and guide her possessively, lest she totter and fall, out of the crowd and into the sanctuary of the well-shadowed pavement.

But he neglected to do this. And when he reached Lovers' Lure he behaved even worse. Now there is only one reason for the existence of a Lovers' Lure—only one answer to the thrown gauntlet of an umbrageous avenue—a moon that makes pools of silver and shadow on the path, and the presence of a trusting, not to say waiting, young lady ready to hand.

And Clara, aware presently of Barlow's defection, cast a surprised glance at him and made a slight advance of her own.

"My land! Ain't the Dipper pretty?"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he doesn't know what effect looking at the Dipper should have on him? . . . Young face lifted; radiant wistful eyes giving back the starlight, interested only in the exquisite contours of that most utilitarian constellation.

But Barlow didn't!

He knew perfectly well that something was expected of him. The blood burned in his ears; but he only cleared his throat and, having lately finished high school, spoke out of the fullness of his happy heart:

"Yes; the Dipper is mighty nice, and it helps you to find other stars too. Do you know, if you draw a line through the two stars on the outer side of the bowl it will point toward the North Star? I think I can find it for you."

"I—I Should Like to Call on You—Every Saturday—Regularly," He Choked. "And on—on Wednesdays, Also—Alone!"

The next Sunday evening Clara walked out with little red-headed Tod Herrick.

Then there was Grace Kenison. Grace came from the city; sophisticated, dashing—that sort of thing. The male youth of Melford would have needed gas-mask insulation to resist her. Barlow, helpless moth, sought to scorch himself also. He was twenty-one now and had inherited his father's hardware store; in a sense, a man's importance.

Grace's method was slower, subtler than that of the Melford girls. Indeed, it was very restful, Barlow thought, who considered the others crude.

She was very kind to him; also, her aunt, who pressed him with small kindly attentions. Indeed, for a few weeks Grace permitted him almost to monopolize her. But presently her manner got a little strained and absent. Barlow dressed himself most carefully and exhibited the utmost regard as to his manners. Not a clever conversationalist, he armed himself in advance with certain chosen topics. He had many lonely evenings and, having a taste for reading, could speak, he felt, with some intelligence on many subjects out of the ordinary. Each evening he selected five subjects, which, with what he thought was considerable deftness, he managed to introduce into the conversation; but, even at his best in these matters, he felt, oddly, a little flat.

He could not compete with Miss Kenison's pretty dash of manner. She had a way of twisting, not to say mangling, the sense of his remarks, which bewildered him. But he admired her—oh, intensely! So gay and pretty, he could have knelt to kiss her slippers. He liked the tilt of her head and the turn of her wrist; but it never occurred to him even to hint these matters.

In his heart he rather hoped that he might some day marry her; and he lay awake several nights dreaming over a verse of poetry about her—or, at least, it would have been a verse if he could have rimed the second and fourth lines.

But one day there came a blow, unbelievably cruel. Miss Kenison, who had promised to go on an excursion with him, ruthlessly broke her promise and went with Fred Saxon. Nor was this all; she gave out her opinion of him broadcast: "Barlow Wells is a regular pill—not one bit of jolly to him!"

A pill! It was a bitter blow, and for two years Barlow fought shy of petticoats. Indeed, he never thereafter mixed much with the young set of the town. He realized vaguely that he was rather different from the other fellows. Oh, he went on little jaunts with the young people occasionally—picnics, hay rides; even once or twice "spun the pan" at village parties—very much on tolerance. Once or twice in the beginning there had been little feminine overtures; but these had dwindled to nothing. Once a woman considerably older, with an eye on the hardware store, had set herself out, by culinary measures mostly, to move his enthusiasm; but she sowed only tares.

And presently Barlow was accepted at face value—a man who had nothing to do with marriage or women—"an old-maid bachelor," someone called him; and he fell with outward compliance into the rôle.

Up to his twenty-eighth year Barlow had lived with his widowed mother in the house—a yellow frame Colonial Renaissance—that his father had built. After his mother's death he went on living there with an elderly day woman to do his work. He still read a great deal—a potpourri of philosophy, poetry, novels; quite a number of novels, newspapers and magazines.

Also, he played the cornet. Evenings in summer, when dusk was falling—when Young Love began to stroll toward Lovers' Lure and a pleasant violet glow succeeded the sunset—you could hear the bleat of his cornet, *en solo*, coming out of his parlor windows. He could play Flow Gently, Sweet Afton and The Miller of the Dee without an error; and several other melodies with scarcely mentionable fault.

He kept a dog named Robinson, a friendly hearted mongrel creature with eyes like his master's; and the two could be seen going to and coming from the hardware store daily.

Barlow had lost his boyish color; had settled into leaner, manlier lines; a tall, rather good-looking fellow, you would say, dressed with meticulous neatness, though no special style; a close-clipped brown mustache, nice chin and head, pleasant voice and a friendly word to the dog that tagged his heel.

Yet no woman cast an interested eye on him. He came and went unheeded, a sort of human Foregone Conclusion among his townsfolk. And everybody thought he was content. But he wasn't.

The heart of Barlow Wells was like a bleeding wound these many years; a sepulcher of unfulfilled wistfulnesses that had never assumed a proper *rigor mortis*, which annually, with the erotic springtime and the blossoming flowers, lifted their heads and clamored for outlet. Barlow Wells was lonely, in short, and longed for the love of woman—some woman to look at him with love light in her eyes, some woman to pour his tea, to mend his socks, to care when he got his feet wet. Or, lacking these subserviences, some woman just to care.

It was horrible, coming back to the desolation of an empty house. It was horrible departing thence with no God-be-w'-ye! at his back. If some woman would love him as he longed to be loved—as he felt that he could love in return!

There was none who saw his daily passing in the streets but would have laughed at him, he knew; would have scorned these longings that welled up in the heart of an old-maid bachelor. Yet there were times when they led him to tortures of wistfulness—even, more concrete, to utter absurdities of action.

One April evening he was sitting in the back of the hardware store writing a letter to Underhill, Johnson & West, Hardware Jobbers, Duluth, Minnesota.

Barlow kept no stenographer, the volume of his business being such that he could easily handle his correspondence on the secondhand typewriter he had bought.

He had been writing several letters earlier, sitting shirtsleeved, a green shade over his eyes; but now an acute

wave of loneliness assailed him. It was surely not ascribable to the epistle partially composed under his fingers:

UNDERHILL, JOHNSON & WEST.

Gentlemen: Your order shipped April fourth was received this A. M. I must, however, protest against the quality of the tenpenny nails in the assortment ——

There was nothing here to unleash that peculiar bogy of emptiness and misery which came upon him at times. It was perhaps the evening itself; soft, velvety, a hint of wild flowers in the air. A moth had fluttered in and beat against his oil lamp. Somewhere up the street somebody had begun to play the piano:

The hours I spent with you, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me.

Barlow could have wept. Instead, he reached under his desk and produced a volume. Marcus Aurelius! With such disciplinary pabulum was he wont to beguile his unease—or he had been used to do so.

It was not Marcus now that claimed him. Something else. There was something like the hue of shame in Barlow's face as he drew out a clipping from the confiding bosom of his Aurelius. In a moment of speculative insanity he had cut it out of a cheap flotsam newspaper—a personal of a most intriguing sort.

He read it now under the influence of April and The Rosary, as he had done half a dozen times before:

"Widow, twenty-five, brunette, beautiful and animated, five hundred dollars, seeks acquaintance of gentleman, amiable, established business; object matrimony. References and photos exchanged."

After all, why not? Was it so shameful a thing? There wasn't a woman in town who ever asked him to supper—who cared a smitchen to have him even lean over her fence and chat with her. And, anyhow, he wouldn't have known what to do with himself if she had. Wooing was a lost art—if, indeed, he had ever possessed its beginnings.

How to set out on such a devious quest as a courtship; to trail, pursue, lasso his feminine quarry? The mere idea frightened him to death. The time it would consume; the uncertainty; competition; all his lack of skill! Merciful heavens, no! If he ever married it must be someone who took him by the buttonhole, so to speak; someone who said boldly "Will you marry me, Barlow?"—without fencing or foolish preliminaries.

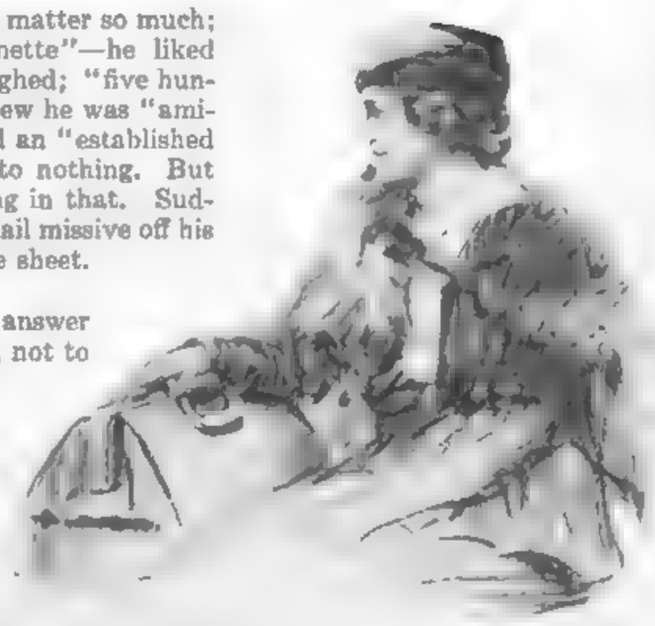
And such things never happened; not in this life—except in such a case as this. Here was a woman, young, fearless, beautiful; unabashedly she avowed her motive. How simple life would be, shed of its silly complexities!

He read the thing again:
"Widow"—he had no objection in the world; "twenty-five"—a charming age, though that did not matter so much; "beautiful and animated"; "brunette"—he liked dark women, dark women who laughed; "five hundred"—it was immaterial. God knew he was "amiable"; the whole town knew he had an "established business." Perhaps it would lead to nothing. But what harm to write? There's nothing in that. Suddenly he ripped the prosy tenpenny-nail missive off his machine and thrust in a fresh white sheet.

He Could Play Flow Gently, Sweet Afton and The Miller of the Dee Without an Error

The photograph that arrived in answer to Barlow's letter was an agreeable, not to say stimulating surprise.

It was taken on a post card and revealed a young lady in graceful position, her lips parted in a charming smile. Revealed a great deal of the young lady, whose hair was dark and curly, and worn in a foliaceous mass round her face, intertwined with a profusion of artificial flowers and beads. She looked like a very animated lady indeed—almost the type, one might say, of the young people who came to play with the itinerant burlesque companies in town; but a photograph may be a very misleading thing.



There Was Something About Her Nice to Look At—a Touch of Mischief Too

The accompanying letter, slightly scented with sachet powder, was not displeasing; it was rather dignified, in fact. It hinted—in small pointed feminine writing—at loneliness and bereavement; at inability to protect its writer in a cold inattentive world. It requested further correspondence and a copy of his photograph.

Barlow complied. He went down and let Kelsey Somers insert his head into the photographic forceps and take him in several poses.

The three-quarters came out best—rather handsome, in fact, with one of the new checkerboard ties Ben Moffitt had just got in.

Barlow sent this, together with another letter; and thereafter he wrote three several times, receiving suitable replies, before he saw the lady he addressed.

What love will do for woman has been sung by poets of old; but what love will do for man is an unwrit saga. The coarse male is not supposed to be readily malleable to the influence of the softer passions. War and business—or are they one?—consume so much of his time that there is little left for Amor's destruction. At least we are told all this "is of man's life a thing apart." Not so with Barlow Wells. An abstraction settled upon him. In the interim of weighing out fence staples, selling a box of tacks, or showing a new stove, the thought of this unwonted interest he knew now came to trouble him sweetly.

It was not love, he knew, of course—not yet; only its exquisite hope, its possibility. It intrigued his very soul.

When there arrived from the lady a fourth letter appointing a meeting in the next town of Andrus, he felt he could scarcely wait.

You will know me from my picture, of course; but, also, for fear there may be confusion, I shall wear a red rose. When you see me coming into the corridor with it on, you will know me. I need hardly tell you how anxious I am to see My Dear.

He thrilled a little at the last words; though they were, he felt, a trifle premature. No interchange of endearment had been made. It had been a pleasant, more or less business correspondence thus far. No matter, though; a woman's heart is fond, trusting. . . . It was perhaps only a forerunner of happiness to come.

He dressed very carefully and went over to Andrus on the trolley car. He wondered a little what his humdrum town would think if it guessed his romantic mission.

He went into the hotel appointed, fleet-footed, and inquired for the lady at the desk. Yes; she was there. On this a slight hesitation struck him. So, when he sent up his name, he took a modest seat against the wall, screened by a group of rather noisy travelers.

Here, from this quiet coign of vantage he should espy her first. A red rose! A scrap out of a song sprang into his mind:

Throw me a rose;
Throw me a rose;
Throw me a red, red rose.

Love's own flower!

He looked up then and saw a lady slowly descending the stairway into the corridor—a lady with a crimson bloom on her breast.

Not the lady of the picture—not even by a slip of the camera. She came slowly, perforce, for she was a very ample lady oh, generously so; and the rose on her breast was no redder than her brilliant lips, no fresher than the enamel tints on her cheek. Five-and-fifty summers perhaps had passed over her head; but they had brought no single silver thread into the crimped masses of her lampblack hair. She put out a puffy hand, covered with many rings; stopped a little coyly; let her glance pierce the laughing group of traveling men before her.

There was a doorway on Barlow's left. He effaced himself through it silently. So died his Romance a-borning.

The streets seemed grayer; Barlow felt older. Hope was gone—passed eternally out of his life. It was not that he had lost love—which he had never had; but that he had been chicaned in its name. Well, he had done it himself; and he deserved what he got. Drearily he went out and sat down in the trolley-station room.

There was only one other person there, a smallish young woman in dark blue serge and a neat black toque with a white wing, and a traveling bag beside her.

She had, he observed, a clear fair skin, big gray eyes, and soft, fine dark hair that escaped from under her hat. There was something about her nice to look at—something very attractive; a touch of mischief, too, in her small pursed mouth.

When the trolley car came he got up and offered rather clumsily to carry her bag for her. She surprised him by putting out her hand.

"And you don't even remember me—do you, Barlow? I'm coming back to live here. You're the first person I saw and I knew you right away—though I haven't seen you since we were little kids together."

Even then he goggled at her.

"I'm Mattie Primble—or I was. I'm Mattie Foster now; but my husband's dead and I'm coming back to the home town. You don't know how glad I am to see you, Barlow! . . . And to think I knew you, though you were only fifteen when I left!"

Mattie Primble! Was it possible? Barlow remembered her as a little girl; a shy, rather sweet little thing, with a touch of tease about her. He hadn't thought of her in many years.

He got on the car and sat beside her, Mattie doing most of the talking. There was something pleasant and comfortable about her words—a feeling that one had known her very well.

And she was—yes—nice to look at; very.

"I'm so anxious to see everybody again, Barlow; to meet all the boys and girls I went to school with. It will be fun to see how they grew up and coupled off. I s'pose you've been married a long time and have quite a family."

Well, no; Barlow hadn't much of a family.

"I—I never did get married," he blurted.

"Really! Didn't you? Well, I don't know that I blame you. 'Needles and pins; needles and pins; when a man marries his trouble begins.'"

"Oh, it wasn't that!"

"Perhaps you didn't find anything to suit you, then?"

Somehow Barlow felt, all of a sudden, that that was exactly the matter.

He asked Mattie about her life in the West; about her interests—her own family. Mattie had no children. She was coming back to live with an aunt, Mrs. Tollidge.

"And I hope you'll be real kind and come in to see us some evening, Barlow. It's going to be awfully lonely—after all these years. Going back to a place you haven't seen in years is nearly like beginning all over in a new town. And people may not care for me ——"

Barlow felt that this was impossible; but he only assented:

"Perhaps they won't."

"And so I'll prob'ly need cheering up, at first."

Barlow said he would come—or, at least, he said he would try. Not to seem too eager, he assumed a slight expression of doubt; and Mattie, having reached her stop, put out her hand in temporary farewell.

It was the most delicious-feeling hand he had ever touched. He leaned far out to watch her retreating form. It was unbelievable. A woman—a pretty woman—had asked him to call! He had a woman acquaintance—a friend—who did not regard him as she might a newel post.

This was the fruit of his trip to Andrus; of his flyer in the romantic. In his heart he blessed the widow—"brunette, beautiful, animated"—who had lured him thither.

II

IF THE arrival of Mattie Foster marked an epoch in the life of Melford, it marked equally the beginning of a new era for Barlow Wells.

The town of Melford, looking upon Mattie, found itself offered a combination of sensations. A widow of two years' standing, newly "come into colors," cannot enter into the social life of a small town without creating a certain amount of ripple. Mattie's ripple was fairly large. She was pretty, sociable, sweet-tempered. It was only natural that the *beaux chevaliers* and town gallants of maturer years should find it a graceful and pleasing occupation to escort Mattie on the street, to accompany her to church, or spend an hour with her at Mrs. Tollidge's. But these attentions did not lessen her interest in Barlow Wells.

Barlow had lost no time in accepting her invitation to call. He had Ben Moffitt measure him for a new blue serge—an utterly frivolous pinched-back model that knocked off a few of his years; and he wore it up to Mattie's. His call being of a late afternoon and Mrs. Tollidge pressing him, he stopped to supper and ate three helpings of preserved quinces, a comestible whose tart-sweet quality exactly represented the piquant emotions by which he was stirred.

He stayed until dusk, and, going home, fell in with Charlie Showers.

"I've been to call on Mrs. Foster," Barlow mentioned casually.

No harm to let Melford know he was beginning to wake up.

"That so? Well, I s'pose it won't be any time before the real fellows'll be goin' up there. A pretty widow won't be given a chance to waste her time on dry old codgers like you and me."

He felt he wanted to strangle Charlie Showers, who was six years his senior. He went home and looked into his bureau glass, and hope alternately rose and fell. Not a bad image it reflected; but what was the use?

"Give a dog a bad name!" The town—and probably Mattie, too—regarded him as an eighty-year-old dry-bob. Utterly safe, utterly noncompetitive. Heavens! How did a man go about signaling for attention—how advertise his intentions? And was he really sure of his intention? Was it worth while to rack himself on such a quest—he who in all probability stood not one chance in a thousand? Perhaps, if he had more confidence—were less self-conscious; or if Providence effected a change in his appearance. Perhaps, if he even shaved off his mustache.

He met Mattie the following Sunday and walked home with her after church, and on Saturday evening called on her again. He took his cornet this time and played Sweet Afton and The Miller of the Dee for her. And he knew now exactly where he stood. He was in love with Mattie; passionately, protectively, utterly. She was the one and only woman in the world for him. Without her, life would be an incomplete mockery.

But to have her he must win her love—woo her; tell her his plight, his passion. Well, he would. In the face of the world, come what might, he would rise this once and wrest from Fate the prize he wanted. Whatever the steps, whatever the hazard, he had come to the great moment in his life—to his true courting hour.

As we live by precept and example, Barlow, lacking the temerity to seek for the former, found he could secure at least a species of spiritual road map for the route he meant to take by consulting the conduct of the courting man of his town in general.

Generally speaking, if a gentleman called upon a lady on a certain regular evening it was tantamount to posting a handbill in the post office cautioning all other intruders to beware. If, in conjunction with this, he added such touches as boxes of chocolates, bouquets of flowers, drives into the country behind horse or gas engine, and ice cream at Lindemann's Parlors, it was practically a declaration. It seemed to Barlow that she must be a stupid lady indeed who, having been singled for such a series, would need any verbal assistance in understanding her wooer's message. But on this as yet remote point he did not let his mind rest. If he must court, court he would. He would go the way of all flesh in every particular, and let no man best him.

Having decided on the necessary preliminaries, Barlow prepared to make them effective. As he had called on Mattie on a Saturday, he decided that Saturday should be his regular votive evening. Accordingly he bathed and dressed on that night with more than usual care and set out to call. There were some particularly fine white hyacinths in his garden; and, to make his intention more emphatic, he culled a generous bunch of these to offer Mattie.

It was a sweet early May evening—the sort that lures indoor dwellers away from wood fire and furnace to the veranda.

As he came near he saw that Mattie was seated on her aunt's porch. Then, to his surprise and disgust, he saw that Charlie Showers sat with her. Charlie had been to see Ben Moffitt also, and, like himself, wore a new pinched-back model; and, indeed, except for the bald spot on his head, looked almost disgustingly young.

"Hello, Barlow!" he called, with brazen cheer, from the rocker in which he loafed.

"You Made a Mistake About My Hand, Too; I've Never Tried to Marry Any Woman—Not Before This"

Mattie got up and extended her hand. She looked very girlish in a pale-blue frock, with a scarf of some silvery sort of stuff over her shoulders. Nothing could have been friendlier than her manner; but Barlow's thermometer began a steady falling.

"Barlow! I am glad to see you. Won't you sit down?"

Barlow thought he would, declining the chair she offered directly beside her and accepting a small round straw mat, which he placed as a cushion on the top step. He laid his flowers on the porch floor beside him.

"What exquisite hyacinths!" Mattie remarked.

There was a curious choke in Barlow's throat. Not thus had he meant to make entry or tender his gift. He had prepared a dignified offertory line, which he had intended uttering as he placed the flowers in Mattie's hand. But, with Charlie Showers' eyes upon him, he felt he would die before he should be able to say it. . . . After all, another evening! He tried to conquer the discomfort in his throat, speak lightly, casually.

"I think they are very fine this year. . . . I am taking these to old Mrs. Gillespie, who is sick. She was an old friend of my mother."

"Oh—I am sorry to hear she is sick. But I have some lovely flowers too. Mr. Showers brought me these beautiful violets." She touched a fragrant mass at her belt and smiled at the unspeakable Charles: "They are even prettier than the jonquils you brought me Wednesday."

Violets! Jonquils! Wednesday! Charlie Showers on the warpath too! A curious cold sickness seized Barlow. He had never considered Charlie Showers much. Now he studied him with an appraising eye. Despairingly he realized that Charlie had many beauties he had never noticed. Charlie had a way—a certain dash; there was no doubt. His nose was classic, too—and his eyes, though small, were blue—women always preferred blue eyes, didn't they?

A disagreeable prickling came upon Barlow. He did not stay long. When he left, Mattie came down graciously from her post and walked with him to her gate. Now that the vines hid Charlie Showers, a desperate boldness seized Barlow. His blood drummed in his ears; but he felt he must make a move—some move—or be lost forever.

"I—I should like to call on you—every Saturday—regularly," he choked; and a picture of Charlie Showers and his cursed jonquils flaunted itself. "And on—on Wednesdays, also—alone!"

There was something brutal about the way he hurled the words at her. Mattie seemed to pale a little, surprised.

"Why, I—I think —— Why, yes, Barlow—if you really wish it."

Her color came back rapidly—a flood of lovely pink in her cheeks; and she laughed suddenly.

"And—you can have the hyacinths—if you want them," he added, pressing them savagely into her hands.

Not thus had his rehearsals run! Mattie backed away.

"Oh, I don't want to deprive Mrs. Gillespie!" she said. She sounded just a bit sarcastic; but her eyes were very soft as she looked at his flushed face, and a fragment of laughter still hid in the quirk of her mouth. "Do let Mrs. Gillespie have them, Barlow; but, if you wish, I will wear one—for you."

She drew out a long-stemmed bloom and fastened it with her violets.

"Good-by," muttered Barlow. "I—will come on Wednesday."

The words sounded like a threat; he did not look at her. Doggedly he flung away homeward, nosegay and all. He

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CUSTARD COMEDY—By Rob Wagner

We Consider a Thrill as Good as a Laugh

I ONCE knew a man who admitted he had no sense of humor—but he was joking. The fact is nobody ever yet, in the depths of his dear old soul, believed that he was deficient in this respect. It is the one sense, peculiar to humans, that is prized above all virtue. A man will confess in the deepest humility to an absence of every noble quality, but no inquisitorial tortures could wring from him an admission that he could not see a joke. "Yes, I have eaten little children; stolen from the Lord; and sold sand lots to the widows and orphans. I am a miserable, miserable wretch—but, thank God, I have a sense of humor."

What is this sense that men cherish more than honor? The joke is on the person who attempts a definition, for nothing could be more illusive. Chaos itself is better standardized. All our other senses are well defined and understood, but wit is a most capricious thing, and caprice cannot be catalogued. Apple pie, for instance, tickles a universal taste, and one who professed dislike for it would be regarded with suspicion. Again, to the whole world an onion smells like an onion, and though it changed its name a thousand times 'twould ne'er smell like a rose. And just so, our sense of sight is likewise standardized. This printed page—like a two-dollar bill—will rouse identical optical sensations in us all; but how will it affect our sense of humor? Alas, no answer can be predicated. Some with sympathetic whimsies may gently purr at a paragraph or two, yet there will be others sincerely believing that the writer should be incarcerated in a happy home for half-wits.

One would suppose that a sense of humor would presuppose tolerance of another's sense of humor, but such is not the case. It is the most intolerant and egotistic of all human qualities. If you laugh at things unfunny to me, you are a shallow person—easily amused; and if you remain unmoved while I uncork a loud guffaw, then you have no sense of humor—and that is the nethermost damnation that one man can call down upon another.

Even nations enjoy their insular intolerances of their neighbors' jokes. We are exasperated with the English because their wit is leisurely; with the French we are indignant because of their vulgarity; yet the latter say of us both: "Is it not too bad that the Puritans crushed all gayety from the humor of our dear Anglo-Saxon allies?"

There are many things upon which men may amiably differ, but comedy is not one of them. This is a point upon which friendships are sealed or broken. In a London boarding house I once met a Hungarian fiddler, and we soon discovered that we laughed at everything alike. Twenty years of separation has not broken the friendship formed that year.

Why are Cheeses Funny?

BUT how often am I handed this: "How in the name of common sense can anybody boasting a sense of humor sit there and laugh at such a creature? I think he is perfectly awful. If I had my way they would take such wretches out and boil them in oil. And the money he makes! It is just sickening to see nice people laughing at him; well, there is no accounting for tastes."

What's What and Why in Comedy becomes, therefore, the greatest problem of the purveyors. If we can correctly ascertain the tastes of seventy per cent of our audiences we take our chances on the violence of the other thirty. To interpret this taste has been my job. Having an analytical sort of mind, I have always been tremendously interested in why people laughed at certain things. For instance, the question of why cheeses are funny became as important to me as a problem in aëronautics to the War Department. And it is because I am constantly analyzing their futile jokes that the inmates of this institute have dubbed me Anna Liza Harris, which they have affectionately shortened to Annie. Fortunately my size and shape instantly interrupt any unpleasant association of effeminacy that one might gather from such a name.

No Mere Comedian Could Accomplish Many of Our Dramatic Thrills

Besides myself there are only two others responsible for the output of the Climax Comedy Company: the boss, Mr. Hillary Hammond, and his stenographer and brains, Miss Hortense Harvey. Of course we have a scenario department and a bunch of so-called comedians, but none of them are what one might call responsible.

The queer thing about crazy people is that they insist upon their own sanity and the nuttiness of everybody else—and often they are quite right. Every employee of our studio believes that every other one has somewhere a soft spot on his sconce, and they are all agreed that the boss' watermelon is badly plugged. So well do I run to type that I am firmly convinced that, excepting Hortense, I am the only perfectly normal person on the lot. It is true that the boss is not crazy in every respect—everybody has a streak of sanity in him. Here is a man who, though quite unaware that rain is wet, has the most whimsical and fertile mind I have ever known. From the smallest situation he can instantly spin the most fantastic plots, and when he is hitting on all four it makes one dizzy to follow him. Every comedy studio in the country recognizes him as the master jokesmith of the craft. And when I have said that, I have said Something—but I have said it all. In the conduct of his personal and business affairs he is the prize filbert. Of course his kind of brains would run any business on the rocks, so he has had to hire a real first-class set, and these belong to Miss Hortense Harvey, who, because of her sanity and intelligence, has become the pilot, soft pedal and emergency brake of our hilarious craft.

Within the Walls of Nuttingham

BEFORE I came to the C. C. C. I had an idea that the making of comedy film was a joyous business, wherein a lot of light-hearted comedians pranced blithely through their antics with the happy abandon of exuberant freshmen. To my amazement I found the plant far more elaborate and complex than the studios of the dramatic companies, and inhabited by hundreds of sad-eyed actors perspiring painfully through their grease paint.

Within the walls of Nuttingham, what appeared to be great mechanical toys were scattered about in all directions. An enormous merry-go-round, with houses built round the outer edge, provided the stage upon which thrilling automobile chases were made, minus the hazards of city streets; the front of a great apartment house, lying face up on the ground, made the laws of gravity foolishly futile if they wished to run an automobile up the side of a building; several great tanks here and there made possible miniature sea fights, which appeared terrifically horrid when photographically raised seven diameters; or they provided the oily bosoms upon which the spy would lie while he peeked down the periscope and learned the secrets of the submarine. There were race tracks, elevators, cycloramas, aëroplanes, animals in cages and wilder ones without, two-piece automobiles for wrecking purposes, revolving doors and other whirling things. In a far corner one idiot would be practicing his latest gag of falling from a balloon and crashing through a conservatory without cutting off his silly head, and over on the track a motormaniac might be trying to prove that it was possible to run through a moving van while going sixty miles an hour. It was a nervous, hectic, noisy place, and I realized right away, if I didn't wish to lose my buttons I'd have to hold mighty tight to Principle or Something—or Somebody.

And to think that this grim assemblage of man's mechanical genius was for the purpose of producing laughs! I never realized before that humor was so rare

and costly. I learned shortly that the construction of a mechanical laugh that cost five hundred dollars was considered cheap!

What of the villagers of Slapstyck-on-the-Blynk? Well, they seemed to be absolutely at home in their crazy world of incongruities. Nobody's clothes fitted, and nobody cared; trousers were either too large or ridiculously stingy; red noses appeared fashionable among the men, while the women were either outrageously gowned in imbecilic modes or charming in one-piece bathing suits.

Stranger still than all I've told was the atmosphere of sadness that enveloped everybody. I think most of us have envied the supposed happiness of the professional humorist, but these folk were as lugubrious as a bunch of coroners holding counsel in a morgue. It was easy to see that the making of comedy was no joke.

Four years on the job has convinced me that we have the hardest department of moving-picture production. Anybody can make an audience cry if he but pull out all the sob stops and sing in a soft, tremulous voice—I have a mother-and-soldier-boy song that does this very thing; but consciously to make it laugh—ah, that is a very different matter!

We've Done Every Trick on Earth—and a Few Up in the Air

If, as has been stated, audiences are composed of two per cent squirrels and ninety-eight per cent nuts, the comedy director must of necessity address his humor to the nuts. Producers figure that at least seventy per cent of an audience must laugh to have a film successful, there being always present fifteen per cent professional grouches, ten per cent with bad stomachs, and a defensive five per cent who dare you to make them laugh.

When is a Joke Not a Joke?

USING the same percentages, I divide my audiences into children and nice people; and by children I mean the grown-up children, too, for it is the child in most of us that is amused by our particular kind of humor. The nice people are those who have outgrown their childish naïveté and have become too intellectual or refined to see the potential possibilities of a joke lurking within the gooey bosom of a huckleberry pie, and who pretend they wish to leave the circus before Mlle. Dare does her Dive of Death—but who stay for the sake of the children! It is a strange phenomenon, however, that often the roughest humor is enjoyed by the most intellectual people. Perhaps it is the same relaxation that great minds often seek when they peruse cheap detective stories as a relief from more recondite literature.

My job of comedy chemist is pretty hard to explain—especially to nice people; they invariably commiserate me. "For a man of your education and experience to spend his life digging up the humorous reactions in a string of sausages is absolutely degrading," said a very cultured and charming lady to me. Yet my knowledge of these simple subjects has saved our company a lot of money.

When is a joke not a joke? Why do people cry at weddings? Why do the pall bearers laugh en route? How far may we carry a joke to get its greatest value? At what high altitude may we literally spill the beans before we metaphorically spill them? Certainly the higher we go the more hilarious the spilling; but—if we go too high the point is lost sight of. At what point does the tragic become comic, and the comic tragic? The art of comedy lies in knowing just these things.

I recall a burlesque on a certain New York success that was so well done it killed the original. The play in question was highly dramatic and the heroine had nothing but trouble, trouble, trouble; so when some real artists burlesqued it, instead of introducing anything comic they played it straight, but added just enough more trouble to tip the scales to the most delightful humor. By achieving the heights, and just toppling over, the fall was magnificent.

It will no doubt be surprising to learn that any such analytical refinements are used in so-called slap-stick comedy, but it is exactly these that mark the difference between success and failure. That is why the cutting of comedy film is so very important; a situation must be cut at its peak, or it will become flat, grotesque or tragic. The expression "from the sublime to the ridiculous" is intended to express illimitable extremes, that great distances have been traveled, so it is evident that the nearer one approaches sublimity the greater and longer the fun when the victim strikes the skids.

Every human pomp and pride carries within itself the joke of its own destruction; and this fantastic seed grows as our vanities develop. One may get away with a most awe-inspiring dignity if he but keep the joke concealed, but once let his foot slip and the cloak fall from him, and the world will howl while he comes tumbling down to ridicule. Some of the world's greatest men have been made ridiculous by the littlest women. The closer the dignitary came to sublimity the farther he had to fall, and hence the greater the joke. The Greeks would have died laughing had Hermes slipped on a banana peel.

In their exquisite love of a joke the French have gone far beyond us in daring the heights. Life's holiest passions and intimate relations—even the gods themselves—are not immune from their shafts. Their humor is often tremendous, but to us it is at times shocking.

Thus the size of vainglorious jokes is in proportion to the distance covered by the fall of the victim. A man without much pride, not having far to fall, is not particularly funny; an inverted alderman, descending the steps of the city hall, is fairly mirthful; but a bishop in full regalia, sliding ingloriously down from a tremendous height, will cause the very gods to laugh, unless—and here is the great point—it makes them weep. The episode is certainly tragic to the bishop, and if perchance this feeling is shared by the spectators not a laugh will be provoked.

It is a strange quality of our humor that so much of it should be based upon the shame, humiliation and physical pain of others. Perhaps this cruelty is a hold-over from the past, for savages always laugh at the physical misfortunes of their brothers; wherein is a survival value, for the dread of humiliation, more than the fear of pain, kept everybody alert.

Film Comedy is Talked, Not Written, and it is Easy to See That the Making is No Joke Above—A Thrill Followed by a Laugh is a Triumph

Witnesses Necessary

A CURIOUS freak of human nature is the desire to exhibit our tragedies. I saw a letter from a soldier dying in a trench in which he said: "It is very hard to die without a witness."

When I wear a black band about the sleeve of my flannel coat it is a sign which says: "Behold, I am suffering a great affliction." You see, there is dignity in death. But how we hide indignities! No maid will permit her sweetheart to call upon her when she has the sniffles, and when we are smothered in shame and humiliation we seek the shelter of seclusion, for without witnesses we can suffer no embarrassment.

Therefore all comedy based upon humiliation must have spectators. In the privacy of his chamber a man's confidence in his suspender buttons may be entirely misplaced, so that at the slightest sneeze his nether garment falls from him like a curtain; yet he suffers no embarrassment. But let that same man in the center of a ballroom feel the least insecurity for one button, and he will turn white with fear, grab himself horribly and beat it to the nearest sartorial refuge. Many of our snappiest election bets are based upon the humor derived when a man makes an ass of himself. What could be more degrading to a proud stockbroker than rolling a peanut with his nose the length of Broadway?

This mean tendency to laugh at another's shame is rather upsetting to human vanity, until it is realized

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THE DARK-BROWN LIQUID

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

THE faded dun sandstone of the Jephson Building thrust its three old-fashioned stories up between the glistening terra cotta of the nine-story Centropolis Building and the imposing seven stories of the Mammoth Department Store, for all the world like a very small, dirty youngster being dragged to the family tub between two righteous elders. Its squat columns seemed to dig into the earth of Capitol Street and refuse to go another step. Its overhanging cornice, done in the gingerbread period, resembled nothing so closely as two clenched, grimy fists being driven into a pair of tear-stained eyes. The vivid vermilion gums with their shiny contrast of perfect teeth and the anatomically impossible feet with their highly polished nails that hung creaking and groaning from the upper stories might well have been muttered, unethical threats and shrill imprecations to "'ave a 'eart."

And how Capitol Street did detest that aged youngster! No one-gallused Huck Finn ever came in for one-one-hundredth the abuse and ridicule. How often had D. Bertram Pinkus, the debonair agent of the Centropolis Building, implored the city building inspector to declare it unsafe? At least a dozen times. How often had a bustling, determined committee from the Retail Merchants' Board of the Bigburg Chamber of Commerce ducked hurriedly through the rickety swinging doors of the Jephson Silk Company and called upon the civic pride of Col. Amasa Pickering Jephson? After every board meeting at least. How often had the smooth, silky tones of Mr. Harvey Bibker, the manager of the Mammoth Department Store, pointed out to the colonel that "every mandate of twentieth-century progress and efficiency absolutely precluded a small wholesale house in this section of select retail selling"?

Every other day would be conservative.

To them all the colonel had been polite, in his nervous, twittering way. Many, deceived by the timid, birdlike manner and the mild, watering blue eyes, had attempted to force the issue through. Before each the colonel had yielded like soft copper under the hammer—but he never broke. To each delegation as it strode away, afire with indignation at such imbecile mulishness, the colonel apologized and held open the door of his dark little office. As they passed down the central aisle, flanked by its shrouded tables of silk, the colonel's voice followed. It was soft and mild and apologetic—it didn't want any hard feelings—but it aimed to run the silk business to suit itself.

"Inevitable bankruptcy, my dear colonel," Mr. Bibker predicted.

"Business? . . . Business nothing!" roared the committee. "Just rotten meanness."

"I'll get you yet—you poor old coot!" the elegant D. Bertram had promised.

But Col. Amasa Pickering Jephson was made of the same stuff, though in more meager quantities, that had gone into the construction of many generations of Kentucky Jephsons. He was short where most of the Jephsons had been long, but on the other hand his bedraggled white mustache was as towserish as any other Jephson had ever boasted. To starboard and port were plump little cheeks that seemed to send little breakers of flesh over the jaw and into the quiet haven of his collar. He was gently rounded where previous Jephsons had been almost cadaverous.

He was the last of a long fighting line, but he wore a faded pearl-gray derby with a sweat-stained band, and—hard as it is to say it—instead of going to some bleak ancestral home crowded with whatnots, and seeking consolation from the cares of a dropping silk market in his private mint bed and the life of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the colonel had hot milk toast—two orders—and hurried to his three little rooms in the Ansonia Apartment. Ten minutes later, free of collar and shoes, he was ready for three blissful, thrilling hours with the Silk Buyers' Review.

The colonel's age was uncertain and could only be arrived at approximately. He was about thirty when he came to Bigburg and purchased the unexpired lease on the building that during the next fifteen years came to bear his name. The colonel chose Bigburg because of its rapidly growing colony of ready-to-wear manufactories. His capital was nearly as uncertain as his age. But the colonel knew silk from worm to waist; and he specialized in odd lots suitable for linings, which could be sold readily.

When the Ansonia was opened to tenants two years before the war the colonel halted the evening perusal of the Silk Buyers' Review long enough to move in. This was good business, for most of the tenants were garment manufacturers and buyers in the colonel's line. It was also ten minutes nearer the Jephson Silk Company, and the colonel was ready for the evening's carouse that much sooner.

Three things the colonel brought to Bigburg that proved his strain. In order they were: A pet vice, a love for a well-gaited trotter, and a universal courtesy toward women. But none was allowed to interfere with the colonel's evenings.

And then came the war!

For months the Jephson Silk Company danced and buzzed under the stimulation injected by a demand for silk at any price. The colonel was even too busy to listen to civic committees or the oily wheedlings of Mr. Bibker. And then one bright, sunshiny morning the colonel woke to the fact that in order to sell silk successfully it was necessary to have silk to sell.

And the colonel didn't have it—at least in nearly the quantities to supply the demand.

The colonel looked over his bank deposits, found that there would still be a surplus of two thousand dollars after paying the ten-thousand-dollar mortgage, written during the 1907 depression, took off his shoes with a deep sigh of comfort, and was curiously glad that he had never allowed any fool women to run counter to his comfort.

When the Time for the Mile Was Announced Bedlam Broke Loose

And the very next night the colonel, lured by the promise of a discussion of his pet vice, went to call on a lady! Not only that, but the lady had dusky eyes that gleamed wickedly from under blue-black tresses, wore long snaky jet earrings and a huge jade dinner ring!

What was it Kipling said?

II

MISS ADELE GLAUB, buyer of waists for the Mammoth Store, reclined on an ivory-white chaise longue covered in dull, passionate pink and waited the coming of the fly.

The hall door had been left conveniently ajar in order that the artistry of the scene need not be spoiled by a hurried trip to the door.

Lying there, with one slender white hand delicately poised directly behind one pink ear and one black earring, Miss Glaub reflected on the penuriousness of monopoly.

"An' to think after that bear of a business I did in those beaded Georgette stickers I couldn't even squeeze enough of a raise to hire a maid!" she murmured bitterly to a satin slipper.

But the satin slipper reflected the shaded red glow of a wicker piano lamp behind the chaise longue, which reminded her that such clever salesmanship had not been without some concrete results—and they were just like the ones that Miss Glaub had seen in the five-reel production of A Fool There Was too!

A magazine lay, spread like a sagging roof, on the rug, ready to be grasped negligently at the first patter of steps down the hall. A box of candy, half empty, lay beside it. Miss Glaub had decided on candy as against cigarettes because a scion of a fine old Southern family, with its traditional reverence for femininity, might not be in sympathy with the newer liberties—and films.

Miss Glaub smoothed a tiny wrinkle from the sinuous lines of her purple dinner gown, and reflected in the direction of half a dozen records grouped on a small phonograph across the room.

"To think that only five or six years ago I was a common clerk!" She sighed with lips parted—strikingly like Miss Beda Thara in the third reel of What Fools Men Are—the part where Berkely Thornton, the young clubman, kills himself, while the woman to whom he had given his all looks on and smiles.

Miss Glaub wondered whether Col. Amasa Pickering Jephson ever went to the movies. Mr. Nathan Rosewater, of August & Rosewater, of whom she bought waists, would have noticed the resemblance in a moment—and said so.

And then a door closed softly, almost hesitatingly, farther down the hall, and steps pattered, decidedly hesitatingly, along the corridor. A moment later someone knocked lightly on the partially opened door. Miss Glaub rearranged the dinner ring and picked up the magazine.

"Read-dy—shoot!" any film director would have yelled.

"Won't you come right in, Colonel Jephson," Miss Glaub called softly.

The fly's feet were leaden, but they finally brought the fly. It was a sight that Mr. Uthas Garbey, director of publicity for the Allied Circus and ardent admirer of Miss Glaub, would have declared was a "picture that no artist could paint," but it seemed to frighten the fly.

Miss Glaub rose slowly—Beda Thara would have envied her that movement—and walked toward the door.

"You will pardon me, won't you, Colonel Jephson, for not greetin' you at the door, but I was so interested in a magazine article dealing with the life of our late General Jackson that I only remembered the door was open."

Miss Glaub held out a languid hand and released a slow pleading smile. Mr. Garbey would have said that he could pardon her anything in that gown, but the colonel held out a stiff, uncompromising hand and began:

"Your note in my mail box ——"

Miss Glaub nodded her guilt and pointed to a chair commanding a pleasant view of the chaise longue.

"Won't you be seated, colonel?"

"You said in ——"

"Please."

"I ——" But he took the chair and faced the stage, but more like a timid well-fed robin than a scion of Southern aristocracy.

While Miss Glaub arranged a white hand once more behind a pink ear and a black earring the colonel continued to twitter uneasily—as if a gun was near. The twitterings continued long after Miss Glaub began to speak. Miss Glaub decided that he didn't go to the movies.

"You'll pardon this unconventional introduction, won't you, colonel, but we have been neighbors so long an' Joe Block ——"

"Joe Block!" The colonel's face lighted for a moment.

"Yes, y'see Joe is an old friend of mine—nothing intimate, you understand, colonel"—this with catchy intimacy—"he sells me waists."

"Waists!" The colonel relaxed into the cretonne of the chair and sighed—a frank though apologetic sigh of relief.

"You are—er—a buyer?" he continued in a brisker, easier tone.

Miss Glaub held up a deprecating hand.

"Even a Southern girl must work sometimes," she said. "I am with the Mammoth Store."

The colonel allowed his eyes to travel about the room for the first time. A moment later they returned to the purple-clad figure.

"That's a beautiful piece of silk in that gown," he admired.

Miss Glaub changed her hand that she might register far-away thoughts.

"Purple is my passion," she breathed.

The colonel grunted his delight and stroked the Jephson heirloom.

"That is most peculiar," he said. "It happens to be my vice—that's why your note ——"

"Oh, yes; my note," Miss Glaub returned slowly. The colonel was improving as an audience.

"You said ——"

"I said," interrupted Miss Glaub as if every word was graven forever on the tablets of her memory, "that a lady in Suite Eighteen wished to consult with Colonel Jephson concerning purple."

The colonel nodded.

"I was afraid you were one of those ——"

"Those what?" said Miss Glaub sharply.

The colonel coughed.

"Never mind." The Glaub voice had changed to patient resignation. "I know. It's all right. I don't blame you. I didn't think when I wrote it." At this point the fly interrupted and said that after the first moment the thought had vanished into thin air.

"Ain't it funny," Miss Glaub continued after a short effective stage wait, "how things get balled up? I was merely in doubt. I gotta lot of canary crêpe de Chine waists that have been in stock for years—an' I thought I might send them out an' have them freshened up with an underlay of some kind. I thought of purple—well, you know why—but it's always a sticker if it don't go big—so . . . I thought I would get some advice. . . . I don't like to go to strangers . . . but for a girl of my bringing up, these department store guys ——"

"I know," said the colonel softly.

Miss Glaub rose and walked slowly to the table. A moment later the pleading notes of Old Black Joe filled the little room. When the last trembling note had fled both fly and spider sighed.

"Sometimes," said the spider, "I wish I was back ——"

"Purple," said the fly, tugging away reflectively, "has always been the Jephson color. I am always overstocked in it. Every silk salesman in the country knows he can sell it to me. Joe Block knows it an' he ——"

Miss Glaub, dreaming of a society notice that described Mrs. Col. Amasa Pickering Jephson dressed in the Jephson purple, with pearls and a corsage of purple orchids, was suddenly on the defensive.

"Joe Block didn't tell me that ——"

"Says that it is going to affect my business," the colonel's voice droned on.

Miss Glaub went back and finished the description.

"It's a bear of a color," she agreed softly.

After the sobbing melody of Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground, Miss Glaub shuddered effectively.

"Aren't you frightened, here alone—Miss Glaub?" The fly's voice was positively tender.

Miss Glaub let her eyes answer.

During the low rendering of Weep No More, My Lady, the colonel told her of the civic committees and D. Bertram.

"But it's lucky I have the money for that mortgage," he added. "Old Townsley is resigning the presidency of the Third National to let his son in—and his son will listen to the civic committee and Bibker."

Miss Glaub said it was pos-i-tive-ly a shame the way those people misunderstood sentiment.

"I am glad—er—that somebody understands." This with the maximum of tenderness possible when the hand is tucking in the third line of breakers.

At Just A-wearyin' for You the colonel said that it was a pity they hadn't met before and that he never realized what poor entertainment the Silk Buyers' Review was until ——"

Miss Glaub with her fingers forming a basket weave below her chin—after Miss Thara in Gone Forever—echoed the "until" with a rising inflection.

"——now," finished the colonel, and blushed.

After Miss Glaub had played Carry Me Back to Old Virginny with a wooden needle Colonel Jephson said that he never regretted his thirty-nine years until now.

"A mustache," he explained hastily, "makes a man look old." Didn't Miss Glaub think so?

Miss Glaub did not think so. Ab-so-lute-ly and pos-i-tive-ly not. Distinguished.

When the colonel rose to go Miss Glaub protested shyly that he hadn't advised her about the canary crêpe de Chines.

"I'll have some definite line on the thing to-morrow night."

"But to-morrow night," Miss Glaub protested, "I was goin' for the first time to see a film I'm sim-plee cra-zee to see—Miss Beda Thara in A Fool There Was.

"We'll both go," promised the colonel.

The spider smiled.

That night Miss Glaub lined Mrs. Col. Amasa Pickering Jephson up beside Mrs. Uthas Garbey in the matrimonial fade-away. Not seriously, of course, but those silly boys—so impetuous. Of course Mr. Garbey had more ver-vee and had more class in dressing—but he was probably born in New York or Racine, Wisconsin; and worse—probably was proud of it. But Mrs. Col. Amasa Pickering Jephson, of Kentucky—well, it certainly showed what a won-der-ful attraction beauty —— An' after the colonel was dressed up. . . . After all, she wasn't so young as she was. . . . And so the siren slept.

The next evening found Miss Glaub attired in a close-fitting suit and a hat that even a blind man would recognize in the second reel. After all, reflected Miss Glaub as she took a tiny tinge of color from her cheeks with a touch of powder, it was up to a girl to look her best, and if that best happened to resemble ——

But the colonel never had a chance to compare the likeness. The plot thickened too suddenly.

That evening the colonel's door closed suddenly and his little feet seemed but one continuous patter along the corridor.

"I have all the information," he twittered eagerly as the spider led him into the net.

"Ain't you big business men pos-i-tive-ly wonder-ful!" she thrilled.

The colonel shot his cuffs and held up a protesting hand.

"No trouble at all," he deprecated. "In getting your information I made about seven thousand dollars for myself."

Miss Glaub forgot Miss Thara for something of greater interest.

"Tell me all about it," she demanded.

"Well, I went to see a friend of mine who is a big jobber, and asked him what he thought of purple. He said it looked good to him, and if I had the ready cash he knew of a certain manufacturer who had made a quantity of high-grade purple silk right here in our own country, after imports from Germany had stopped. Get the point, Miss Glaub? It was a chance to corner the market in purple silk!"

"But"—suspiciously.

"And the color, Miss Glaub—you would love it. I only saw a sample, but nothing like it is on the market to-day."

"But American dyes"—practically.

"These have been lying in the manufacturer's storerooms since 1915, so I was able to buy them at fifty cents on the dollar. Think of that in these days of silk at any price!"

"So you bought a couple of hundred yards?"

The colonel's eyes were bright—like a man who had drunk deep or injected freely. His voice rose to a triumphant treble.

"A Mustache," He Explained, "Makes a Man Look Old." Didn't Miss Glaub Think So?

"Not me," he declared. "It was too good to miss. I bought twenty thousand dollars' worth—all he had—for less than it cost him to make it, just ten thousand dollars. It's a master stroke!"

Miss Glaub ran a white hand over a whiter brow.

"It's a paralytic stroke," she retorted; then more slowly, as if she was weighing each phrase: "You have a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage coming due in less than a month, an' you go out an' buy ten thousand dollars' worth of purple silk—made with American dyes—purple silk ——"

"But you said yourself," the colonel interrupted in an uneasy chirrup, "that purple ——"

Miss Glaub walked slowly across the room and dropped her hat to the table—a masterpiece of silent resignation. Then she turned slowly. There were no words in a vamp's vocabulary to cope with foolishness such as this. But Miss Glaub had been a waist saleswoman before she became a buyer. It served her now. "My Gawd!" she said. "They ain't enough colors in the rainbow to make me spend ten thousand dollars on."

A moment later, when the colonel offered his hand and said he guessed he'd go, Miss Glaub noticed that the cuff was frayed.

III

LUCKY indeed for Col. Amasa Pickering Jephson that it was a Peach Melba season in the waist business. For if it had been a coat season and women had taken to buying dresses, perfectly oblivious of suits and waists, Miss Glaub would have spent every working hour on the floor, fighting to put over a crêpe de Chine here and a beaded Kelly Georgette there in an effort to save something from the wreck. But business was good; Miss Glaub had had the right hunch concerning sports stripes in tub silks—they were going in a way that assured a tree-men-dous season. Hence Miss Glaub felt justified in spending twenty-five cents for Peach Melbas and taking an extra hour here and there during the day.

And, as it happened, the day following the colonel's purple purchase Miss Beda Thara was scheduled to appear in a new five-reel feature—a feature that, for the first time, did not compel Miss Thara to send some fool to his fate. Instead, her fatal beauty was to be constructive. The title of the film was For the South. Miss Glaub, sitting through the custard-pie preliminaries, registered disgust and wondered whether Mr. Garbey was through with his circus season yet. She wondered if he had forgotten. And then, following a series of splutters, Miss Glaub forgot everything in the joy of following Miss Thara through the glory of the Old South.

And what a per-fect-lee a-dorable Southern belle she made! How shick she looked—even in those loose, form-concealing hoops. But then, when everybody in the country knows you can wear the tight kind, why what difference does it make? And then at the climax of the third reel—the part where Miss Thara cowed them all with these wonderful words, flashed on the screen in a blaze of feminine glory: "If my life will save that rambling old house on the hill—take it! I hold tradition sacred—dearer than life itself."

Mr. Garbey Inquired if This Was a Reunion of F. F. V.'s or Merely Entertainment

The last two reels were but a jumble of shifting lights. They were merely the words that followed the sentence of a criminal. Miss Glaub stood indicted of disloyalty! . . . Worse—disloyalty to the Old South.

Miss Glaub hurried back to the Mammoth and hastily arranged for a window of $2.95 flesh crêpe de Chines for the following evening. But her heart was not in the work. She did not even insist, under threat of carrying the matter str-r-aight to Mr. Bibker, on the large front window nearest the door.

Passing the Jephson Building on her way home a little later, its dirty portals seemed to carry the dignity of centuries instead of dirt. Miss Glaub resolved to hold tradition sacred, and hurried home. Just how it was to be upheld was hazy. As Miss Glaub observed some time later to Colonel Jephson:

"Ain't it the truth about that old sayin'—'where there's a will there's a way'?"

And Miss Glaub knew she had found the way when she saw a lavender-rimmed envelope in her box. The letter began abruptly:

Sister—Just put over the biggest season the Allied ever had. Will stop off to see you, on way to N. Y. Sister—I still think the same, if you can forget georgette crepe,

Yours till Niagra Falls

UTHAS P. GARBEY.

What a kidder Mr. Garbey was, always gettin'off something good. Miss Glaub thought of the big season she had in waists the previous year, all because Mr. Garbey had shown her how to apply the circus idea to merchandise.

That evening the colonel was uneasy. He had been to see young Townsley, who refused to renew the mortgage. He might have to . . . *(Continued on Page 85)*

The Biography of a Million Dollars

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VI

NOW here," said I to Pasc, down at the shop the next day, standing there beside one of those old original first-model Hoodlums: "What could she do—if she had to?"

"On the straightaway?"

"Yeah."

"Two miles a minute."

"You say so," said I; "but you and I'll never live to see any two miles a minute on wheels."

"She could," said Pasc again, "if there was anybody living dared put her to it."

"And what about that other thing—the Rajah?"

"A mile in fifty seconds. Not more. Not for any length of time. It would bang her up too much. This old girl," said he, "of ours, has got easy fifteen seconds over that Rajah machine in the mile."

"Do you believe it?" said I.

"I know it!" said Pasc. "Just the same as I know she won't make anywhere near her time at Newark. In one of those confounded bowls—against that Shang—the murderer—that Murphy, and that other Rajah bunch."

"I suppose they are the devil," said I.

"You'd think so," said Pasc.

"Well, it's up to you. That's your job," said I. "When are you going to take young Chuck Powers and start him getting used to it down there?"

"I think I'll start to-morrow," said Pasc. "I've arranged for getting the money on Zetta's ring."

I had letters from him, then, telling me how they were getting on; and what their plans were.

"We've got it all figured out," Pasc wrote me. "We're going to run a new-style race. We're out to show that Rajah machine up. And so as to do that good we're going to start dragging them out from the first; till we pull the insides right out of her. You'll see some records going; and now and then a chunk of hot metal out of that Rajah engine, following us round."

I heard from them, rather encouraged, several times. But I didn't go down there myself till the day before the race—the day before Labor Day. I couldn't afford it—and I was too busy.

"Well, how's it coming?" I said to Chuck—meeting him first, and shaking hands outside the dressing room.

"Oh, all right, I guess," he said, looking up a second, and down again—the way that kind does; not very talkative. He had a kind of bold, obstinate pair of eyes, when he did look at you—blue, with the whites showing underneath.

"Won your heat, I hear," said I.

"Uh-huh."

"That's good."

"You'll find Mr. Thomas inside," he said, going along.

"What's he done, anyhow, in practice?" I asked Pasc, when he told me about the preliminaries.

"Forty-three seconds for the mile."

"Yes he has!" said I.

"He can do better," said Pasc, "if he's left alone. The trouble is the Rajah people know it just as well as we do now. They know they've got to do something extra. That Shang Murphy's after him already. He started out to pick a fight with him yesterday, when he was just standing there."

"He did, huh?" said I.

"That's their old game. Scare the hearts out of the new ones before they even get in!"

"Did it work," I asked him, "with our kid?"

"Work!" said Pasc, smiling that dry old leathery smile. "You watch them!"

And then we walked round and he showed me this bowl, where they rode. It was a queer-looking thing, round and round—six laps to the mile, as I remember it. A board track, banked straight up, until it looked just like the inside of a bowl. The riders started and ran round and round inside them—as the fellow said, like a scared mouse in a soup tureen—hanging up on the sides against the force of gravity.

"The only trouble is," said Pasc, "they ain't banked enough."

"Not banked enough!" said I.

"Not yet. You've got to have them so they hang right out in the air when they're riding; as it is now they keep sliding off over the edge, and killing themselves. Especially passing somebody else," said Pasc. "At these speeds now, just a twitch of the wrist, and off you go. The condemned things are only thirty-five or forty feet wide. And you can imagine how long it takes to shoot that."

"They have killed quite a few lately, haven't they?" said I.

"They're nothing more'n death traps," said Pasc—"the whole of them. Some day they'll have to do away with them entirely." And they did, of course, after that. "It takes a man with a case-hardened nerve," he said, "to get into it now."

"Well," I said to him, "how is it? How'll this kid of ours stand it?"

"All right," said Pasc.

"He must be pretty small, next to the rest of them."

"That's all right," he came back. "It ain't size that counts in this, and I don't except that great foul-mouthed murdering freak—that Shang Murphy. We're going right after them," said Pasc; "we're going to draw them out from the start, just the same as I wrote you."

"Go ahead," said I. "I'm ready for you. The minute we win the advertising's all ready to smear up on the walls where the crowd goes out. And if we don't win," said I, trying to be funnier than I felt, "I guess I've got the car fare home. But it'll have to come out of the creditors, at that."

I sat there waiting in the grand stand that next afternoon, and watched the crowd and the riders starting to come over into that bowl underneath. I was away over at one end of the grand stand, the only seat I could get in the front row. Pasc was down with Chuck Powers in that center of the track—the pit, they called it; so I sat there alone, and shoved my jackknife blade into the seat as far as I could shove it, and drew it out, and shoved it in again—wondering just what was going to happen to us that next hour and a half in that one-hundred-mile race. If we didn't get it of course we were through!

There was a man next to me—a small black-looking young fellow with a big-check cap and bright-yellow shoes and a bright-blue necktie. He looked like he might be one of these young Italians or a French Canadian. His cap was down over his eyes, and he sat there chewing gum.

"Queer-looking things, ain't they?" I said to him, thinking it would help pass the time to talk to somebody. "These bowls."

"Sure," he said, looking straight out ahead.

"Treacherous things, too—ain't they?" I went along. "I see where they killed another man over in Revere last week—that Joe Lavoisier."

I noticed him then give a little kind of a twitch.

"You see about that?" I asked him.

"Yeah, I saw it," he said, and pulled his cap down more over his eyes.

"Dangerous business," said I.

"They call it racing," he answered after a minute. "Its right name is murder—the way they run it now."

"Shooting off over the edge?"

"Or being pushed."

"Crowded off," said I.

"You've said it," said this fellow next to me.

"That would be murder'"

"What was I telling you?" he said to me, and shut up. And we both sat there staring at the track. Some more of the riders were coming on. He stopped chewing his gum and sat there staring down. He seemed as if he was looking for somebody.

I heard him cursing then, after a minute or two, under his breath. I turned round and looked at him, and he saw me doing it.

"You were speaking about that Joe Lavoisier," he said, "getting his last week."

"Uh-huh."

"Well, that's the fellow that gave it to him," he said, nodding his big cap.

"Who?" said I. "That big black-looking one? '

I had been watching him before, suspecting already who it was.

He nodded his head again.

"Who is it?" I asked him.

"That's Shang Murphy."

"So that's the man."

"That's the guy. That's the main murderer," he said. "That's the fellow that gave it to Joe."

"Cripes!" I said. "He don't hardly look human, does he?"

He didn't—in that leather suit; gawking round. He looked about eight feet tall, and about as big round as a napkin ring.

"He ain't," said the fellow next to me. "He's a murdering rattlesnake."

I sat there watching him, thinking about all I had heard about him.

I noticed after a while how this man beside me kept cursing him out. I didn't pay so much attention at first. I was watching Chuck Powers down there, getting ready with his machine, looking like a two-year-old kid next to that big freak.

But then I heard this fellow next to me cursing and swearing as if he was talking to somebody in a kind of a hoarse low voice. And I followed his eyes, and I saw finally. He was talking to that great freak, that Murphy, as if he was alone in a room with him.

"You think you're the only one," he was saying under his breath, "that can pull that murder stuff. But someone's coming along, some day, and hand you yours. And when they do, all I ask is I'll be there to see it—you ——"

And he cursed him, in that hoarse low voice of his, till your hair rose up on the nape of your neck like a dog's—listening to him.

Finally I caught his eye; he saw I was listening.

"Say, what have you got against him so much?" I said to him.

"Oh, nothing much," he said, giving me a stare. "Only I'm Joe Lavoisier's brother." And he pulled down his cap again. "I was there when this thing killed him."

"Oh, that's it!" said I, catching it finally.

And then we both shut up and looked down at them getting ready to start the riders on the wheels, each one of us thinking his own thoughts.

"But one thing, by cripes," I said, looking down at that long leather thing underneath us, and starting talking to him under my breath myself: "If you start any of your murdering stunts this time—on that boy of ours—it'll be your last one. There'll be three hospitals full of you just as soon as I get near enough to you to get one hand round that turkey neck of yours."

And the two of us sat there glaring at him.

"There they get up," said Joe Lavoisier's brother.

And they started the machines off round the track, four of them circling for the flying start, each one at a different quarter of the bowl.

"Here's where you see it," said he—"the only place on the stand. Out here away from the judges, where you can watch them having it out alone among themselves."

"Uh-huh," said I watching them. They didn't look like anything human, for a fact, any of them—in those round helmets and leather clothes they put on them to protect them from the fire of the exhausts, and the splinters from the board tracks if they got spilled. A flock of earless, hairless, goggle-eyed leather devils, tearing off on wheels.

"Bang!" went the pistol.

"There they go off," said the fellow side of me. And they flung themselves up on the side of the bowl, whirling faster and faster.

"Some pace," said Joe Lavoisier's brother, taking out a stop watch. "This one is for blood."

"Fifty-five seconds to the mile already," he said after a little while, studying his watch.

Every three or four seconds one went snorting by. I could hear the old Hoodlum come arosring all the way round the track. She had an entirely different sound to her. She was walking right up on the man ahead of her one of those two R ja. riders.

"Look at her go up, I said, half out loud.

"That's that new machine, with the young kid on it," said this Joe Lavoisier's brother.

"Uh-huh."

"You'd know that. You'd know it was some fool kid," he said.

"Why would you?"

"Hitting it up like that. She can't stand it. Nothing can. Nor he either."

"You watch him," said I.

"Yeah? Well, you watch what old Pegleg Hansen does to him—the one ahead on that Rajah there, when he gets up to him. He's got a nerve, anyhow—a fool kid like that butting in on a race like this—against old birds like these two. They oughtn't to let them. There ought to be a law against it."

But Chuck kept right after his man while we were talking.

Across the track the same thing, almost, was going on. This Shang Murphy was running up—up—up—on the man ahead of him.

"Shang—Shang—Shang," the grand stand was yelling; that Rajah crowd—everybody riding one those days.

"Listen to this!" said this Lavoisier's brother, poking his elbow into me.

This Shang was lying up behind the other man, cursing him, telling him to let him go by. Black, putrid oaths something frightful for talk; you could smell it, almost, over the gasoline.

"He's after him," said Lavoisier.

"What good does that do him?" said I. "He can get by. What's he trying to do to him, anyway?"

This young fellow sat there chewing his gum, watching them out under his long cap visor.

"Pulling his lung," said he.

"Pulling his lung?"

"Getting his heart."

"Scaring him out, you mean?" said I.

"It ain't any different from prize fighting," he told me. "The first thing is to find the yellow streak. Get the heart out of them. Then you got them."

"There's where Joe won out," he went along. "He was nothing to look at. No bigger'n this young kid. But nobody ever scared him yet. He had a heart like a lion. You got to in this game.

"Look at this one here," he said watching. "He's done before he's started. Shang's got him already. He's a good rider too. But he can't stand thinking what this murderer might do to him. He's all in. See that!"

And blur-r-r, Shang Murphy went by him finally. They'd gone now maybe twenty laps.

"Fifty seconds," said Lavoisier, looking at his watch again. "They won't beat that much."

"Here," he said. "Pegleg's after the other fellow that young kid."

"Go it, Chuck!" I yelled. "Don't let him bluff you."

He was trying that cursing act on the boy—blocking him and cursing him, pretending the boy was crowding him.

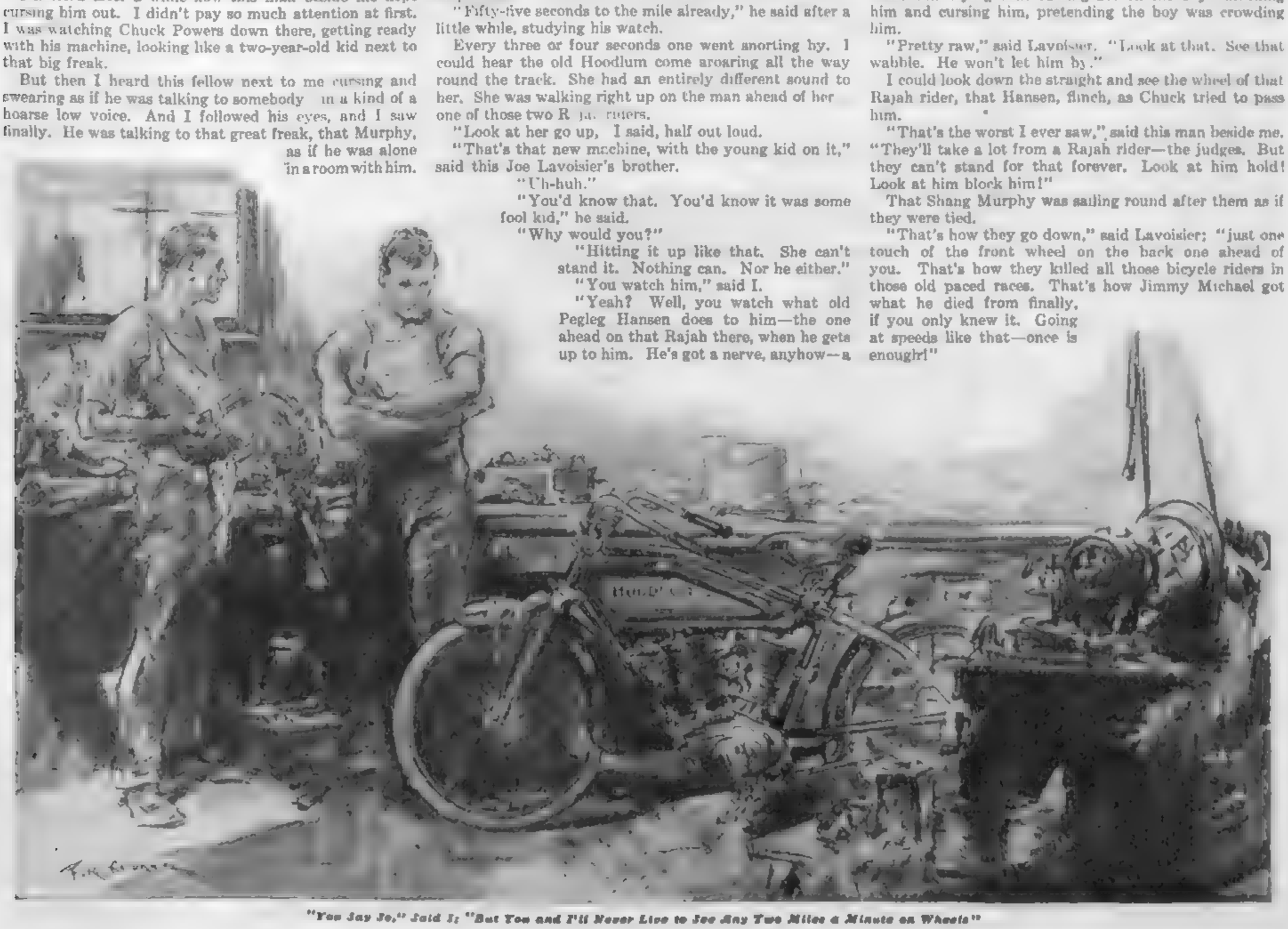
"Pretty raw," said Lavoisier. "Look at that. See that wabble. He won't let him by."

I could look down the straight and see the wheel of that Rajah rider, that Hansen, flinch, as Chuck tried to pass him.

"That's the worst I ever saw," said this man beside me. "They'll take a lot from a Rajah rider—the judges. But they can't stand for that forever. Look at him hold! Look at him block him!"

That Shang Murphy was sailing round after them as if they were tied.

"That's how they go down," said Lavoisier; "just one touch of the front wheel on the back one ahead of you. That's how they killed all those bicycle riders in those old paced races. That's how Jimmy Michael got what he died from finally, if you only knew it. Going at speeds like that—once is enough!"



"You Say So," Said I; "But You and I'll Never Live to See Any Two Miles a Minute on Wheels"

"Didn't I Tell You Joe?" Said Zetta. "Boys, We're All Going to be Rich! We're Going to Live!"

"E-e-e-eh!" yelled the grand stand beyond us. Chuck Powers had jumped his man at the turn; sailed up and over and down again, like a swallow over a barn.

But almost—within a fraction of an inch, it looked like—from the edge of the track.

"You see that?" said Lavoisier, turning round. He was warming up and getting more talkative as the race went on. "You see that? Some chances! That kid's either got his nerve or he's crazy. Did you see that Hansen? He ran him right up the track. If the kid wasn't so quick—one eyelash, and it was all over!

"The same game, the same game," he said, and spit between the benches. "The same way that bunch of murderers got old Joe. If these judges stand for that they'll stand for murder with a gun. Take them out! Take them out and shoot them—and get it over with!" he started yelling.

"Look!" said I.

"Aha, I thought so," said he, sitting down.

They were waving Hansen off the track.

"He was looking for it, I guess," said Lavoisier. "They put him in probably to pocket this new man. It looks to me as if they were afraid of him. Who is this kid, anyhow? He's quite a good little rider, at that. He won't scare, that's one thing. And he's got some machine there too. Listen to that exhaust, will you! Like a three-hundred-dollar watch. And look—look at her pick up!"

That boy of ours—loose again—was just eating up that third man—the one that Murphy had scared out.

"Look at this," said I to Lavoisier. "Here's another one. Look at him—all over the track. Look at him wabble!"

"That ain't it," he said. "That ain't on purpose. That's where Shang cut the heart out of him. He thinks he's coming into a pinch again. He's getting nervous again when he thinks of them passing him. He ought to be taken off; he's scared till he's dangerous."

But then—all at once the man straightened out as Chuck came up to him; and the boy went by flying.

"That's how they get," said Lavoisier, "when they get thinking once of what would happen if they went down at those speeds. He's done. There's only two left on the track now."

"Hey, look at that kid go!" I said, watching Chuck.

This other man sat still, taking it on the stop watch.

"Forty-five seconds!" he said, as if he didn't believe it. "A mile in forty-five!"

The old Hoodlum was running right over them. The whole crowd got it, yowling—as Chuck came right up on Murphy. The feeling was turning a little, too, on the riders. Chuck was getting them on account of his size.

I could see old Pasc in the pit, down there under the track, holding his stop watch—following her and listening to her go. She was going like a bird. It looked good for us.

This Lavoisier's brother was listening too.

"Some machine, that. She's got fifteen seconds to the mile on that Rajah. She's playing circles round her.

"Here's where the race begins," he said, "between these two." And I sat forward, watching, knowing he was right. The whole thing came now for us.

"This fellow's got the machine," he was going on, "all right; and he's got sand. But can he stand it when that murderer once starts after him?"

And right after that it started.

"Hear that! Listen to that!" said Lavoisier when they went roaring by. "He's getting after him, pulling his lung!"

I've heard some foul talk in my day; but nothing like that this thing was putting out under his breath at Tom's boy as they shot by us.

"Try it—try it—you ——" he said. "Take a chance! Go on!"

Bang—just before he got to us—up and round Chuck went by him—not waiting a second.

"Good boy!" said Lavoisier's brother. "Good boy! You got something. You got something this time!"

And he sat down again quick, watching.

"Look, look!" he said. "He almost ran away from him entirely. He almost lost him. Too bad! Too bad!"

"He can lie in behind, I suppose," said I.

"Forever! Like a paced race, exactly. You can't shake him, with the front machine taking off all the wind pressure.

"That's a mistake," he said, talking all the time now. "That kid must have lost his mind."

I saw what was going on. The Hoodlum was ahead now, and the boy was doing what Pasc said they would—pulling the insides out of that old piece of junk of that Rajah crowd.

"It takes twice the power driving that first one," said Lavoisier.

"You watch her!" said I.

He didn't answer me; he was timing her again.

"Do you know what I made that?" he said to me. "Forty-three seconds!"

And he started timing it over again.

The grand stand was catching it now—yelling all the time at those two brown streaks. The third man was off the track now entirely.

"They can't do it," said Lavoisier to me. "They can't build them to take punishment like that, mile after mile."

"He don't think that way," said I when Shang Murphy went by, still cursing in that low voice ahead of him at Chuck—trying to pull his lung still; pretending he wanted to go by.

"Look out. Look out. The next time!" He kept saying it, trying to get him jumpy. The kid said nothing; went riding right along according to orders.

"That'll do for you," this great freak was saying to him, going by—pretending Chuck was blocking him on the turns. "I won't do anything to you now—but crack you open and spill you on the track!"

Tom's boy never turned a hair; just kept going, and the more he went along the madder that great ugly freak behind him got.

"You'll get yours before this afternoon's over," he called out to him in that hoarse stage whisper. "You heard about the other ones that got fresh. You know all about that Joe Lavoisier," he said to him. I heard him say it myself. "Well, you look out, that's all!"

I looked sideways, and saw that Joe Lavoisier's brother's face. He sat back, stopping talking, looking out under the long visor, with steel-blue murder in his eyes.

It must have been about half over now. Round and round they kept spinning at that devilish pace, the little one ahead and the big one chasing. He didn't curse so much now.

"He's tired, I believe," I said to Lavoisier's brother.

"You don't know what it's like," said he, "pounding those turns at those speeds. Your wrists and neck. It almost kills you. Bang—like falling from a second story on your head! That's where the small fellow has the advantage. The big one's showing it, naturally."

"I notice he isn't cursing so much," I said.

"Maybe he's thinking up something," said Lavoisier's brother. "Something wicked."

"How can he when the other fellow's always out ahead of him? He needs his breath—that's his trouble!"

"It isn't over yet," he said. "One of the machines may break any time."

That was just what I was waiting for—to hear that Rajah crack—the ignition or one of those automatic valves on her. But there was nothing of the kind. That Shang Murphy was a wonder in handling a machine—keeping her going. They're born that way; they can feel a machine, a good rider, at those speeds, and what's the matter with her, just as if it was a part of their own flesh. The two kept going that way, ding-dong, mile after mile.

"He's not saying a word now, is he?" said I watching him. "He's all in."

"He's worse that way. He's framing up something in his mind," said Lavoisier. "That's when you want to look out."

And all at once—wow!—the grand stand went up in the air, beyond us, in the middle.

"He's jumped him!" said Lavoisier, looking.

"Who has?"

"That kid," he said. "That kid's jumped him. He caught him asleep!"

"Gee, some kid," he said. "Some getaway. Some speed. He's got clean away from him!"

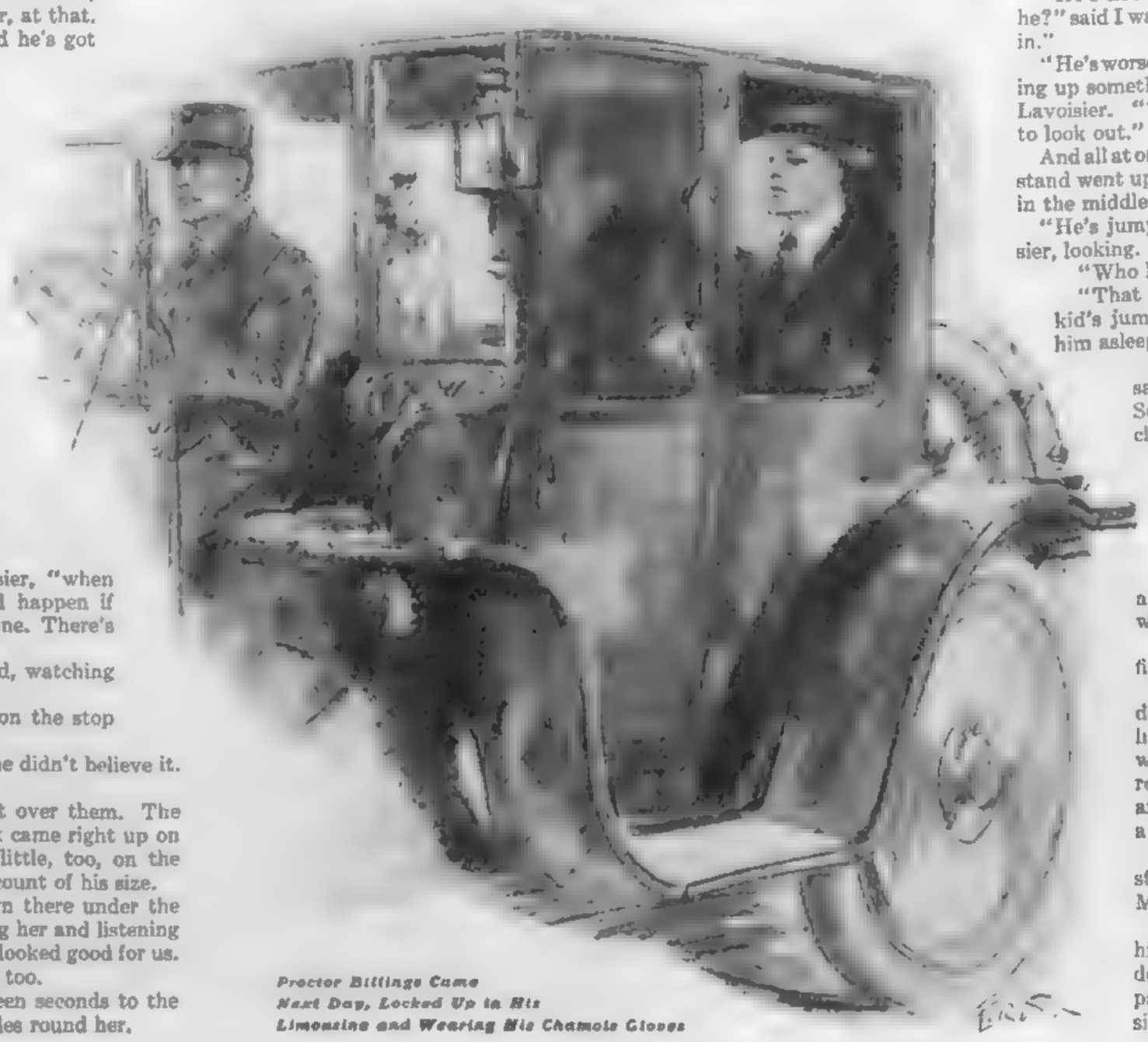
"What do you think of that, you big stiff?" he said, getting up suddenly and shaking his fist; and sat down again, studying his watch.

"Forty-one!" he said finally.

It had never been done before, or anything like it. The Hoodlum was running away, round the track again after the other one, like a cyclone.

The grand stand started yelling—jeering Murphy.

"That's what gets him. Look out for murder now—if he tries to pass him," said Lavoisier's brother.



Proctor Bittings Came Next Day, Locked Up in His Limousine and Wearing His Chamois Gloves

"That's just what he'll do," said I, and he did—shot up right beside him.

The big one started for a second—to run him up the track, but stopped when the grand stand started groaning.

Chuck ran right up beside him. You could have thrown a blanket over the two of them as they went by us.

"Come on, you poor old stiff! Come on!" said Chuck as they went by—and pulled her out some more.

Bang! something went on the Rajah. He'd done the trick for us—what we were after.

"She's blown! Blown!" I yelled. "The piece of junk!"

"Valve stuck," said Lavoisier.

The old Hoodlum, with Tom's boy on her, sailed on away—the grand stand laughing, howling.

"That finishes it," said I.

"No," said Lavoisier.

"Why not?"

"Not if he can murder him. Look at him," he said. Then: "He's laying back for him—deliberately."

He'd got his machine working again—the valve working.

"What's he going to do?" said I.

"I don't know. He don't, himself. He ain't human any more since they ragged him in the grand stand. He's just murder and sudden death going eighty miles an hour. There ain't any more brains in that head now than in a rattlesnake's. Just nothing but the idea of hitting out and killing something.

"He don't want to pass him," said Lavoisier's brother. "That fool kid don't want to go by him again."

But he did—he tore right up to him again—one brown streak up to another. Before he got there at all the other one was cursing him.

"Keep off, you!" he said. "You've crowded me once too often. Once too often."

Tom's boy was running beside him, their elbows touching. He didn't budge an inch. All at once it came—right opposite us, where the officials couldn't see it.

"Look out!" yelled Lavoisier's brother, standing up in his seat.

I saw Tom's boy staggering.

"He gave him the knee," said Joe Lavoisier's brother from where he stood. "The double murderer. I saw him. He gave him the knee!"

And the grand stand didn't even groan—all watching.

It was all over in a minute. Both of them staggered from the thing, going at that speed.

But he must have missed him—so he didn't get the full blow anyway.

"He's caught himself," I heard this Lavoisier say. And I saw myself that Tom's boy was safe—straightened out again, when—bang!—the big freak wabbled and went down himself—tired out, crazy mad, teetering at that awful speed, I suppose, like a man all gone, running, stumbling and going down. That last push had been too much for him.

Off he went, flying clear of the machine; rolled, slid up, and slid down the slope like an old bag, with the machine behind him, sliding down into the pit.

"Ah-h," said the grand-stand crowd, drawing in its breath.

"There's yours! There's yours!" yelled Joe Lavoisier's brother, up beside me. "There's yours, at last, you murderer!"

And the grand stand went silent—waiting.

All you could hear was the popping of that machine on its side; and the sound of the old Hoodlum slowing up on the bowl above it.

I turned round to keep this Joe Lavoisier's brother quiet.

VII

"SHUT up, you fool!" said I. "That's no way to act. The man's killed."

"Aw, to hell with him!" said Joe Lavoisier's brother, watching under that long cap visor. "He ain't killed. Nothing struck him."

I could see, myself, one of those long leather legs moving, when that little bunch opened up a little round him in that pit. "Only scratched up some, that's all," said my man, watching still.

"That young guy," he said after a while, "he's the boy. He's there! He's just like Joe was. You can't scare him. He's got a heart like a lion.

"He reminds me of him. He looks like him on the track. A little fellow," he said, turning round to me. "A little fellow. But a heart like a lion! Like Joe.

"Like old Joe was!" he said, and pulled that loud-checked cap down over his eyes again.

They were standing Murphy up on his feet again, down under us, and everybody was getting up and starting out from the grand stand.

"Scaring Her!" I Said, Turning on Him. "Scaring Her to Death! You Know What She's Done to Us? She's Busted Us! Wide Open! We're Through!"

"Well, good day!" said this Joe Lavoisier's brother, in that hoarse voice of his, nodding; and went on by me.

"Good day!" said I, and stood there still, looking down onto the pit, watching them all get ready to come up over the track.

"Hello!" said somebody right back of me—a woman.

I turned round and there stood Zetta Thomas, with a couple of rows of seats between us.

"Why, hello!" said I. "Where'd you come from?"

"That's a long story," said Zetta, laughing, showing those white teeth of hers. "But wasn't it great! Wasn't it glorious—huh! Did you ever see anything like it?" she said, as I was stepping over the benches to get to her. "The way the good old Hoodlum went! And that boy—that Chuck Powers!

"My! Think what we owe him. Imagine," she said, watching down where they were climbing up out of the bowl; pulling at the tips of her gloves, impatient and restless as usual. "Imagine, if he had fallen down on us! But now, think what he's done for us!"

"You've done something yourself!" said I; "if my memory's good"—thinking where we'd have been if she hadn't put up that ring for us.

"It's nothing to what he's done," she said, her cheeks red and her eyes snapping, looking down. She certainly was a handsome woman as she stood there that afternoon, dressed up in some kind of a black-and-yellow dress.

"For this makes it all right for us," she said. "Now—don't it?"

"I hope so," said I. "It'll certainly help!"

"When are we going down there to see them?" she asked me, impatient as a two-year-old.

"Let's let the crowd out a little first," I told her; "and then we can get round there and see them down by the dressing rooms.

"But where'd you come from?" I asked her.

"I couldn't stay away; that's all. I tried it, but I couldn't. I couldn't sit here any longer—waiting—without jumping out of my skin!"

"I don't blame you," I said. "Your own race—you paid for. But when'd you start? How'd you get here?"

"How'd I get the money, you mean?" she said, laughingly.

And I grinned.

"Well, I'll tell you how," she said. "I got it from the grocer. I told him I had to have it. Something had come up that was life and death to me. And Pasc was away out of town, and everybody else I could go to. So he let me have it."

"How much did he give you?" I asked her.

"Ten dollars."

"But that would only get you here. It wouldn't take you back."

"I know that. But I knew I'd find you here, didn't I?" she said, looking at me.

I had to laugh in spite of myself.

"Zet," I said, "you are a corker!"

And she laughed back, flashing those teeth at me.

"Pasc don't know it at all, eh?" I asked her.

"Know it, no! Wait till you see his face! But it was worth it. It was great, wasn't it? We've won out," she said. "We've made our bets, and we've won. And now come on. I guess we can go over now and see the boys—Pasc and that rider who won out for us."

So we went round that way finally, talking about the race and Chuck Powers.

"Hel-lo!" said Pasc, seeing her—the way he always did, like an older person talking to a nice child; and grinned that old jack-o'-lantern grin of his. "So you thought you'd come!"

"I had to, Pasc," she said, and kissed him. "Wasn't it great? Where is he?" she asked. "I want to see him."

"Who?" said Pasc.

"That Chuck—that boy who rode for us."

"Oh, he'll be out pretty soon," he told her, "if you wait here."

And we stood there talking about what it was going to mean to us.

"What did I tell you all the time?" Zetta wanted to know.

"We've done it this time, I guess," I said. "There won't be any doubt now when they come to picking between our machine and the Rajah. Not to anybody who ever hears about this race."

"You know what?" said Pasc. "I've got orders now for ten separate machines, and two agencies in New York, without stepping out of my tracks—just round the dressing room."

"Didn't I tell you so," said Zetta—"always? I knew it all the time. Boys," she said, and grabbed my coat sleeve, "we're all going to be rich! And when we do get this money, boys—listen—we're going to have some excitement out of it. We're going to live!

"You remember what I said to you when I turned in my ring for this?" she asked me. "About what I'd do when you came to settle with me; when our money came in?"

She had stars down in her eyes—pure deviltry; like you see sometimes in a young devil of a horse.

"What do you take me for?" I said. "I don't forget my debts that way."

"I mean it," she said, staring right at me with those steady black eyes of hers.

"So do I," I said, laughing at her.

"And I'll tell you another thing," she said, still looking at me, "if you want to know it."

"What's that?"

"And that is you can never pay this boy—this rider—for what he's done for us to-day."

And we looked over, and just that minute old Tom's boy was coming toward us out of the dressing room.

"I can try," I said to her. "I generally do."

"Isn't he a handsome boy?" said Zetta, seeing him.

(Continued on Page 89)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 8, 1917

The Business of Winning

IT IS time that we began to think in concrete personal terms about the business of winning the war. To a good many people in America that has been and still is somebody's else business.

The President can't win this war. The Democratic Party can't win it. Neither can the Army nor the Navy nor the farmers nor the laborers nor the capitalists. George can't do it. You, whoever you are and whatever you are doing, must win it personally. The business of winning is everybody's business. Any man who is not ready to make it his personal affair is a coward running from the field of battle.

From this time on there can be only three classes in the United States—Americans, pro-Germans and yellow dogs. Many people would lump the two last, but wrongly, because in the third group there are many who, once awakened to a class consciousness of their yellow-dogginess, may be saved. We refer, of course, to the men who are seeking party and partisan advantage in this crisis; to the red-tapers and incompetents who are obstructing and muddling everything they touch; to the grandstanders and limelighters who see nothing but an opportunity for personal advertising and aggrandizement in the national peril; and to the profiteers, to whom all dollars look alike, even those that are blood-stained.

Let there be no misunderstanding in the mind of any man about these things. Votes made now by specious appeals to discontent mean lives lost. Incompetents continued in office mean trenches taken by the enemy. Strikes that squeeze the last penny out of our need for haste mean men drowning in the Atlantic and soldiers sacrificed in France.

The yellow dogs are in a minority. They must be converted or sent to the pound. The pro-Germans should be there now. The great silent majority of us who are single-hearted for America cannot be soldiers, but every man and woman of us can back up a soldier to the limit.

The War in Your Town

MONTHS of unchecked pacifist mouthings, not unlike those we hear to-day, paved the inevitable way for the Draft Riots of 1863, which for days held New York City in the violent grip of bloody anarchy. To-day the most dangerous of our enemies are the half-secret ones of our own household. They come and go at will among us. Some spy out and report our military preparations; others foment strikes, set class against class, preach pacifism and pessimism and poison the springs of public thought. Thousands of these traitors take the Kaiser's dirty dollar. Other thousands are merely half-baked perverts whose rewards are akin to those of the witless creature who sets fire to a tenement for the pleasure of hearing an alarm rung and witnessing the noisy confusion of a fire.

The menace from enemies at home is steadily increasing; the scope of their activities is steadily broadening. The Department of Justice can cope with those who commit certain overt acts, but it cannot lay by the heels the gum-shoe disloyalists who are sheltered by the very Constitution of the nation they would destroy.

If you know your left hand from your right you can tell Prussianism from Americanism. When you find a disloyal neighbor whom you can't send to jail, send him to Coventry. Shun him as if he had smallpox. Keep out of his house and keep him out of yours. Let him see that he stands discredited and disgraced—that he is unfit company for loyal Americans. Let him be socially interned, cut off from all speech and traffic with decent men and women.

If every true American will sever all ties with the enemy at home the result will go further toward winning the war than would the annihilation of half a dozen German Army corps.

More Voters

IF YOU fairly owe a man ten dollars you must not refuse to pay him because you suspect ten dollars will do him no particular good.

Suffrage is fairly due to women—a thing they can claim as a right. Withholding it is an ungraceful cheat on man's part and an affront to womanhood.

They should have suffrage as a right. We are heartily in favor of giving it to them. But we don't think it will do them any particular good or do the country any particular good, except that paying a just debt is always good.

We used to be much more interested in the mechanics of politics than we are now. We used to think direct primaries, direct election of senators, initiative and referendum, short ballot, and so on, were crucially important.

We think now the crucially important things are to get a so-called democratic form of government—a form of government, that is, upon which public opinion can operate quite effectually and in which all the economic interests and classes have a fair chance of expressing themselves—and then to get an enlightened public opinion. Having a more or less democratic form of government, getting an enlightened public opinion is infinitely more important than the machinery of politics.

For the good of the country we would infinitely rather prescribe that a million well-to-do residents of the Atlantic seaboard go and live for a month on the East Side of New York, so as to know by actual contact what the experiences of the poor inhabitants of cities are, than to get direct election of senators. If the board of directors and the workmen could see and feel each other's problems and difficulties with open-minded, unprejudiced sympathy we would infinitely rather have that than direct primaries. Three million women studying modern political and economic history are more important than eighteen million women voting.

Women represent no tangible interest that is not represented in the suffrage now. It is idle to deny that public opinion—including the opinion of women—gets expressed now. Aside from paying a debt, equal suffrage is a matter of the mechanics of politics. Formation of opinion is incomparably more important than the technical means by which it is expressed.

Red Cross Christmas

MANY people are revising their Christmas lists this year. The pleasant habit whereby Susan sends Mary a pink hand bag and Mary sends Susan a lavender hand bag—which neither of them would have bought for herself—while Tom sends Dick a box of cigars and Dick sends Tom a more or less superfluous meerschaum pipe, is not appropriate at this time, when people whose cause we have made our own are suffering for necessaries of life, and soldiers who are fighting our battles wait in pain for the ambulance.

The Red Cross wants ten million new members this holiday season. It wants all the money the resources and generosity of the American people can supply.

Make it, first of all, a Red Cross Christmas!

Your Christmas does not need the usual litter of acknowledgments and Christmas cards this year. It can well take all that for granted. What it decidedly does need is knowledge that from your comfort and security something has gone out to alleviate a little the boundless woe in Europe. Without that knowledge, it will be a selfish, niggard Christmas—which is no Christmas at all.

There should not be in all the United States a single Christmas gathering without its membership in the Red Cross, and a contribution to that cause as liberal as the means of the family will allow.

Every Christmas list needs revision this year, with Red Cross at the top. If you have not done it already, write it down now.

Railroad Wages

WITH its natural inclination to side-step disagreeable problems, Congress failed to carry out the President's recommendations for arbitration of railroad wages.

There is no collective bargaining in that field. The railroads cannot bargain, because both the roads and the men know that national necessity must finally compel the roads to yield. The operating unions can demand what terms they choose, on pain of putting the nation out of business for war purposes, paralyzing its industries and bringing famine to its cities. It is not expedient that any particular set of men should have the country by the throat. Whenever it appears that any set of men in Wall Street are getting into that position Congress hastens to provide a check and balance to their power. Its duty is to provide an equitable check and balance to the power of the railroad unions.

When the unions choose to make a demand some means of dealing with the emergency must be improvised. That takes time, and improvised means are very likely to be defective. We saw, nearly a year ago, that a demand by the unions drifted on to the very brink of a strike, and was then settled in breathless, hugger-mugger fashion. Breathless improvisation is no way of dealing with a standing menace.

Permanent machinery for virtually compulsory arbitration of railroad wage disputes must be provided. The fact that such machinery existed would two-thirds settle the problem, for it would impose a steady counterbalance upon the natural inclination of the men to take full advantage of their tactical position. Knowing the question would come before an impartial tribunal, with power to render a binding decision, they would not be likely to make demands that the circumstances did not justify.

Knowledge that the men are not now under such a restraint is naturally disturbing to the public.

Sample Tax Puzzles

A CONCERN makes patented electrical devices. In 1914 it perfected and patented a device that has proved highly profitable. It will earn six hundred thousand dollars this year.

It considered a reorganization—forming a new company to take over the old one, with increased issue of capital stock to represent the value of the patents.

If the reorganization had been carried out, with a change of ownership, the new company would have issued several million dollars of capital stock for the patents and goodwill of the old company; and in that case its excess-war-profits tax under the new revenue bill would probably have amounted to ten per cent or less of its net earnings, because it would have deducted from earnings a sum equal to nine per cent on its capital stock.

But, as the old company, with the old capitalization, holds the patents and goodwill, its excess war-profits tax will amount to fifty per cent of its net earnings.

In each case the actual business and actual assets would have been exactly the same; but in the second case, with no capital stock issued to represent the patents, no deduction from earnings would be allowed.

Another concern makes pictures. Several years ago German competition drove it out of one particular branch of the business. It wrote off its total capital investment in that branch, but kept the plates, equipment, and so on. War stopped German competition; and this year that branch of the business is making a handsome profit. But technically it has no capital investment in that branch, the investment having been written off. It is wondering whether it shall have to pay almost sixty per cent of the profits to the Government; whereas, if it had not written off the investment it would have had to pay only ten or fifteen per cent.

In making actual money investment the universal measure of a business' legitimate earning power, the new law, of course, is hopelessly wrong. Numberless inequalities and injustices will arise. The law should be overhauled at this session of Congress.

People's Investments

WE HAVE had a muffled panic. Market value of listed securities has suffered one of the greatest declines ever known.

Like all movements of that sort, it was in part merely a blind rush. As security values fell for cogent reasons, a lot of people with no cogent reason for selling got frightened and unloaded.

Thanks wholly to the new banking system, this violent disturbance of the security markets—even though it came along with the huge financial burden of war—was handled easily and with practically no reaction upon business.

Many forehanded citizens who bought sound investments a year ago, or two years ago, suffer touches of heart failure when they compare present quotations with the prices they paid. The remedy for that is not to look at the quotations. Every investment that was sound a year ago, or two years ago, is sound now. No one need be disturbed in the least by the mere quotation of his bond. There is nothing now in sight that threatens the permanent value of securities legitimately based on American industry.

Where war conditions bear heavily on industry, as in the case of the railroads and public-service concerns, there is every reason to expect that intelligent account of their situation will be taken by public bodies.

After the panic is exactly the time not to get discouraged.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

An Autobiography

I AM assuming that the various details relating to my life have appeared often enough already, and that it is unnecessary to repeat them. Bald facts are not especially interesting, and one cannot offer much besides bald facts unless one happens to be of the Mary MacLane type of writer.

It occurs to me that I have never read a severe criticism of an author's own work by the author, and that it may be an innovation. I am therefore proceeding to criticize the story by which I consider myself lamentably best known, and that is The Revolt of Mother. It was in an evil day I wrote that tale. It exposed me to much of which I could not dream. This very morning I have a letter concerning that story. Somebody wishes to use it in a book. I fear I am mostly known by The Revolt of Mother. My revolt against the case is perfectly useless. People go right on with

(Concluded on Page 75)

PHOTO, BY PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and his co-star, Miss Edna Purviance, are seen to the left wearing decorations which they received after they had seen a week of active service in Honolulu. The snapshot was taken as the party boarded the boat to return to San Francisco. Their chaperon is Rob Wagner.

Frank W. Smith

THE man at the top of the page is Postmaster-General for the Sammees. He has charge of all the mail for the soldiers in France, from the time it is landed until it is delivered in the trenches. As postal inspector in Philadelphia Mr. Smith, who should now be addressed as Major, gained wide experience and he recently spent several weeks familiarizing himself with the British postal system in France.

Joseph E. Kuhn

DURING 1915 and 1916 Major-General Kuhn was military attaché at Berlin, and as observer for the United States with the German forces he visited all the fronts and had every opportunity to study German methods of warfare. While he was with the fighting forces he met the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Crown Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria and other highnesses among the Huns. He is at present in charge of Camp Meade, but it is reported that he may soon go to France to join Pershing.

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William A. Bishop

HE IS Britain's crack aviator and a Major at twenty-three. The photograph to the left shows him examining his machine gun, which since the war began has accounted for forty-seven German aeroplanes.

A PAGE FROM A NOTEBOOK

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE young man was sitting on the mat before the bathroom door, removing the "Vacant-Engaged" mechanism with a small ratchet screw driver. In the ordinary course of events Lord Louis Lewis would not have been greatly interested in the proceeding, but at sea the human mind embraces the smallest possibilities of entertainment.

So he threw over his shoulder the towel he was carrying, altered his grip on the sponge bag and, without making his presence known, leaned against the walnut paneling and watched.

Presently the young man inserted the screw driver between the door and the piece of informing machinery and levered it away from its bearings.

Then, "Good!" he remarked, dropped the prize in the pocket of his blue blazer and turned about.

"Fizz, but you gave me a start!"

"I am sorry, but I was unwilling to disturb you," said Lord Louis.

"Been there long?"

"A few moments only."

"Well, I'm betting you are not a spoilsport. I apologize for keeping you out of the bathroom—walk right in."

Lord Louis hesitated.

"In view of what you have done with the lock," he said, "I am thinking of seeking another bathroom, where one's privacy will be more greatly assured."

The young man laughed amiably and said:

"There's a second bolt inside."

At that moment the bath steward appeared.

"Sorry to 'ave kept you waiting, m'lord. 'Ullo, what's 'appened to this lock?"

"We were discussing the same thing," said Lord Louis. "However, if you will turn on the water ——"

As the steward entered the bathroom the young man seized Lord Louis' sponge-bag hand and wrung it so warmly that a quantity of water ran up his sleeve.

"Great!" he whispered. "You're a true sport!"

"Jill," said Lord Louis, when half an hour later he returned to his stateroom, "you are going to get up to-day. I can't allow you to be ill any longer."

A small head, covered with ruddy brown curls and a distracting little mobcap, peeped over the side of the bunk and grinned pathetically.

"But I haven't been ill yet, please, and everyone has to be ill on a long sea voyage."

Lord Louis took a new line of persuasion:

"The captain is showing signs of depression at your empty chair beside him. I am beginning to fear he will fill it if you don't put in an appearance before long."

There followed an eruption of bed clothes which, when it subsided, gave a vision of a small figure in pink-silk pyjamas, sitting on the side of the bunk twiddling its even pinker toes.

"Who is she?" demanded Jill.

Lord Louis lit a cigarette.

"The captain's mind is not an open book, but there is a Mrs. Swatheling and her son on board. He spoke of her in nautical terms, which I took to express admiration. Personally, to draw my parallels from the same medium, I should say she was rather a piratical craft. She travels under full sail and is, I imagine, well-to-do. Certainly her diamonds—she wears them day and night—are to be envied. She has a pendant which for purity and chastity of setting would be hard to rival."

Jill dropped her chin on her chest and assumed a tremendous frown.

"You seem to have studied her very carefully, Louis."

"It," he corrected. "Since you deserted me in favor of the *mal-de-mer* convention, I have sought solace from the inanimate."

Jill smiled.

"Tell me about the son," she said. "Is he remarkable for purity and chastity?"

"I hardly think so. He seems a very uncouth young man. He has a head of tousled hair which he is forever shaking out of his eyes; he has a coarse mouth which he wipes on the back of his hand. I am told he has a habit of winning prizes for swimming ——"

"Thank you," said Jill, "that will do nicely for him. Anybody else on board?"

"The usual ship's company. Officers, government officials, people going abroad for pleasure, others sent abroad for displeasure. Ah, but I forgot, there is a certain young man whose measure I have not successfully taken."

"What's he like?"

"Oh, quite prepossessing, but he has a habit of removing locks from bathroom doors. But come on deck and see these wonders for yourself."

They were on their honeymoon, so it was not surprising that the other passengers showed a good deal of curiosity and interest when first Lord Louis placed his wife's chair on deck. A ship's library so rarely contains anything but novels, whose antiquity in no way justifies for them a place among the classics, that it is not unreasonable for passengers to do most of their reading from each other.

Jill, from the cushioned depths of her Colombo chair, was no exception to the rule, and amused herself by discovering, from her husband's descriptions, the various people he had spoken about. In this matter she showed no small skill, and had several specimens pinned out and set in a very few minutes.

"That I should say is Master Swatheling," she said.

"You are quite right," replied Lord Louis. "What do you think of him?"

"He looks more like an accomplice than anything else."

Lord Louis laughed.

"Why, What Ever Do You Mean? You Haven't—You Didn't—— Oh, You are a Darling!"

"Find my friend of the bathroom door," he begged.

Jill turned her eyes up and down the deck. There was a young man lolling against the sand-colored side of the shelter deck cabins. His right hand was behind him, untwisting the brass knob of the wooden weather rail. As she watched, it came away in his hand. Apparently he expected this, for instead of screwing it on again he dropped it discreetly in his pocket and moved toward them.

"That's him."

Lord Louis nodded.

"And he doesn't seem to have finished yet."

"Introduce me," said Jill.

The young man, whose name was Kenneth Rushton and who came from Canada, was delighted and delightful. He said he was "doing the world," and appeared to be doing it very thoroughly.

"Are you fond of traveling?" asked Jill.

"Why, yes! One kind of picks up things as one goes along, you know."

"I have noticed it," said Jill; "but it's a little hard on the bathroom door, don't you think?"

Which remark caused him to laugh and blush, and say it was too bad of Lord Louis to have given him away.

Presently the captain, a pleasant, bearded man, joined the group. He complimented Jill on being "up and about" and offered Kenneth Rushton a vacant place at his table.

"I think I have the pick of the ship at my table, Lady Lewis," he confided with a fluency suggestive that the remark was as much a part of every voyage as were the engines.

At lunch Jill found herself on the captain's right. Mrs. Porteous, a motherly old soul, sat on his left. Next to her came Kenneth Rushton, and beside him Miss Esmé Porteous, still in her teens and barely free of the thrall of flapperdom. She was a pretty little thing and saw jokes with an uplifted and vibrating shoulder. By special edict Lord Louis sat next to his wife, whereby she could tread on his toe to mark appreciation for finer points of humor not to be shared with the company. Mrs. Swatheling's place was empty, but her son Richard was already at the table, making serious inroads on his bread before the arrival of the soup.

As is usually the case with new acquaintances on a liner, the conversation showed no very marked tendency toward inspiration, but the sudden and rather sweeping arrival of Mrs. Swatheling considerably relieved the depression. Mrs. Swatheling was a lady with a personality; you felt it acutely. She had black hair with a slightly red glint. She had black eyes similarly glinted. She had an electric smile and a range of facial half-tones and vocal inflections that covered the entire gamut of emotional possibilities. On her breast the diamond pendant twinkled and glittered in echo to the sparkle of its mistress' wit.

"Captain, forgive me, I am always unpunctual! Lord Louis, I am not going to wait an introduction to your charming wife. I have met your wedding so often in the society papers that I feel you are quite old friends."

"One gets to know a number of people that way, doesn't one?" said Jill naïvely, taking the outstretched hand.

Mrs. Swatheling rippled a silver-bell laugh and turned to Mrs. Porteous, who, she had heard, actually appeared to breakfast.

She told Kenneth Rushton it was at her behest he had been summoned to the captain's table—simply loved Esmé's sweet frock—ruffled her son's tousled head "because he never says a word"—refused the proffered fish, and subsided into a kind of coruscating silence.

"Well!" said Lord Louis when, lunch over, he and Jill were enjoying a cigarette in the little private salon adjoining their stateroom. "What does my wife think of it all?"

"I think," replied Jill, "we have the cast for a very nice little melodrama, and I'll bet you anything you like we have it."

"Nothing ever happens at sea," said Lord Louis.

"But I'm certain."

"Name the bet then."

(Continued on Page 28)

"Tempting, wholesome Campbell 'kind'
What a scene you bring to mind—
Of fertile fields and gardens fair
With all these good things growing there!"

The proof is in the eating—

And in the health-giving effects which follow.

The minute you taste *Campbell's Vegetable Soup* with its wholesome inviting flavor and satisfying quality you know that it *must* be made of choice materials; that it *must* be prepared and blended with exceptional care and skill.

Especially if you are one of the dainty, "extra-particular" housewives who insist upon the unquestioned quality of every food which graces the home table, then you are the very one to appreciate

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

You can understand the "reasons why" that are back of its surprising excellence.

We make the full-bodied invigorating stock from selected beef. We use premium-grade white potatoes, Jersey-grown sweet potatoes, sweet yellow Canadian rutabagas and tender Chantenay carrots—diced. Also sliced Dutch cabbage, small peas, baby lima beans, vine-ripened tomatoes, juicy green okra, the best of celery and parsley and Country Gentleman corn. Plenty of choice pearl barley, head rice and alphabet macaroni are added and a delicate blending of leek, onion and sweet red peppers.

Here is a perfectly balanced food—pure, strengthening, delightfully appetizing. *It could not be otherwise.*

Make it a point to order this satisfying Campbell "kind" from your grocer by the dozen or the case, so that you will never be without it. You will find this the practical way.

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 26)

"I'll give you the finest piece of porcelain we can find anywhere in all China."

"Good! And I give you—what?"

"Mrs. Swatheling's diamond pendant."

Lord Louis laughed, but Jill, ever thorough in the matter of unimportant details, entered the terms of the bet in a tiny black-silk notebook taken from her bag.

Dinner that night was a far less formal affair than the lunch. Everyone was most amiable and confiding. Markedly so Mrs. Swatheling, who discussed her intellectual and financial interests with great freedom.

Thus they learned that her husband was a most careful investor, but after his death she had put nearly all she could realize into the Rana Bhund Rubber Company.

"You're a gambler then," said Kenneth Rushton. "I've heard of it—but—er—well ——"

"Oh, but it pays me fifteen per cent! Do you know, I had scarcely a diamond to speak of before I invested with them."

"Your diamonds are too beautiful!" exclaimed Esmé. "That lovely pendant!"

"It is rather a dear, isn't it?" And Mrs. Swatheling unfastened the clasp and tossed the jewel across the table. "They are old stones, historic. I had them reset a little while ago. Tell me, Lord Louis, you know so much about these things, do you think the jeweler set them well?"

Lord Louis took the gem from the adoring Esmé.

"My knowledge of jewelry is nothing to boast about," he said, "my interests being centered more in furniture and old china; but this is undoubtedly a beautiful piece of work."

Kenneth Rushton stretched out his hand and took the pendant.

"Are you a collector too?" he demanded, and, receiving an affirmative, plunged into the liveliest conversation on the subject of collecting.

"It's a mania with me, Lord Louis, positive mania. If I want a thing I simply can't resist it."

"What do you collect?"

He hesitated.

"Well, it's hard to define. I just gather moss as I go along."

"It reminds me," said Lord Louis, and got away with a saleroom anecdote.

"In the meantime," Jill interrupted, speaking to Kenneth Rushton, "you haven't returned Mrs. Swatheling's pendant, and I want to see it!"

"I beg your pardon! Here, please!" giving it to Jill, who smiled her admiration and handed it back to its owner, while the broken anecdote picked up and knotted its snapped thread and spun gayly from the reel.

"Unscrupulous fellows, these collectors—eh, Miss Esmé?" the captain cross-talked. "I expect you think more of frocks than the old pots and pans they lay their course on." So a counterconversation began, and Esmé plucked up courage to ask if she might be allowed to see some of Jill's trousseau, and up went her flexible shoulder delightedly at the ready "Of course you may."

After liqueurs and coffee Lord Louis was informed that the cabin would be barred to him for at least an hour, so he rather reluctantly accepted the hospitality of a cigar with Kenneth Rushton.

When they had comfortably settled, one on a little window seat and the other on the bunk, and two well-conditioned perfectos were glowing amiably, Rushton said:

"I'm taking a chance with you, Lord Louis. You won my heart in the first over, and I mean to show you the finest miscellaneous collection that ever went back home after a Continental trip."

So saying he produced a veteran cabin trunk, unlocked it and threw back the lid. The top tray was divided into sections, and these were filled with cakes of soap, nail brushes, pieces of pumice stone, spoons and forks, ash trays, electric-light switches, match stands, metal and rubber bath and basin wastes, some casement fittings, a door knocker, several keys with numbered brass disks attached to them, a stack of notices from hotel bedrooms, and many other indescribable details.

Lord Louis looked blankly at the owner of this extraordinary assortment of odds and ends.

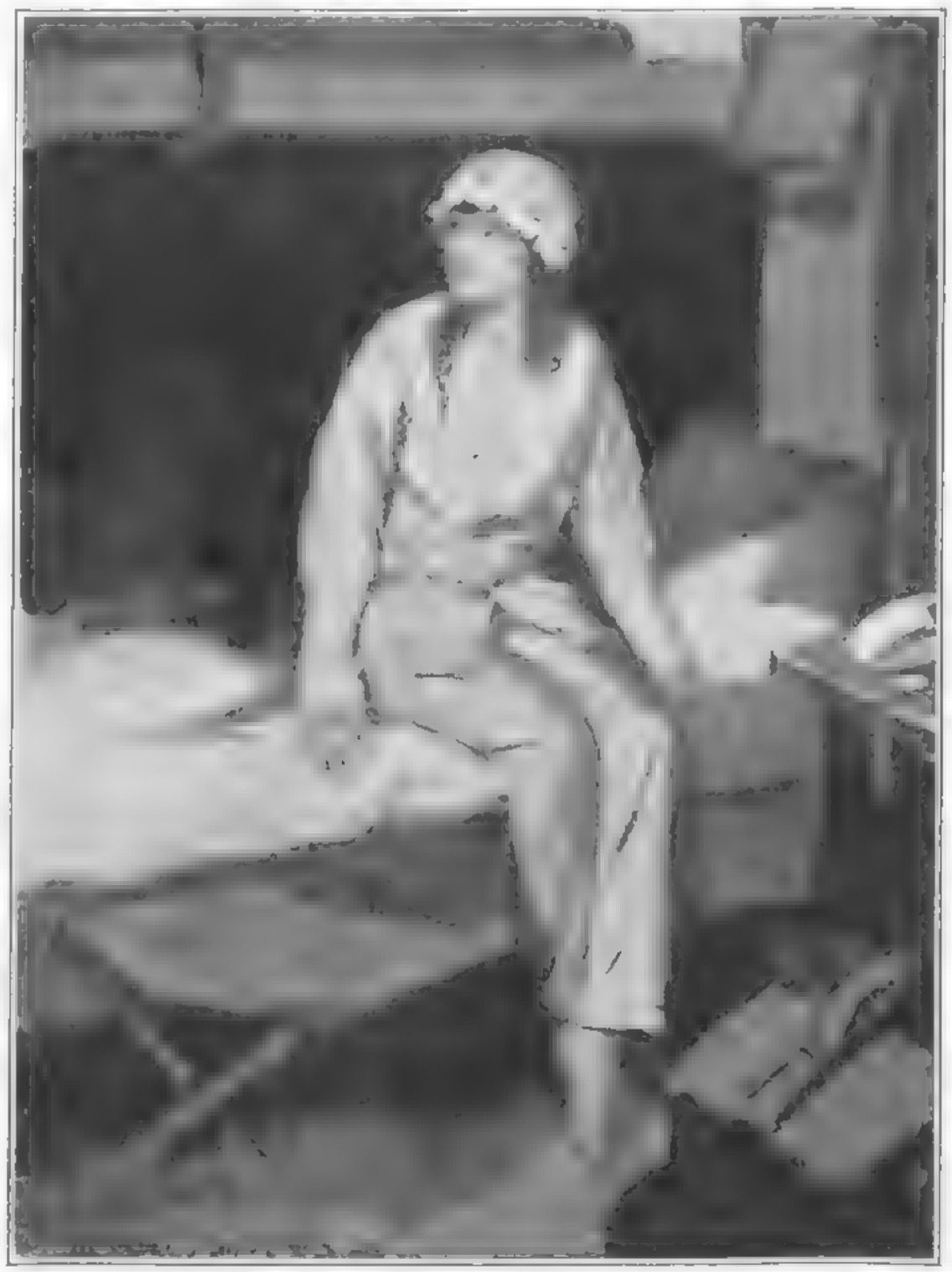
"What precisely are these?" he asked.

"That," replied Kenneth Rushton, pointing with pride to the soap, "is a complete collection of tablets from every railroad in Great Britain. Every one of them is stamped with the company's lettering. I've a box full of window straps in the hold that is even more complete. Most of these are what I call my 'easy come-bys.' Wait a bit though! That electric switch came from the Carlton Hotel grillroom. I screwed it off with a dessert knife under the nose of the head waiter. Here's the knife! See where the edge is turned? Got that bath waste from Devonshire House; the others are mostly from hotels. That's a Midland, Manchester; this a Metropole, Brighton. 'Course I don't claim any great credit on these."

"No," said Lord Louis dryly, "I imagine not."

"Ah, you wait! I haven't shown you the gems yet."

It was with a curious premonition that he might be arrested for complicity that Lord Louis watched the young enthusiast lift the tray from the top of the trunk and produce from the ample compartment beneath a roll of carpet, which he dexterously spun out across the floor.



"I Have It! That Telegram She Received Yesterday! I'll Bet You It Has Something to Do With It"

It was a blue-and-buff-colored rug and bore as a central decoration the monogram L. B. & S. C. R.

"Recognize that?"

"It appears to be a rug from a Pullman on the South Coast Railway."

"Bully!" shouted Rushton. "You're a connoisseur. And when I tell you that Pullman was working at standing-room-only business when I got it you'll figure that thereby hangs a tale."

And the tale followed most vividly, a hair-raising affair, involving the removal of all the fuses just before the train came to a tunnel—a confederate who risked life and limb, and certainly liberty, by lurking in the tunnel's deeps to remove the carpet which Kenneth Rushton snatched from the floor in the darkness and thrust through the window.

"I tell you, Lord Louis, when that train came out into daylight I was sitting in my chair reading the news as unconcerned as anyone aboard."

"But I cannot see," said Lord Louis, "why you made so much effort for so poor a reward."

"You ask that? You, a collector! Why, surely the whole point of the business is the excitement of the chase."

"Is it not rather the joy of what you chase? You can hardly call this array a collection."

Kenneth Rushton's face clouded and took over an expression of mingled sorrow and surprise.

"What would you call it, then?"

"Litter," replied Lord Louis. "Rubbish to which, forgive my frankness, you have no proprietary right whatsoever."

"But say, you don't consider I've done wrong in gathering these few little souvenirs?"

"I am in the position of your guest, but I am almost sorry you have confided in me to the extent of exhibiting them."

"Well," came the rueful answer, "I'm downright upset. I did think you'd appreciate. I thought you'd have felt that mighty impulse when you see a thing and can't resist appropriating."

Lord Louis smiled.

"That is common to us all, Mr. Rushton. But yielding to the impulse has sometimes resulted in restrictions upon liberty. However, doubtless our railway companies can stand the strain, and Devonshire House is probably in touch with a plumber who can replace the missing bath waste. Shall we finish our cigars on deck?"

Meanwhile Jill was displaying the wonders of her trousseau, to a succession of ecstatic "Ohs!" from the delighted Esmé.

"Please, please," she implored, "do give me the names of your wonderful dressmakers, so that when I get married I can go there too."

So Jill threw over her little black-silk notebook, and Esmé wrote down the mystic names. As it happened she wrote them on the very leaf upon the other side of which Jill had entered her bet with Lord Louis earlier in the day. Then she tore out the sheet, tucked it in the bodice of her dress, kissed Jill on both cheeks, said she was a lovely dear to have shown her all those gorgey things, and pranced off in the seventh heaven of delightful envy.

When one comes to consider the details that go toward assembling the more important events in life, they appear, by themselves, strangely insignificant. Take, for example, the rare occasion Richard Swatheling brought about a remark. It happened when the liner was lying at anchor in the Bay of Naples, and Lord Louis was amusing himself by throwing silver coins into the water for the small diving boys to recover.

"It's a dud stunt that anyone can do," observed the surly youth. "Waste of money, I call it. You must have pitched in nearly ten bob."

"I probably have," said Lord Louis.

"Now, I can bring up thirteen eggs from the bottom of a swimming bath in one dive."

"Indeed."

"Takes some doing, that does!"

"It must, I am sure." And to avoid any further disclosures regarding young Swatheling's aquatic feats, Lord Louis moved away toward his wife's chair.

The next and last European port at which the liner called was Taranto. Just before they weighed anchor a cable was delivered to Mrs. Swatheling. Jill and Lord Louis happened to be near her at the time of opening it and could not avoid observing the expression of her face while she read. It was clearly evident whatever news it contained was not gratifying. However, beyond a slight agitation of the lower lip she made no sign. She merely called her son and together they walked away in silence.

The following night, when Lord Louis was taking a cigar on deck before turning in, the captain came up and addressed him.

"Unfortunate thing has happened," he said. "Mrs. Swatheling's lost her pendant."

Lord Louis made some expression of sympathy.

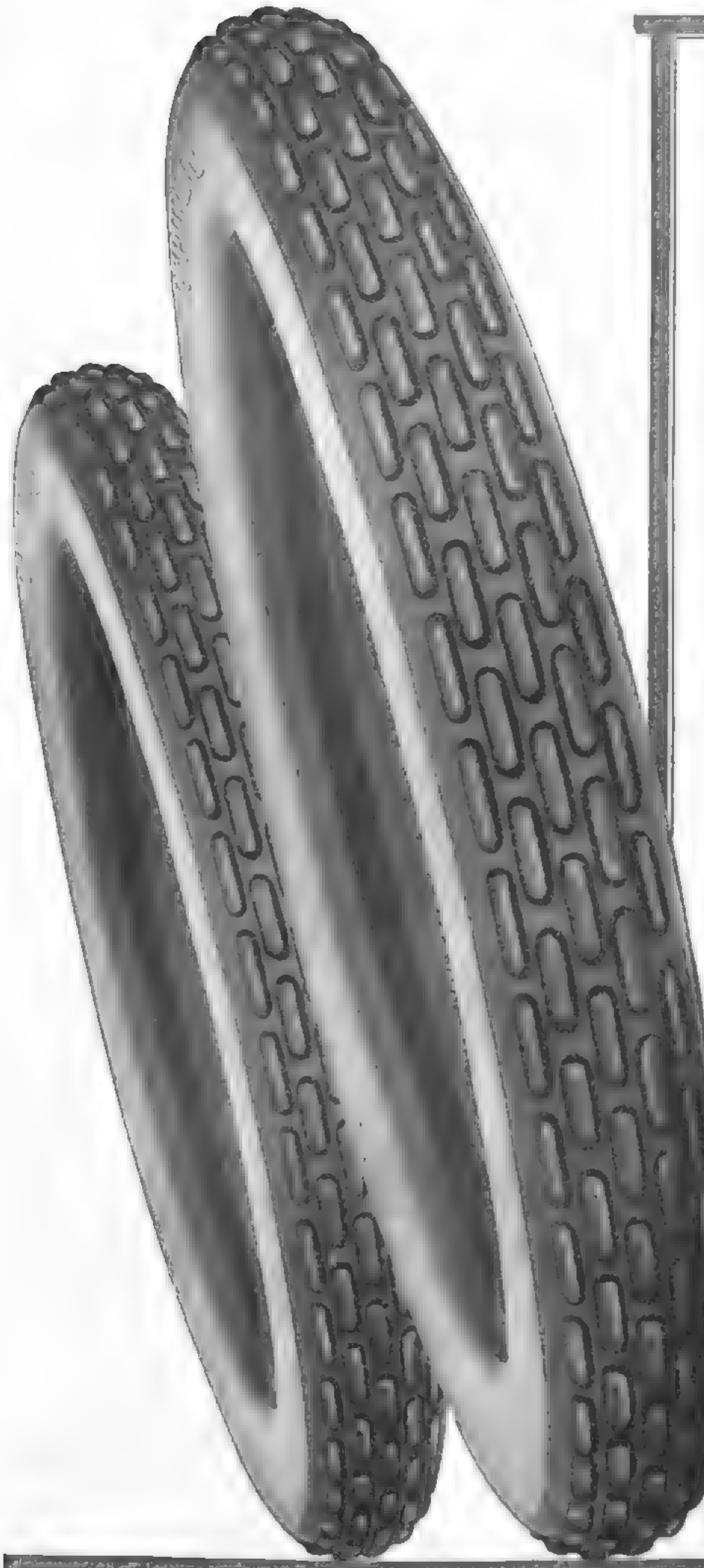
"She was wearing it after dinner and, it appears, she went below to get a wrap. The corridor lights were out. She's not very clear about it all, but she fancies she saw someone coming out of her cabin. Later, when she was on deck, she found the thing was missing."

"I noticed the lights were out myself," said Lord Louis, "but I can't see how that affects the business if she was wearing the pendant any more than this person who she fancies came from her cabin. Did she recall if he passed her or not?"

"Didn't say so. Matter of fact, she was all in a doodah—seemed more concerned as to whether the insurance company'd parker up than anything else. 'Fernal nuisance the whole thing!"

Just then Mrs. Swatheling approached.

(Continued on Page 30)



The Service of The Republic

Is there a difference in tires?

Republic users say there is.

Thousands of them say so.

They say Republic Tires last longer.

They cannot be attracted away from the Republic to any other tire.

They say that the Prōdium Process makes Republic Tires tremendously tough and strong.

They say that these tires are almost immune to road cutting and chipping.

They say that the patented Staggard Tread gives extra security in driving.

They say these things freely, frequently, to all their friends.

Do you know of another tire to which so many people are loyal from year end to year end?

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

Republic
STAGGARD
Tread

Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 28)

"I simply have to walk about. I am so dreadfully upset. Captain, have you told Lord Louis?"

"Yes, yes! Now you cheer up. There's no doubt you'll find it, all right. I'll just pop along and see if the stewards can help us," and he bustled off.

"The one thing that consoles me at all," said the afflicted lady, "is having insured the jewel. At least I shall recover three thousand pounds."

"Really! So much?"

"So much! My dear Lord Louis, it was worth far more."

"From sentimental attachment perhaps?"

"No, indeed. I had it valued."

"Ah, then I apologize. Personally I should have hesitated to put so high a value on the jewel, but ——"

"But you said yourself your knowledge was confined to furniture and china."

"I thought 'centered in' were the words I used. However! Have you any idea how the loss came about?"

Mrs. Swatheling hesitated and touched her brow with a sensitive forefinger.

"It is very difficult," she said. "You see it was quite dark. If I were to say I thought it had been stolen I should be putting everyone in such a disagreeable position."

"But that, nevertheless, is your belief."

"I prefer not to say so. Certainly I believe someone came from my cabin as I approached it."

"That is hardly pertinent, is it," inquired Lord Louis, "since you were wearing the jewel at the time?"

"I am wondering now if I was wearing it. You know I am a very forgetful person, and I had been to my cabin earlier in the evening to fetch a novel."

"Even so, you would hardly remove the pendant while so doing."

"Oh, how irritatingly exact you are!"

"Exactitude is sometimes helpful in matters of this kind. Tell me, did the person who came from your cabin go toward or away from you?"

"Lord Louis," Mrs. Swatheling spoke with sudden directness. "You are a man of the world. Tell me, quite frankly, would it be better for me if the jewel had been stolen?"

"Better! From what point of view?"

"From the point of view of recovering from the insurance. My policy covers risk of loss or theft. You see I'd hate to get anyone into trouble without being quite sure; but should I weaken my claim if I merely represented the affair as an accidental loss?"

"Mrs. Swatheling," said Lord Louis, "personally I have always found insurance companies act very fairly to their clients, but they rightly demand a degree of frankness in return. I should advise you to clear your impressions and state them as concisely as possible."

"Thank you, Lord Louis. Doubtless I shall act on your advice. Good night!"

"Good night."

As Lord Louis returned to his cabin he was oppressed with grave doubts as to the truth of Mrs. Swatheling's story.

"Been having a bachelor evening, Louis?" inquired Jill, peeping reproachfully over the top of the coverlet.

"Not exactly. I have been receiving confidences from a lady. What do you think of this?" And he told her what had happened.

"Didn't I say so?" cried Jill rapturously, sitting up in bed and hugging her knees. "Now then, haven't I won my bet?"

"In a sense you have, although the reward appears to be lost beyond recovery."

Jill kicked her feet derisively.

"Lost! Pooh! It's no more lost than I am!"

"If some people saw you doing acrobatics in those pyjamas they might consider the instance inapt."

But Jill ignored the interruption.

"It's not lost; she's hidden it, of course."

"Why should she hide it?"

"To get the insurance money, you old silly."

"Silly I may be," said Lord Louis, "but I am disposed to share your belief. Doesn't it strike you, however, as a rather rash thing for her to have done?"

Jill screwed up her pretty face in an intensity of thought.

"She must have a jolly good reason." Suddenly she whacked her hand on the pillow. "I have it! That telegram she received yesterday! I'll bet you it has something to do with it. Now let's think hard. This is lovely!"

Lord Louis produced a cigarette case and handed it open toward her, saying as he did so:

"Do you remember the name of the rubber company in which she spoke of being interested?"

Jill took a cigarette and stuck it in the corner of her mouth.

"Louis!" she said. "You clever, clever, little thing! That's right, of course. It's gone busted!"

"It's merely a guess."

"No, I don't remember the name. Mr. Rushton would know. Go and ask him; there's a dear."

"I will in the morning."

"No, now, now. You don't imagine I am going to let it rest here. When you have found out you must send a Marconigram at once to your broker and ask him for a quotation of the stock, or whatever it is you have to say."

Lord Louis smiled.

"Jill," he said, "you are the worst busybody on board."

"Never mind; do as I tell you."

And as every happy husband is clay in his wife's hands, he obeyed, obtained the required information and dispatched a wireless then and there.

When Mrs. Swatheling's loss became known there was general agitation and sympathy. The lady herself preserved an attitude of stoic courage, which earned for her much admiration. She was, however, strangely reticent in the matter of details, and those who sought illumination either from her or from her son received little to reward them for their curiosity.

There was one person on the ship to whom that morning was a nightmare, and that was little Miss Esmé Porteous. She sat in her cabin holding a sheet from a notebook in her hand and her features were drawn and white. On one side of the paper, in her own handwriting, were the names of London's most illustrious dressmakers, and on the other, in Jill's small round fist, with a date against it: "Bet Louis a piece of blue and white to Mrs. S's diamond pendant something lively happens on this voyage."

"Oh, dear!" fretted Miss Esmé. "What ought I to do?"

It was the first time she had been called upon to make a bold decision, and the gravity of it appalled her. She had read that line of Jill's on the night of seeing the trousseau, but it had meant nothing to her at the time; but now, in view of recent events, she read upon the page with awful clearness the damning proof of guilt. So not daring to trust her own judgment she went on deck and sought out an old parson, who was traveling to the East.

"I want you to advise me," she said. "S'pose you had a great friend and accidentally discovered she had done, or knew of being done, a very wicked thing, and if you didn't tell it would mean a great wrong being done to someone else; what ought you to do, please?"

Then said the parson, speaking as one to whom all the world's secrets are open books:

"The innocent should not suffer for the guilty. It is your duty to inform against your friend."

And that was why Miss Esmé, not without many misgivings, presented Mrs. Swatheling with the page from Jill's notebook. "You have done quite right bringing this to me, my dear," said Mrs. Swatheling. "But be very careful not to breathe a word to anyone else."

Jill Amused Herself by Discovering, From Her Husband's Descriptions, the Various People He Had Spoken About

When Esmé went away Mrs. Swatheling was holding the slip of paper and tapping her teeth reflectively with an ivory paper knife.

Lord Louis received an answer to his wireless which ran:

"Rana Bhund Rubber Company collapsed—Wills and Daghelli."

With a rather self-satisfied smile he passed it to Jill.

"Oh, beautiful!" she said. "What are you going to do next, Louis?"

"I am wondering," he replied. "It seems almost expedient to give Mrs. Swatheling a friendly tip. It might save her from an awkward predicament."

"Then go at once," ordered Jill, who couldn't bear to wait for anything.

Mrs. Swatheling was in deep conversation with her son when Lord Louis approached. Apparently she said something rather quickly to him, for he turned with a sulky gesture, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand and made off.

"A delightful morning," said Lord Louis.

"Very."

"No fresh news regarding your loss?"

"None, unless perhaps you bring it me."

"Not I. May I sit down?"

"Please."

"Will you allow me to compliment you on your admirable fortitude in this double misfortune?" Mrs. Swatheling's eyebrows went into question marks. "I refer to the failure of the Rana Bhund Company."

She started, but scarcely perceptibly.

"Ah! You heard of that?"

"A few moments since—by wireless."

"Provoking, isn't it?"

"To anyone concerned—very."

"But you, Lord Louis, are not concerned." The "not" was most delicately acidulated.

"The rebuke is merited," he acknowledged. "Indeed, but that you came to me for advice last evening I should not have presumed to trespass in your affairs."

"But your advice was not forthcoming."

"Let us say, rather, it was postponed. May I venture to offer it now?"

"Oh, please!"

"You asked me the best attitude to adopt in making a claim on the insurance company, but omitted to tell me you had lost a very considerable sum of money within twenty-four hours of the disappearance of your pendant."

"Why should I tell you?"

Lord Louis shrugged.

"The insurance company might be disposed to attach a certain significance from one event as applied to the other. In fact, they probably would. I suggest, therefore, that you have a choice of two alternatives—the first to establish beyond all question that the jewel was stolen ——"

"And the second?"

"To—to find it again, Mrs. Swatheling."

"Then, Lord Louis, with your assistance I choose the second alternative."

"My assistance!"

"Certainly, since you took the pendant."

There was a pause, then:

"I beg your pardon," said Lord Louis Lewis.

Mrs. Swatheling cut a page of her magazine.

"I had often heard collectors were utterly unscrupulous," she said, "but this is my first conclusive proof of the fact."

"It is charming," said Lord Louis, "to meet anyone so easily convinced."

"I was speaking to the captain this morning, who told me you yourself had noticed the corridor lights were extinguished for a while last evening."

Lord Louis bowed.

"A most significant occurrence," he observed.

"The lights were out for a quarter of an hour only."

"Then it is clearly evident you, I, and probably a score of other passengers were in the corridor within the same fifteen minutes."

"You remember my telling you that someone came from my cabin?"

"Most vividly; in fact, I asked if he walked toward or away from you."

"He came toward me."

Lord Louis resisted an unworthy cynicism regarding personal magnetism and merely remarked:

"And then?"

"We collided."

"How distressing!"

"The dexterity with which, in the dark, he broke the platinum chain holding my pendant was little short of remarkable."

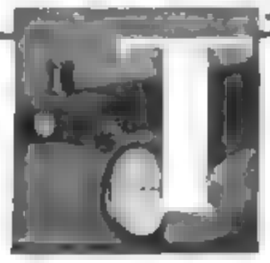
"Pooh! A bagatelle to a man of experience!"

"It was done so neatly that I never noticed what had taken place."

(Continued on Page 33)

The Comfort Car

Hupmobile



THE new Hupmobile has probably reached your town by this time.

If you inquire, we think you will find that it has had a wonderfully warm welcome.

We think we can almost tell you what your home folks are saying and thinking.

They are sure to speak especially of the beauty and the *comfort* of the new car.

For nearly eighteen months we have been building and designing to that end.

We wanted to make the word *comfort* mean more in this Hupmobile than it has ever meant in motoring.

We wanted to make the car *suggest* comfort the moment you looked at it.

We wanted to make you *feel* this uncommon comfort the moment you took the wheel.

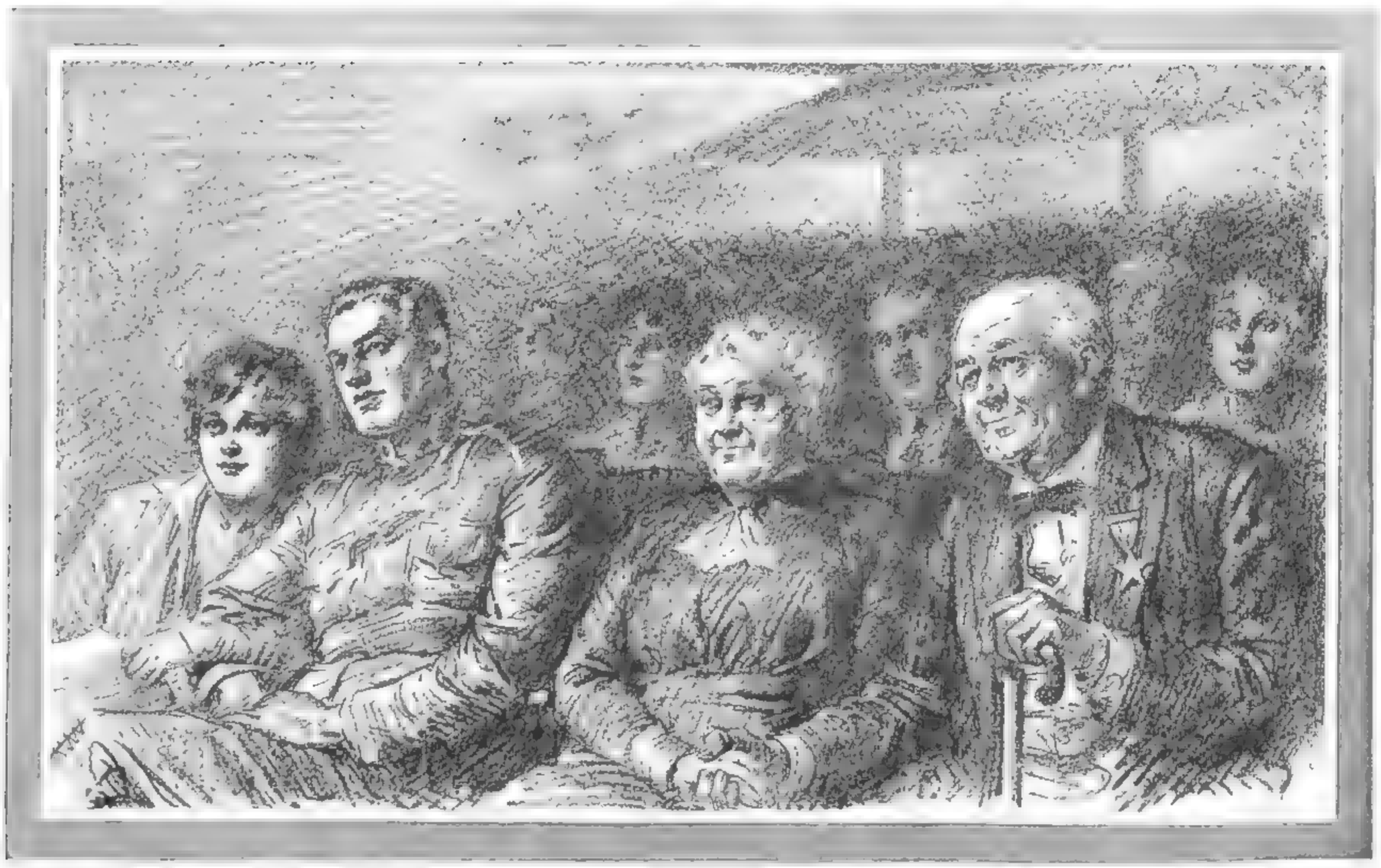
We wanted to make it worthy of being called the Comfort Car as well as the Beauty Car and the Car of the American Family.

How far we have succeeded we would rather have you say than to say it ourselves.

We have tried to retain all the excellence of all the Hupmobiles that have gone before; and add new and greater excellence.

What we have put into it in time, and thought, and care, and money, and experience, we are sure you will get out of it in comfort of *mind* and *body*, which will make driving the Hupmobile a delight.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



And there you will find your old sweetheart again~

COME drop that newspaper for tonight!

Maybe she's tired of a paper wall and silence and the width of a lighted table between you.

Maybe she's thinking of those *other* evenings when you sat *next* each other—and there were no lights.

Come—forget the news for once. Take her to a theatre where, any time you go, you'll see a picture worthy of your best and finest moods—clean, well directed, played by foremost stars, and bearing the Paramount or Artcraft Pictures trade-mark.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HOW long since you sat that way together?

Habit has built a wall of commonplaces. You sit on opposite sides of a table—and read newspapers or pore over bills.

But here . . . there is no table between you. No light to disclose harsh realities. You sit close, side by side, and maybe your hands touch. You are learning how to be lovers again, from fleeting lights and shadows that move across the screen!

And as that unconscious hard crust of life is melted by the kindly warmth of a finer, tender feeling, you glance at each other and see—no, not brows knit with the problems and plans of today and tomorrow—

But the shy young girl and strong, romantic youth of those other, bygone days and their never-forgotten sweetness!

You have found your old sweetheart again!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AND mind, none but the *best* pictures could work such a miracle of sentiment in you!

It's the supreme *quality* of Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures which moves you—

—the Paramount and Artcraft star-genius,
—the Paramount and Artcraft directing-genius,
—the Paramount and Artcraft author-genius,
—all working together to bring thrills and joy and sunshine to you and your friends. No wonder people look for the Paramount and Artcraft signs!

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

TRADE ★★★★★ MARK
Paramount Pictures

Three ways to know
how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures.

1 By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

2 By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

3 By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK
ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
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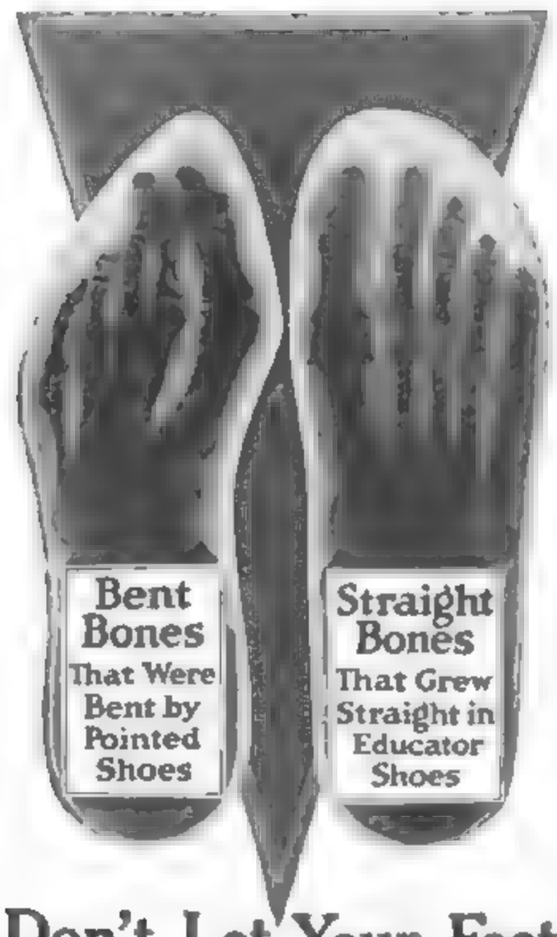

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(Continued from Page 30)

"So neatly, in fact," amended Lord Louis, "that it never took place at all."

Mrs. Swatheling tapped her foot on the deck.

"I think," she said, "the joke has been carried far enough."

"It is rarely one meets a person with so proportionate a sense of humor," he returned.

"Then let us be serious. You were that man, Lord Louis, and I have evidence to prove it."

"Believe me, you will need it."

"I doubt if you would care to face a scandal. Publicity, to a man in your position, is not enviable."

"Rather, let us say, it is inevitable."

"Publicity that embraces the name of your wife as well as your own."

"I confess," he admitted, "the wedding paragraph did depress me."

"And so, Lord Louis, I suggest you should adjust this matter with your check book."

"In the course of a career not entirely uneventful," said Lord Louis, "this is my first encounter with blackmail."

"I do not ask the return of my jewel, but for the sum of five thousand pounds, on receipt of which I will hand to you rather an interesting piece of paper."

"It would need to be very interesting to justify the expense."

"Perhaps you would like to hear what is written on that paper."

"I can hardly conceive myself buying it if you disclosed the mystery beforehand."

"These words, in your wife's handwriting: 'Bet Louis a piece of blue and white to Mrs. S's diamond pendant something lively happens on this voyage.'"

"Good God!" said Lord Louis, and his jaw dropped.

"You admit the strength this lends to my accusation!"

He did not reply. To have told her it was the terms of a bet made in a spirit of jest would in the circumstances have been worse than futile. So in silence he sought his cigarette case.

"I was half expecting a check book to appear," murmured the lady sweetly.

"A reasonable hope," he replied, "but precipitancy was never a failing with me." He lit his cigarette and puffed at it thoughtfully for a space. "Of course," he said at last, "this story of the man colliding with you is a pure invention."

Mrs. Swatheling shrugged her shoulders.

"I had your word that the insurance company would require substantial facts."

He turned on her quickly.

"Then you still propose to enter a claim?"

"Certainly."

"In which case even though I paid you I should gain nothing, since I should be then pilloried for taking the pendant."

"No, I should adjust my story to meet with actions."

"So you hope to recover three thousand on your policy and five from me. A profitable investment."

"Possibly, but I have no intention of discussing it. I presume you accept my terms."

"On the contrary, I reject them."

"You propose to face the music?"

"I propose to find the jewel."

Mrs. Swatheling laughed sweetly.

"Oh, no, my friend," she said, "you won't get off so easily. It would be a simple matter for any thief who was found out to go to his cabin and bring back the stolen property."

In all his life Lord Louis had never before so nearly committed murder, but he only remarked:

"In this case I should not go to my cabin but to yours."

Mrs. Swatheling bit her lip.

"You know the way there," she countered. Then: "But it is time we came to an understanding. Please decide quickly. The captain is over there and would come if I called ——"

"Call him, by all means," said Lord Louis, taking a chance.

Mrs. Swatheling half rose, then settled back in her chair.

"No," she said, "I will give you time to think it over—as long as you like—at one hundred pounds a day."

Lord Louis bowed.

"It is surprising," he observed, "how the expenses of life mount up." Then raising his hat he walked quietly away.

Jill, after the first outburst of indignation, laughed merrily and said it would be all right in the end. She had shaken and kissed poor little Esmé, and because that maiden wept had assured her that it didn't matter a bit. Then she had kissed her husband for not being cross with her for so stupidly writing down that silly bet, and the affair seemed to pass from her mind.

Luncheon that day was not a success; the atmosphere was, to say the least of it, strained. Kenneth Rushton, the one person to whom everyone looked by common consent to keep things going, seemed unusually despondent. That evening he called Lord Louis into his cabin.

"Don't know how it is, but everyone seems down to-day. You look like a man who's lost his washing."

Lord Louis stooped and picked up from the shadow of the dressing stand a short piece of flexible wire and played with it aimlessly.

"We all have our moods of depression," he said.

"This Swatheling business has made an upset."

"Yes."

Rushton opened his mouth as though to speak, then changed his mind.

"Well, have a drink anyway."

"No, thanks."

"You were asking me about the Rana Bhund Company last night. I've a prospectus somewhere. Care to see it?"

Lord Louis didn't care in the least, but it would serve to pass a few moments. So Kenneth Rushton unlocked a suitcase and threw a pile of papers on the bed. Among them was a label that caught Lord Louis' eye. It bore the name of a hotel, and beneath: "Mrs. L. Swatheling. Passenger on The Osric, Colombo."

"Here you are," said Rushton. "Rotten concern, by the looks of it."

"H'm!" said Lord Louis. "Yes! I'll take it with me if I may. Good night." And still fingering the piece of soft wire he had picked up he left the cabin.

Halfway down the corridor he stopped.

"Now what on earth is Mrs. Swatheling's label doing in his suitcase?" he mused.

For the first time he noticed the piece of wire, and was about to throw it away when something in the quality caused him to look at it instead.

"Fuse wire," he murmured.

Then with a flash came the memory of Rushton's story of the railway exploit, the detached fuses, the dark tunnel and the stolen carpet.

Quickly his eyes traveled up and down the corridor. Just above Kenneth Rushton's door were two china electric fuse shields. Lord Louis removed one and compared the wire in his hand with that across the terminals. The sizes were identical. He replaced the china shield, walked to the end of the corridor and rang the bell.

"How was it the lights were out here last night?" he demanded of the steward.

"They had fused, m'lord."

"Burned out?"

"No, sir, it was rather funny, the wire seemed to have been taken out."

"I see. Good night."

"Goo' night, sir m'lord."

"Who do you think stole Mrs. Swatheling's pendant?" he asked Jill a few moments later.

"No one," came the emphatic rejoinder.

"And that is just where we are at fault," he said. "Compose yourself to hear the latest." And he told Jill what he had discovered.

"I say!" said Jill. "It's getting rather awful, isn't it? But why should he take one of her labels?"

"If you had seen the extraordinary things he has garnered from time to time you wouldn't be surprised at that. It seems to me we are in a very difficult position. I haven't enough evidence to accuse him on; but if I don't accuse, I seem likely to be making out a check for five thousand in quite a short time."

"Don't know what to do," said Jill. "Oh, Louis, it's rather funny. You practically told her it hadn't been stolen at all."

He nodded.

"I seem to have placed myself in a most unfortunate position."

"Well, never mind," said Jill tenderly. "She meant to swindle the insurance company, so she's a bad lot anyway. Don't let's think any more about it until the morning."

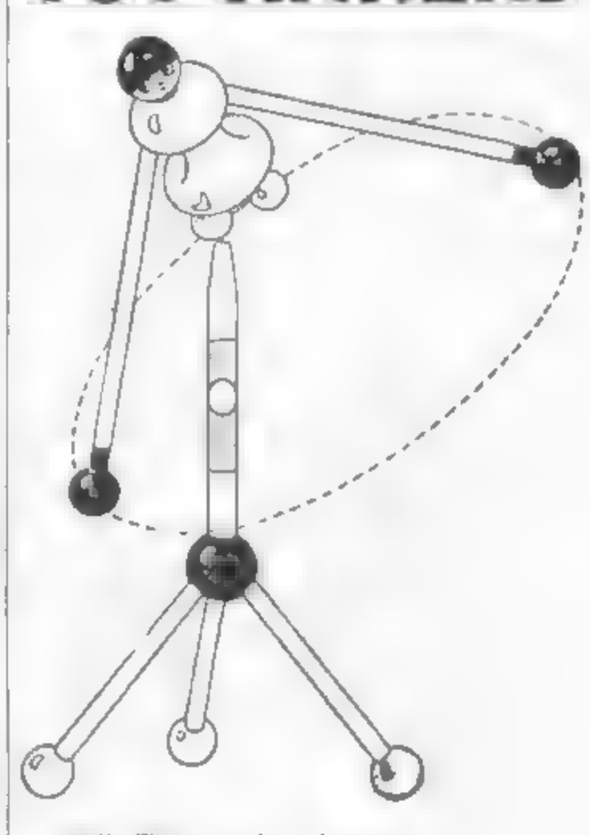
On the following day, while shaving, Lord Louis remarked:

"We shall be at Port Said to-morrow, and that worries me not a little."

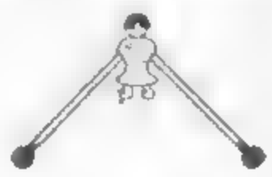
"It's a wicked place," said Jill sleepily, "but we needn't go ashore."

(Continued on Page 35)

AHOY
TOY TINKERS



Tilly Tinker nods and swings
And dances 'round in swirly rings,
Give her a twist and watch her twirl,
This cunning, round-the-rosy little dancing girl.



Just a twist, just a touch and off goes Tilly—round and round, atop of her own little Maypole—curtseying, dancing, balancing, bobbing, with far more spirit than most flesh-and-blood folk, and a nice blue jacket that won't lick off!

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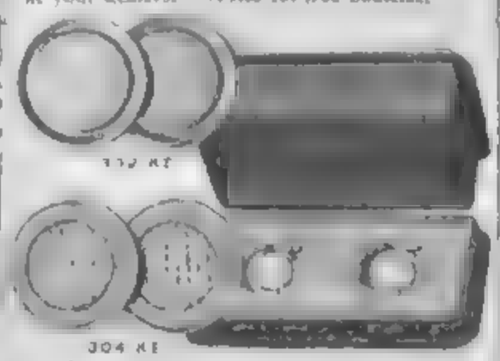

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(Continued from Page 33)

"It seems more than likely that whoever has the jewel will try to get it off the boat at the first port of call. That's practical reasoning. I must have a talk to the captain at once."

Lord Louis talked to the captain and persuaded him to issue a notice that any passenger going ashore must first undergo the formality of being searched.

"In the circumstances," he said, "I think there will be very little objection raised."

He met Rushton as he came away and casually remarked, having heard that no one was to be allowed ashore on the morrow.

"Damn, that's bad!" exclaimed the young man.

"Oh, Port Said is nothing."

"P'raps not, but I wanted to go there."

"You have some friends, perhaps?"

"No. It's—well—you'd hardly understand. But why the *prohibabo* anyway?"

"There may be nothing in it! Probably just a liner rumor." And Lord Louis walked away feeling that he did understand, better perhaps than Mr. Rushton imagined.

Later he met Mrs. Swatheling and addressed her pleasantly.

"A truly Mediterranean day," he began.

"Indeed, yes. The blues are wonderful; but even more wonderful to me is the fact that you do not appear to reflect them."

"I try to emulate the bravery of the gentleman," he replied, "who is working out a penance for a thing he didn't do."

"Glib, but hardly applicable, Lord Louis."

"I am quite sincere," he answered. "Sincere and guiltless. I owe you an apology, Mrs. Swatheling, for doubting whether your pendant was actually stolen, for I am persuaded now that was the case."

"It is wonderful how a hundred pounds a day clears the vision."

"It acts similarly on the banking account. By the way, you have heard, of course, that no one is to go ashore tomorrow without being searched."

He could not be sure, but the impression arose that Mrs. Swatheling shortened her breath for the fraction of a second.

"Doubtless your wife and yourself will remain on board then," she remarked.

"We shall," he replied. "Rumor has it that within the next few days the ship is to be ransacked in the hope of finding your pendant. But here is your son."

Richard Swatheling was hurrying toward them. He slackened his speed on seeing Lord Louis, who bade him good morning and left them alone. He looked back from the top of the companionway and noticed that mother and son were conversing earnestly together.

The Osric dropped anchor in the fairway before Port Said the following morning and the coal barges, with their antlike crews, made fast alongside. From the shore came the usual flotilla of bright-awninged small craft bearing the fezzed and pantaloned venders of Cairene scarfs, beads, trinkets, Turkish Delight, cigarettes and cheap native arms. Their ceaseless cries rose in chorus as the boats ferried up and down the great sides of the liner.

Among the first to go ashore was Kenneth Rushton. He appeared to undergo the ordeal of being searched with excellent good spirits, entering and leaving the small deckhouse with easy confidence.

"I shouldn't be surprised if he has tucked it away in the heel of his boot," remarked Lord Louis, watching the proceeding with gloomy interest.

"I don't know why," said Jill, "but I've a sort of idea he hasn't got it at all."

Not many passengers went ashore, but among those who did was young Richard Swatheling. He adopted rather a business-like air as one who has important functions to transact.

"I would love to push him into the water," was Jill's remark as he passed by. "Come along; let's see the boats on the other side of the ship."

So to the port side of the liner they made their way, and stopped a moment to listen to a native concert party, in a kind of punt, who beat tom-toms and chanted "Ini-ani-ani-ani-oo" and other Egyptian classics. Farther along the deck Mrs. Swatheling and a few ladies were watching the diving boys.

"Aren't they perfectly wonderful!" she exclaimed enthusiastically, and lavished many silver coins upon the face of the waters. "Ah, that poor fellow! He lost it—half a crown too! Richard says it is a frightfully difficult thing to do."

"Curious he should have told me it was a 'dud stunt' then," said Lord Louis in Jill's private ear.

"I really think," continued Mrs. Swatheling, "it would be a kindness to wrap the coins in pieces of white paper so they could see them better." And the good lady acted on her impulse forthwith.

"She seems very generous," said Jill.

"She can afford to be at one hundred pounds a day," Lord Louis returned.

When the coal barges drew away from the starboard side most of the small craft hastened thither that they might have the use of the gangway as a means of circulating their merchandise, and thither the majority of the passengers followed them. Mrs. Swatheling and a few others remained faithful to the port side, while Lord Louis and Jill, after a slender lunch, returned there and wandered idly up and down.

They were leaning over the bulwarks, at the end of one of their promenades, when a small, gayly painted boat containing a native came slowly alongside. The native was standing plying a single oar at the stern, a performance in which he showed no great skill. As he proceeded he gesticulated with his free hand toward the water and raised his voice in a monotonous whine:

"Sheeleeng! Sheeleeng! Sheeleeng!"

Lord Louis tossed a coin, and the native dived into the water and recovered it. He did not reënter the boat but dropped the coin on a cloth, then pushed the boat before him as he swam.

"There's something funny about that boy," said Jill. "I don't believe he's a native at all."

"Yet he is black enough," replied Lord Louis.

The swimmer shook his head to jerk the hair out of his eyes, while with the back of his hand he wiped his nose and mouth with a blunt, familiar gesture.

"Now where have I seen that before?" queried Lord Louis.

Then Jill solved the problem with finality:

"It's Master Richard Swatheling. And, anything you like, Louis, she'll throw the pendant over the side of the ship within the next five minutes."

"But she hasn't got it!"

"Of course she's got it! Oh! Oh! Oh! Think of something quickly!"

The boat and the swimmer were by this time drifting down toward the spot where Mrs. Swatheling and her friends were standing.

"Right!" said Lord Louis. "You go there, and when you think she has thrown it over try to divert her attention somehow. I'll tackle Master Richard."

Without another word he disappeared through the smoke-room entrance, descended a flight of stairs and broke into a run along the cabin corridor. As he entered his stateroom he could hear through his open porthole the cry of "Sheeleeng! Sheeleeng!" and more faintly, from above, Mrs. Swatheling's penetrating voice: "Oh, what a dear boy! I positively must give him something. I've two five-shilling pieces in my bag all ready wrapped up and I'm sure he deserves them both."

Lord Louis flung open his suitcase and produced a very new revolver, a weapon in the use of which he possessed a masterly ignorance. Then opening the porthole to its full extent he stood on the divan and looked down.

In the water, some fifteen feet below, Master Swatheling was swimming in circles, repeating his vocal formula. Something white flashed across the field of Lord Louis' vision and hit the surface with a concise splash. The swimmer disappeared, was gone for a second or two, then reëmerged, holding a small white paper packet at arm's length. He dropped it on the cloth in the boat, shook the hair from his eyes and began the performance again:

"Sheeleeng! Sheeleeng!"

But there was an anxious look on the black face, a look that convinced Lord Louis that Jill's intuition had been right. With the conviction a cold sweat broke out on his forehead, and involuntarily he found himself invoking the spirits of Leander and Captain Webb to guide the skill of Richard Swatheling in the coming ordeal.

Splash! It was a slightly heavier one this time. The swimmer disappeared and it seemed was gone forever, and then, when Lord Louis felt he could endure it no longer, up he came with a great commotion of bubbles and his right hand closed fast. A couple of strokes brought him to the boat, and the jewel was safely dropped among the

(Concluded on Page 37)

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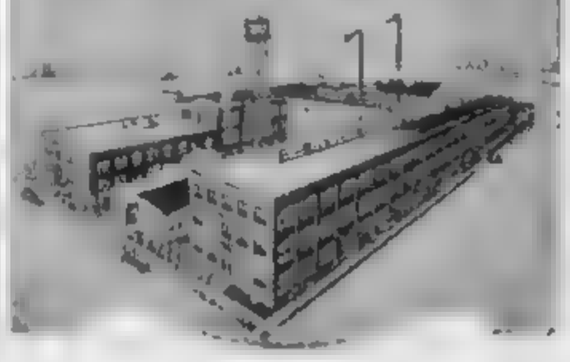

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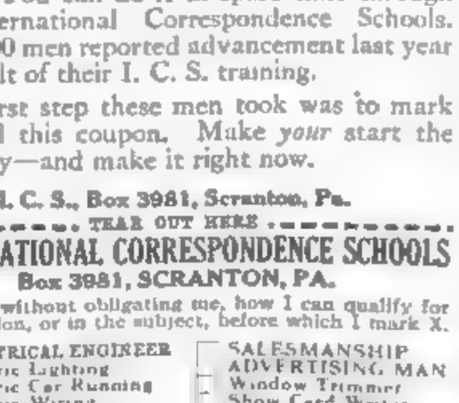

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(Concluded from Page 35)

enveloping folds of the native cloth. Simultaneously, from the deck above, came a dull cry, followed by a second.

"Well done, Jill," thought Lord Louis. "An excellent diversion." But he was at fault, for it was Jill's voice that rang out:

"Get some water quickly. Mrs. Swatheling's fainted."

Then Lord Louis, in a spirit of profound gratitude, thrust his pistol arm through the porthole and said:

"Don't go yet, Master Richard. I want to talk to you."

The swimmer executed an extraordinary aquatic evolution.

"Be careful, please. If you upset the boat I shall sink you without warning."

"Damn—damn you!" cried Richard.

"Get into the boat and listen to me."

So great are the persuasive powers of nickel plate in the sunshine that the order was promptly obeyed.

"Now," said Lord Louis, "I am going to have that pendant. Sit quite still." He stretched out his disengaged hand and rang the bell. When the steward answered it he asked for a ball of string, as quickly as possible.

"While he has gone you will oblige me by writing a few lines at dictation."

He drew from his pocket a notebook and pencil, and, judging the distance nicely, pitched it into the boat.

"Pick it up"—with a coaxing cant of the pistol—"and write 'I hereby declare Mrs. Swatheling did not lose her diamond pendant, but hid it for the purpose of blackmailing Lord Louis Lewis.' Hold it up, please, so that I can see. Excellent! Sign it! Capital."

"Louis, what are you doing?" It was Jill's voice.

"Lots of useful things," he replied.

"The string, m'lord." The steward had arrived.

"Ah, thanks! Take it, Jill; will you? That's all, steward."

"Now, Jill, if you will tie an end to your sponge bag, being careful about the knot ——"

"I see," said Jill delightedly.

She weighted the sponge bag with a nail brush and through the second porthole dropped it very neatly in the boat.

"I need hardly tell you what is required," said Lord Louis to Richard Swatheling. "Put the pendant in the bag—no, no, no, not the five-shilling piece, the pendant. That's better.

"Now the notebook. Excellent! Haul away, Jill. You had better hurry, Master Richard, you haven't overmuch time to wash off your make-up and return to the ship."

As the gayly colored sponge bag ascended from the boat, Richard Swatheling swore with a force and fluency out of proportion to his tender years.

On the shelter deck Lord Louis met Kenneth Rushton, who had just come aboard.

"I owe you an apology," he said, "for an unworthy thought."

"Good Lord, how did you figure that out!" exclaimed Rushton when Lord Louis had expressed what his fears had been.

"I noticed a label, bearing her name, in your cabin the other night, and evidence suggested you were responaible for the lights being out."

"I was," he replied, "and I don't mind telling you that label looks like costing me five thousand pounds."

"How do you mean?"

"She saw me come from her cabin and said she might call on me for that sum to forget it."

"A very capable woman," observed Lord Louis; "you will be relieved to hear the pendant has been found."

"Well, if that isn't the best news in a month of Sundays!"

"Tell me," Lord Louis interrupted, "what precisely were you doing in her cabin?"

"I was only gathering a few passenger labels for my collection. I—er—raised one from your trunk on the same night."

Lord Louis frowned, then laughed, and frowned again.

"Don't you think this craze for souvenirs is rather a mistake?" he volunteered. "You are too nice a fellow to lay yourself open to such misunderstandings."

Kenneth Rushton hung his head a shade.

"By James," he said, "I believe you! I'll chuck it right now."

From his side pocket he produced a wooden-backed hair brush stamped with the name of the Continental Hotel, two cakes of soap and a pepper pot. With a superb resignation he flung them over the side of the liner into the canal.

"Bravo!" said Lord Louis, and shook him warmly by the hand.

Mrs. Swatheling was sitting in her accustomed place on the boat deck when Lord Louis approached.

"I hear you fainted," he said.

"Yes. Strange, wasn't it?"

"Not at all. I myself was nearly affected in the same way. Your son has not yet returned?"

"*Pas encore!*"

"He is spending his 'sheeleeng' and enjoying himself, no doubt."

Mrs. Swatheling flashed a glance at him, but his features expressed nothing unusual.

"I have brought my check book," he said. He produced it as he spoke, in company with a fountain pen. Then for a moment was silent while he wrote. "There, I have made it out for three thousand pounds and propose to keep the pendant as a souvenir."

"May I ask what you mean?"

"I mean that you will tell little Miss Esmé, who I see is approaching, that you found your pendant in a fold of your evening cloak ——"

"Are you ——"

"One moment, please; and, moreover, have yielded to my persuasions to sell it. If you refuse I shall be obliged to read aloud, to all whom it may interest, the written statement of your Moore-and-Burgess-Christie-Minstrel son that you have been attempting to blackmail me."

Mrs. Swatheling lost her color but not her self-control.

"How far have you succeeded?" she demanded.

"Beyond my happiest expectations. I have the statement and I have the pendant."

"And I the sheet from your wife's notebook."

"You may keep it," said Lord Louis, "unless perhaps you prefer that we destroy all the documentary evidence at the same time."

He drew forth his notebook and opened it where Richard Swatheling's shaky hand sprawled across the page. Then she looked into his eyes and there was no love there.

"Oh, how are you now, Mrs. Swatheling?" said Esmé with tender solicitude.

"Quite myself again, dear. Indeed I have forgotten all about it in the excitement of my discovery."

"Discovery?"

"Yes, I have found my pendant in the lace of my evening wrap."

As she spoke she drew from her bag a slip of paper, bearing the terms of a certain bet. This she twisted into a ball and flicked over the liner's side.

"And," interpolated Lord Louis, "she found, furthermore, she could do so well without it she has consented to sell the jewel to me. Dear me, how paper accumulates." He tore a couple of pages from his notebook, tore them again and threw them into the air, where a light breeze sported them away. "And here, my dear lady, is your check."

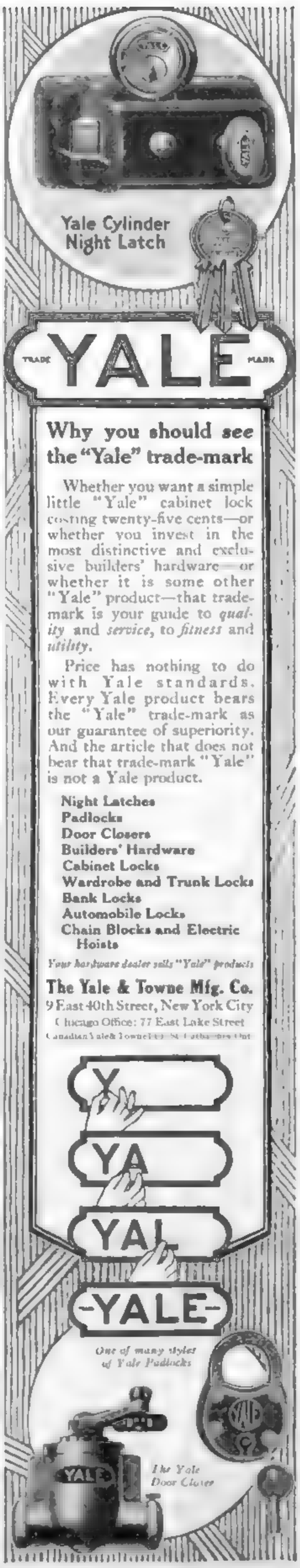
Jill was dressing for dinner when he entered the stateroom.

"Wear this," he said, laying the pendant on the table. "It is yours now."

"Why, what ever do you mean? You haven't—you didn't ——"

"Of course I did. A bet's a bet!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Jill. "You are a darling!" And she did unto a darling as a darling should be done by.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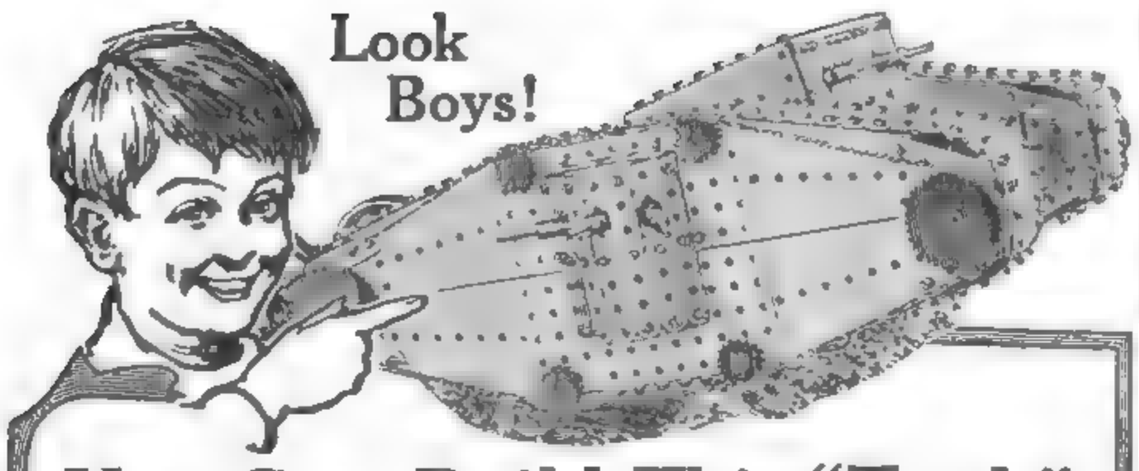

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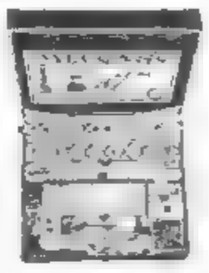

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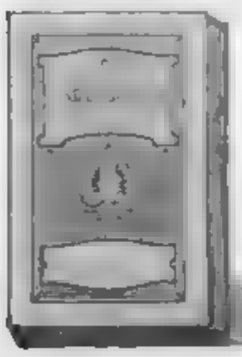

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THE BUSINESS OF WAR

(Continued from Page 5)

a manufacturer of wide and seasoned experience. The material is either purchased by the government or the transactions in it are controlled under the Defense of the Realm regulations. The conversion into the finished article is made on a basis of fixed price for each process of manufacture. The chief raw materials controlled now are wool, jute, leather, flax, hemp and semi-finished steel.

It was impossible to carry out such regulation without the aid of experts in the various industries affected. A whole new branch, composed of trained buyers and manufacturers, had to be established. In the provision of clothing, and including the purchase of the raw material, not less than one hundred technical officers are employed. Most of them are civilians who are given commissions and designated as temporary officers—who enter the service for the duration of the war. This same plan has been followed in connection with leather, jute and flax.

This all-important branch of army supply has a significance that reaches far into the future and is not without its portent for America. The more you see of it the more you realize that this is a war of materials of all kinds. So will be the war after the war. Germany will only succumb when she faces the exhaustion of the materials with which to wage the struggle. Upon it likewise depends her industrial revival or impotency.

England's organized control of raw materials not only strengthens her weapons of actual physical offense but girds her up for the grilling days of peace, when bitter and bloodless trade competition will have full sway, and when raw material will be king. But this is a look ahead. Let us see in the concrete terms of war economies what the control of materials has brought about.

Take wool. The world shortage was first felt early in 1916, and England immediately took steps to protect herself against excessive prices and to insure an adequate supply for her military purposes. First of all she bought the entire clip for $32,500,000. The purchase was made by expert wool buyers. The prices were fixed at 35 per cent above those obtaining in June and July, 1914. High as this was it was considerably lower than the market quotations at the time of the purchase.

Control of the Wool Trade

As army demands, together with neutral and American demands, increased, the whole Australian and New Zealand clips were bought for $175,000,000, which was ten per cent lower than the prevailing price. The effect of these two operations was to concentrate in the hands of the British Government the bulk of the wool supplies of the empire.

To economize transport the raw wool is shipped direct to the manufacturer. The various agencies concerned in the processes by which it is converted into the finished product are compensated at a price based on cost of production plus a reasonable profit. In this work you get a gratifying example of coöperation, because farmers, manufacturers and trades-union officials are called in to assist in the operation of the scheme. The wool that is not required by the government for war purposes is sold at market prices. Preference is given to the needs of the British export trade, for the purpose of maintaining the foreign exchanges, and the prices are kept as stable as possible.

The control of British and Colonial wool has resulted in immense economies for the state. The effect of war conditions upon market prices of the raw material has been greatly minimized, even eliminated, while the fixed price of the raw material has enabled the War Office to control the cost of production at every stage. In actual money it has meant a saving to the government of $65,000,000.

Take leather. The army needs, as may be supposed, are enormous. Boots, harness, saddlery and leather equipment for horses and belting for factories are required in huge quantities. During nine months in 1915 the government bill for these supplies was $75,000,000. This tremendous demand sent prices soaring, owing to the competition between manufacturers for the raw material. So John Bull got busy with another control. A statistical survey of the tanning trade was made and the visible supply of leather commandeered. Exports of leather were forbidden and tanners were assisted to make purchases in South America. The fangs of the Defense of the Realm Acts were put into the whole business, which at once came under military direction.

The technical and trade experts attached to the Contracts Division were given full play for their talents, and the whole leather industry took on a new scope and life. Among other things kips for leather uppers were bought in large quantities in India. This operation became invested with a peculiar interest because the trade was largely in German hands before the war. The price of leather produced from these kips is about twenty-four cents a foot, while that of the corresponding leather from British hides is forty-two cents a foot. This whole control of leather has not only enabled Britain to supply her war needs but to provide for some of the requirements of her Allies. She made 7,000,000 pairs of boots for the Russian Army. It is estimated that the saving to the War Office has approximated not less than $15,000,000. This is exclusive of the saving in the purchase of the Indian kips, where the economies are about $6,000,000.

The Case of Barbed Wire

So too with jute, flax and hemp. The necessity for control in these commodities was caused by the immense quantities required by the army for sandbags and other jute bags, sacking, tent linen, general equipment, aëroplane cloth and rope. The government prohibited importation of raw jute and then requisitioned all unsold raw material in the country. This was followed by an equitable distribution of the supply among the spinners at a fixed price.

With flax a whole new agricultural activity was set in motion. Private import was prohibited and large quantities of flax-seed were imported and sown in the North of Ireland. The production of seed in Ireland, Canada and India was encouraged. It is an evidence of the growing desire of Great Britain to be self-sufficient during and after the war. As in the cases of wool and leather, huge savings have been brought about. The control of jute manufacture alone has saved the British Government $30,000,000. In hemp the margin of profit for shippers has been reduced from $175 to $125 a ton. The estimated annual turnover on 70,000 tons has produced a combined profit and saving of $5,850,000.

The temptation is strong to linger over more of these war economies for the reason that they have such enormous meaning for America and her part in the war. The case of barbed wire is one in point. Only those people who have seen this war know that it is a war of wire. Northern France and Flanders are grim and rusty forests of barbed entanglement.

In 1915, when the war was getting into its stride, the British output of barbed wire had fallen to 250 tons a week. The army requirements were four times that much. Barbed wire is produced from wire rods. Before the war most of this was secured from Germany and Belgium. The German product was the cheapest because it was a subsidized industry. This supply was automatically cut off by the war; the only source left was America, and the price and freight on her output rose skyward.

England thereupon set out to develop her wire-rod production. Steel billets were provided by the Ministry of Munitions, which controls all the available steel; and the furnaces began to roar. Before long the output had grown from 250 tons a week to 950. The government reserves the entire output and distributes the rods among the various wire makers according to their requirements. Not only is the whole industry reorganized but the usual big saving, due to control, has been effected. Whereas wire rods cost $150 a ton in the open market the government produces them at about $72 a ton.

With tea, one of the mainstays of British life and a strong support of the Tommy, a tremendous economy has been effected by cutting out the middleman and transmitting the raw material direct from producer to consumer. Formerly the tea was bought where it lay and collected by army transport for delivery to a bonded warehouse for

(Continued on Page 41)

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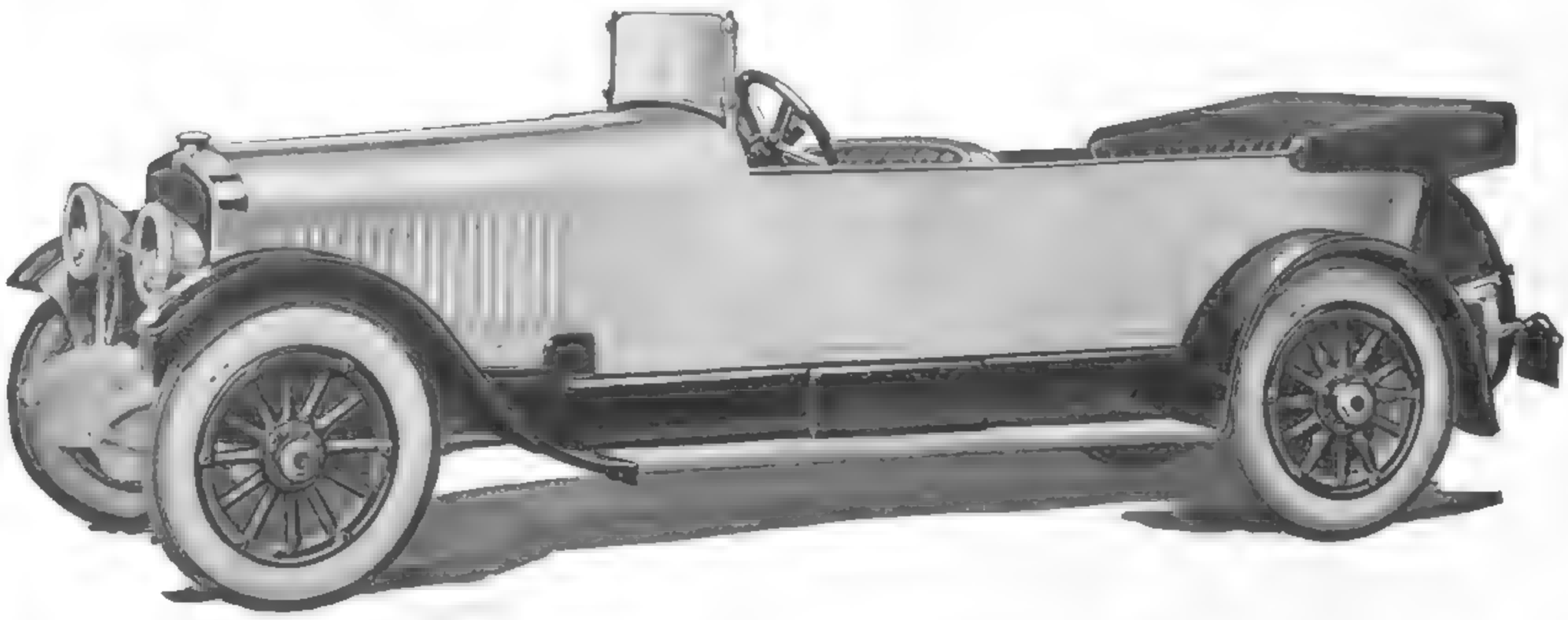

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(Continued from Page 38)

blending and packing. It was then sent to the home-supply depots or direct to France. This was costly and complicated. The tea is now bought f. o. b. Calcutta and other places and sent without blending on Admiralty ships straight to the depots or to France in the original package. There is a big saving in price and in shipping, handling and warehousing. The price paid under the old system varied from twenty to twenty-two cents a pound; under the new arrangement it can be laid down for eighteen cents a pound. Considering that England is buying a total of sixty million pounds of tea this year you can see that it is a considerable item.

One more commodity, jam, will serve to show still another phase of the British war-supply economy. Until recently the jam was bought by competitive bids. Now it is purchased under unique auspices. Eight of the leading jam manufacturers have been formed into a government committee which buys all the fruit necessary for the government supply. This prevents competition and a consequent increase in price. The firms are then paid for the actual cost of the fruit and sugar used; for the actual cost of delivery of the fruit and sugar to their works and of the finished jam to the military depots and for the actual cost of time and cases, plus five per cent profit if the manufacturers make their own cases. A fixed rate has been established for each hundred pounds. It is based on previous profits, and all manufacturers have been required to produce their books extending back three years before the war. Not only is jam cheaper, but it is greatly improved in quality.

I have cited these examples of supply saving to show that the conduct of the business of war is as efficient and economical as any enterprise conducted for profit. What is equally important is that this control procedure points the way to a post-war industrial regeneration that will make the British Empire a formidable world-trade factor.

This whole procession of army supply begins and ends with a contract. How is it made? Consult a chart in the office of the Surveyor General of Supply and you can see the consecutive processes from the time the demand comes in from the war area—the field—or the home and other stations until the goods are actually delivered to the supply depot or the army units.

Checking Expenditures

Every tender, or bid as it is known in America, invited—and exactly 204,985 were asked for during the last fiscal year—is on a form specially prepared by the War Office.

The specification, be it for meat cleaver or hospital tent, is carefully drawn, duplicated by the hundred, and sent with the blank tender form to the bidder.

At this point you naturally ask: How is the Contracts Division to put its finger at once on available bidders? Go to Imperial House, in Tothill Street, London, and you will find out. In this immense establishment, which houses the thousands of clerks of the Contracts Division, you will discover a card index containing the names of 70,000 manufacturers or dealers. These firms are in every neutral or allied country, but mainly in Great Britain, Canada, America and Australia. They can produce anything that the British Armies want. When the armies cannot get what they want from some outside concern the government makes it on its own account.

If, for example, bids for biscuits are desired, you simply turn to the cards marked "Biscuits." On them you will find the names of every available biscuit-producing establishment in Great Britain and the United States. More than this, you will find a record of every contract that the firm has had with the British Government, the date and the price.

Hence all that is necessary is to send blank tenders with specifications or samples to every biscuit firm on the list. In order to get the widest competition and to encourage all British firms to compete for army contracts, samples and specifications are sometimes sent to boards of trade with a view of interesting their members.

All bids are opened by a tender board consisting of the Director of Army Contracts, a representative of the Financial Department and a representative of the Quartermaster General. If it is a matter of food the latter will be Q. M. G. 6.

Once the contract is made it is followed through every process of manufacture. It is under constant scrutiny from inspectors and speeders-up. If a contractor lags behind in his order or defaults, the government buys the article contracted for elsewhere and charges it up to the delinquent one.

Every contract goes to the Finance Bureau. Not a penny is paid out until actual delivery is certified. A check is then sent by the Treasury and the transaction, so far as the Surveyor General of Supply is concerned, is ended.

You will readily understand that thousands of contracts are made every week. How then can the Surveyor General keep tab on all of them? It is only through an organized checking system that he can find out how much money he is spending for the government. Come with me once more into Mr. Weir's office and I will show you how this is done.

Every morning he finds on his desk a "Daily Return of Contracts, Requisitions and Orders to Agents," as it is technically known. It is a huge sheet recording every contract made the day before. It shows the quantity, value and price, together with a statement of the last contract made for the same article, the price, date and amount then ordered. The only contracts now shown on this daily return are so-called exceptional demands, like orders for two or three million blankets.

Northcliffe's Brother's Job

Every Monday morning Mr. Weir gets a weekly contract statement headed "Approximate Values of Contracts During Week ——" It shows, by days, the total amounts contracted for in every one of the major departments of supply during the preceding week. It is divided into two sections, one for contracts for definite quantities; the other for continuation contracts, which are contracts producing fixed quantities weekly or monthly. On this weekly contract return is also a statement of sales by the department. The War Office, as you shall see in a later article, sells as well as buys. The main purpose of this sheet, however, is to enable the Surveyor General to know on Monday morning every dollar that has been spent for supplies the week previous.

Some sections of the Contracts domain are so huge that they become separate and self-sufficient principalities. The Royal Army Clothing Department furnishes the most effective example. Here you have a monster enterprise that spends $250,000,000 a year.

The director general is Lord Rothermere, a civilian, brother of Lord Northcliffe and cast in the same virile and upstanding mold. He controls half a dozen industrial establishments, runs a string of successful periodicals on the side and represents the highest type of commercial magnate recruited for the business of war. He is virtually head of the war-created ready-made clothing trust in England, because all needles in the kingdom fly at his will. The wearing-apparel needs of the British soldiers come ahead of those of the civilian. After food the next most important supply item is clothes. The machine for garment and accessory provision is characteristic of the thoroughness and efficiency that mark the whole British supply organization. It is charted and diagramed so comprehensively that you can easily follow every stage.

The Royal Army Clothing Department is primarily a vast department store that provides its own stocks. The control of wool, which I have described, solved the principal problem of production. The contracts are let to regular manufacturers. Each one has a definite article to produce. It may be jacket, trousers, puttee, sock, shoe or cap. There is more to the job, however, than merely placing orders and watching the goods come in. It means constant touch with all trade complications; knowledge of raw materials; meeting labor conditions and forecasting future requirements.

Inspection plays a large part in the army-clothing scheme. Every garment must be made up to specifications or it goes back to the maker. Some idea of the scope and effectiveness of inspection is obtained when you learn that out of 3,000,000 pieces of clothing inspected last July, 117,000 were rejected. Out of 2,000,000 pairs of shoes sent in 68,000 pairs were turned down. In one lot of 184,000 sheepskin coats—worn by motor-truck drivers—27,000 were found to be below standard.

For "Christmas" 1917!

Give her a HOOVER electric

The Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper is positively the only "vacuum cleaner" which

—vigorously shakes carpetings and thereby vibrates loose the hidden, harmful grit.

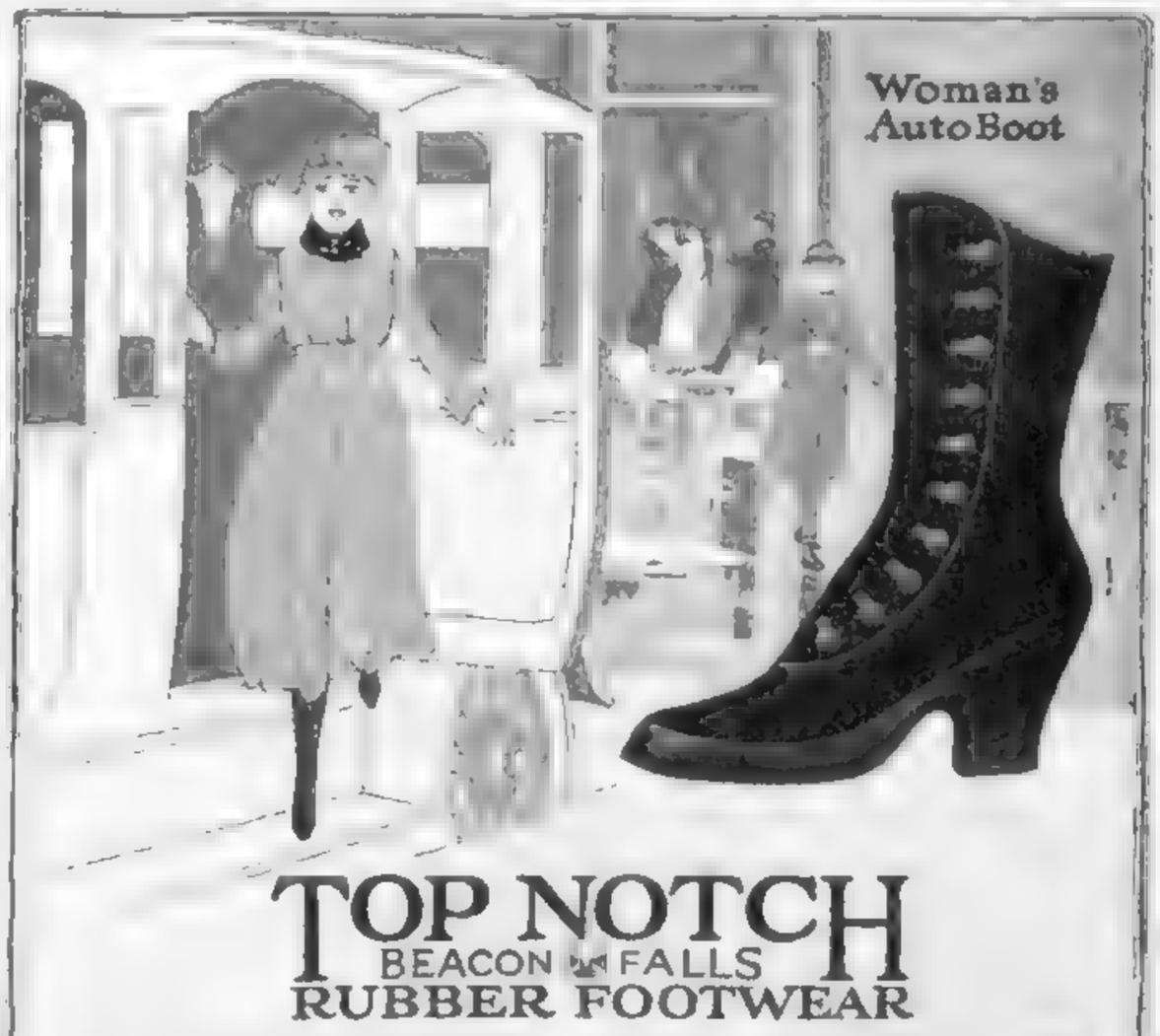
—instantly sweeps up all stubborn-clinging hairs, threads, lint and litter.

For only the Hoover has a soft hair brush driven by the electric motor. Revolving over 1,000 times a minute, this patented brush gently beats and thoroughly sweeps carpetings. Powerful suction constantly withdraws the loosened dirt into a dust-tight bag.

The Hoover is guaranteed (1) to clean more thoroughly than any other vacuum cleaner, (2) to greatly prolong the life of all carpets and rugs, (3) to restore colorings in carpetings.

Give "her" a Hoover and you give her the best. Let the Hoover dealer prove this. "How to Choose a Vacuum Cleaner," a very helpful booklet, on request.

The Hoover Suction Sweeper Co., Box 9, New Berlin, O.



TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

There's no finer gift for a woman than a pair of these wonderful Auto Boots—they are the very latest thing to protect her feet from cold, rain, snow and wind wherever she may go in winter.

These boots take the place of arctics but are very much more stylish. Note their beautiful shape. They are white fleece-lined to their high tops and as warm and comfortable as they are good-looking and fine-fitting.

Top Notch rubber footwear is in a class by itself for style, fit, finish and lasting service. Top Notch rubbers and arctics make the feet look smaller than others and have patented heels that last as long as the soles.

The Top Notch dealer in your town or city is a man who believes in selling goods which give long service and satisfaction, because he is willing to pay a little more for Top Notch rubbers than for the ordinary kind. Write for his name and for our attractive Booklet "C

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO., Dept. C, Beacon Falls, Conn.

New York Chicago Boston
Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco

Hydrox

Chocolate Biscuits

Dainty biscuit-bonbons

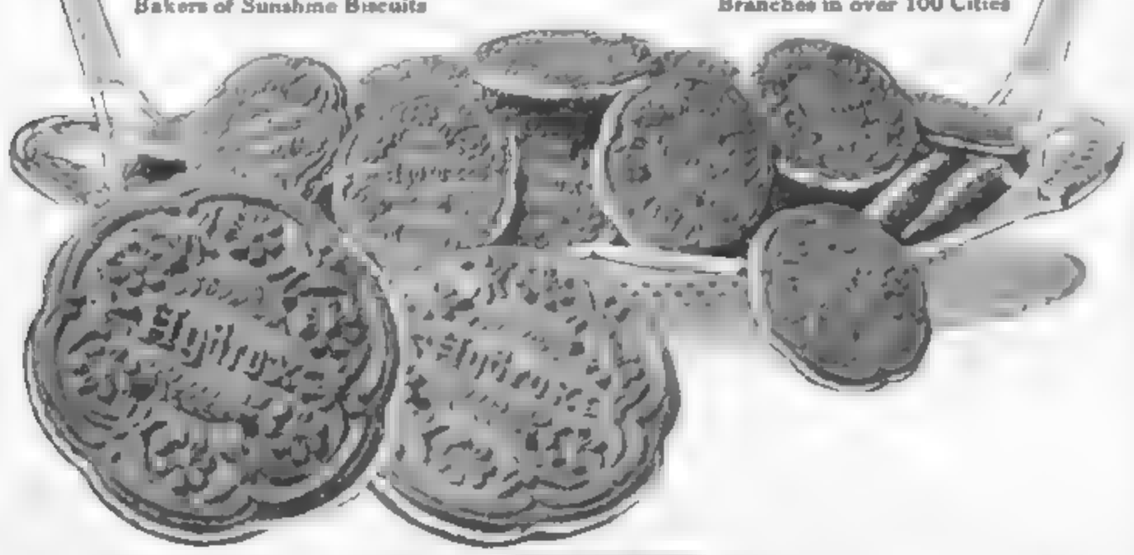
Delightful chocolate-and-cream confections for any occasion where either sweet biscuits or candies are appropriate. With all the crisp nutriment of a biscuit, skilfully blended with cool, snowy cream, a Hydrox Chocolate Biscuit is one of the most delightful of all of the varieties of

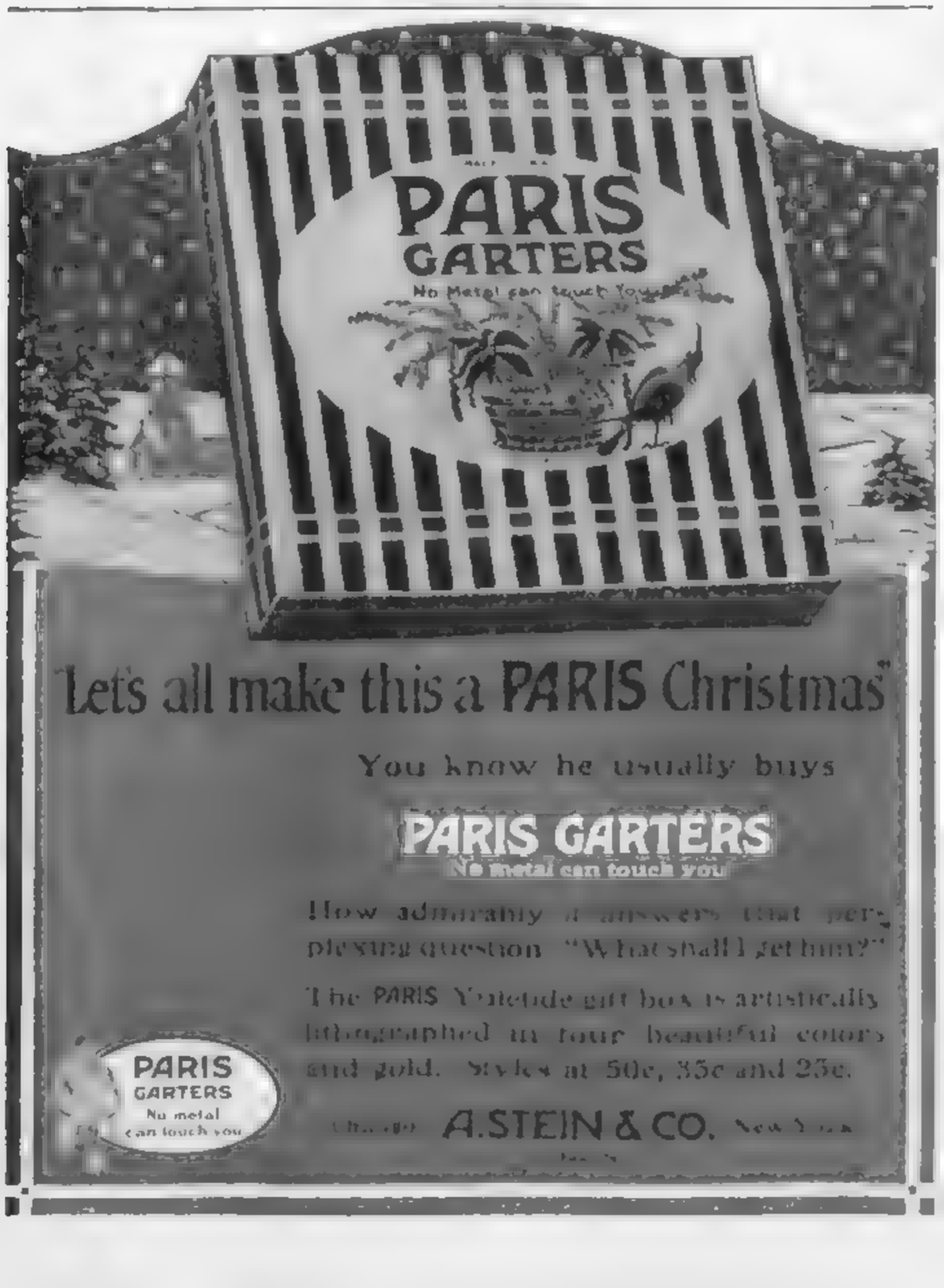
Sunshine Biscuits

In no other food can you purchase such deliciousness, such great food value, such variety, at so low a cost as you can in Sunshine Biscuits. They should be ordered for your table just as regularly as bread or butter or sugar. *Sold in sealed packages or in bulk by the pound.*

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits — Branches in over 100 Cities




PARIS
GARTERS
No Metal can touch You
Let's all make this a PARIS Christmas
You know he usually buys
PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you
How admirably it answers that perplexing question "What shall I get him?"
The PARIS Yuletide gift box is artistically lithographed in four beautiful colors and gold. Styles at 50c, 35c and 25c.
PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you
A. STEIN & CO.

The British Army clothing contract is a model of its kind. The continuation system is used. This means that contracts are placed so as to produce a given quantity every week. Combined with this system is a "break" clause, which stipulates a four weeks' notice on either side before the contract is broken. In this way the public purse is safeguarded because in the event that the war ends suddenly all contracts can be closed down in one month instead of three, six or nine months, which would be the case if there were no such agreement. The whole continuation system—which we may well emulate—standardizes production and provides for an even and constant distribution of work and output.

The British have found that the key to successful army-clothing supply is to place orders so that arrears are eliminated. Arrears are goods overdue for delivery. To render them impossible a census of machinery is taken periodically, with the idea of placing contracts so that no contractor will try to manufacture more than the capacity of his plant. He is thus prevented from taking on more than he can produce and then farming out the surplus to the sweatshop.

As with food the clothing supply must be made continuous and unfailing. The clothing and accessory demands are transmitted from the Front to the Divisional Ordnance Stores officer, who issues the requirements from a field base. A check is kept on every article that goes out so that it can be instantly replaced. If 10,000 overcoats are issued at X Base in France a duplicate number are sent over from England the very next day and 10,000 more are ordered from the factory.

Glance at the statistics of the Royal Army Clothing Department and you get a staggering array of figures. Since the outbreak of the war 24,500,000 pairs of shoes and 17,700,000 khaki jackets have been issued. The total issues for the last fiscal year include 12,160,000 flannel shirts, 26,000,000 socks, 6,000,000 jackets, 6,000,000 pairs of trousers, 2,200,000 overcoats, 3,370,000 caps and hats and 3,500,000 cardigans.

To manufacture and equip this immense array of stuff were required 52,000,000 yards of flannel; 437,000,000 buttons; 5,500,000 yards of overcoat cloth; 11,125,000 yards of drab serge; 154,000 gross of hooks and eyes.

Getting Supplies to the Front

Yet this is only one detail of departmental supply. Other items issued during a year by the Royal Army Clothing Department maintain the standard of these titanic numerals. They comprised 9,148,000 puttees, 8,000,000 Turkish towels, 3,700,000 toothbrushes, 2,300,000 shaving brushes, 3,500,000 razors, 4,687,000 pairs of suspenders, 3,700,000 table knives, 3,500,000 forks, 3,738,000 spoons and 2,635,000 "housewives," for Tommy must do his own sewing in the trenches. From these facts you can see the enormity of the job of equipping the American Army on anything like the scale that the European war demands.

So much for the Contracts branch. It has done its work. Throughout the world the machines in thousands of factories are humming to provide the supplies that will feed and clothe the British Armies. On millions of acres, from Canada to Australia, crops are being grown and harvested, forests felled and flocks shorn to the same consuming end. The producer has qualified; it is now up to the distributor to take up the task. Thus it comes about that we hitch our wagon to the star of the Quartermaster General and his cohorts and see how the supplies are mobilized and sent on their way to sustain and to clothe.

At once you find yourself in contact with a close-knit and perfectly geared system. But this time you are nearer to actual war. You meet with losses; you touch disaster; you comprehend for the first time the wrack and agony of suspense. You find that even with the transport of the unromantic biscuit there are thrills and dangers.

It is one thing to order supplies from the safety and comfort of an office in London or through an agent in Montreal, Chicago or Sydney; it is quite another to get those supplies across the perilous seas to their destination.

The Quartermaster General picks up the task of supply from the moment that the contract is made, and nurses the commodity along every stage of its journey toward consumption. This means of course that there must be: First, the closest possible coöperation between the two departments; second, the most intimate coördination between the overseas forces and the mobilizing and distributing agencies. The whole genius of organization is dedicated to one dynamic purpose—not to be caught unawares. Eternal vigilance and teamwork are the watchwords of these sleepless stewards of the soldier stomach.

Two distinct labors confront the Quartermaster General: One is to get the supplies mobilized in England—the only cargoes that go straight to France are bulk stuff like oats and flour; the other is to trans-ship these supplies to France and the other theaters of war in sufficient and continuous quantities to maintain the armies.

You have already seen how the army needs are made known through the monthly or trimonthly demands. But these demands are subject to daily, even hourly amendment. Emergencies rise out of the swift and tragic march of war events that must be quickly dealt with. Here are some instances:

One day the Quartermaster General got a telephone request from France for one hundred fathoms of wire rope with a tensile strength of twenty-five tons. Such a rope was practically unheard of. It later developed that it was needed to haul a tank out of a shell hole. The only shop in London carrying this cable was discovered, and it was on the way to France the next day.

Thirty-Day Reserves

There is a constant string of requests for articles that must be created on the spur of the demand. At the height of the first battle of the Somme the terrific mud made it necessary to bring up shells on the backs of mules and horses. Trucks were useless in the sea of slush. "Send carriers for shells" was the frantic appeal from the Front. The Director of Ordnance and Equipment Stores devised a scheme of wooden holders connected by chains, which could be slung over the pack-animal's back. In forty-eight hours thousands of the carriers were not only under construction but some were already at the field of battle.

During that first terrible winter of war, when the British regular soldier lived a lifetime of horror in the frozen trenches, the problem of a portable food container that would keep food hot had to be solved. It was impossible to make bottles in sufficient quantities, so tin tubs were requisitioned. A layer of horsehair, a nonconductor, was put within the lining, and it met the requirements.

About this time came the first attacks of trench or frozen feet—not cold feet in the American slang vernacular, however. A remedy had to be found. The department chemists got the request late in the afternoon, worked all night compounding a chemical solution, and 20,000 gallons were headed for the Front the following day.

But irrespective of these unexpected variations from the even and nicely calculated course of army supply there is always the supreme responsibility of keeping the structure intact. The cornerstone of this structure is the reserve, which is a definite quantity of food calculated to feed a certain number of troops for a certain time. It must be maintained at all hazards. It thus becomes the insurance against breakdown in transport, enemy action—all those menaces that beset the lines of food communication.

All British supply depots are required to keep a fixed reserve. This is why the huge assemblages of food in England are called supply-reserve depots. The reserve is always designated in terms of days. Let us assume for the purpose of illustration that the fixed or authorized reserve is thirty days. This means that in every depot or base enough essential supplies must be kept to feed its dependent army for thirty days. The job, therefore, is to keep tab on this reserve. Making thirty days the authorized reserve gives the Quartermaster General sufficient leeway to replenish stocks even in far-away places like Saloniki. Here you have the secret of maintaining an uninterrupted supply of food for millions of troops scattered in the four quarters of the globe.

In order to know just where he stands the Quartermaster General must reconcile daily needs—which is consumption—actual reserve available at home and abroad, and supplies contracted for. This requires constant juggling, but it has all been reduced

(Continued on Page 44)

Build of Wood and Build NOW

To Build this House
NOW
the income from
HALF AS MANY HOGS
or
HALF AS MUCH COTTON
or
HALF AS MUCH CORN
or
HALF AS MUCH WHEAT
is required as was required in 1914

SOUTHERN PINE SERVICE ASSOCIATION

Love of Home

is a dominant American instinct, intensified when war threatens the home's security. Our fondest memories picture the habitations we knew in childhood, and such memories are our best legacy of sentiment to give our children. A national slogan might well be, ***"Own Your Own Home!"***

Build YOUR home now, and with America's own home-building material—honest, serviceable lumber; remembering that the most economical and adaptable of woods on the market today is

Southern Pine

"The Wood of Service"

In the general advance in prices of ninety-seven of our most important commodities in the last three years, that of Southern Pine has been by far the least. Why wait until war's demands here and abroad force up its costs?

The quality of Southern Pine lumber is *absolutely guaranteed* if it comes from any of the more than two hundred giant saw mills which are members of the Southern Pine Association. And your home lumber dealer and architect already have, or can easily get, many valuable building helps distributed free by the Association.

Ask for those helps—ask NOW!

For the
Southern Pine Association
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

"Now, that's what I call a sensible gift!"

All Manning-Bowman Gifts are sensible—and in these days any other kind of gift is tabooed. M-B Gifts are beautiful; and have been noted for superb quality for more than 50 years.

Manning-Bowman

Gift Suggestions

are made in nickel plate, silver plate and solid copper. Only a few of the many designs are illustrated.

Hotakold Vacuum Vessels have set entirely new standards in attractiveness and durability. They keep liquids *cold* for 72 hours, and *hot* for 24 hours.

See them in novelty shops, jewelry, house-furnishing, hardware and department stores.

Write for catalog M-22 and we will send with it a book of chafing dish recipes.

MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.
Sole Distributors for the
VACUUM SPECIALTY COMPANY

ATWATER KENT

SCIENTIFIC IGNITION

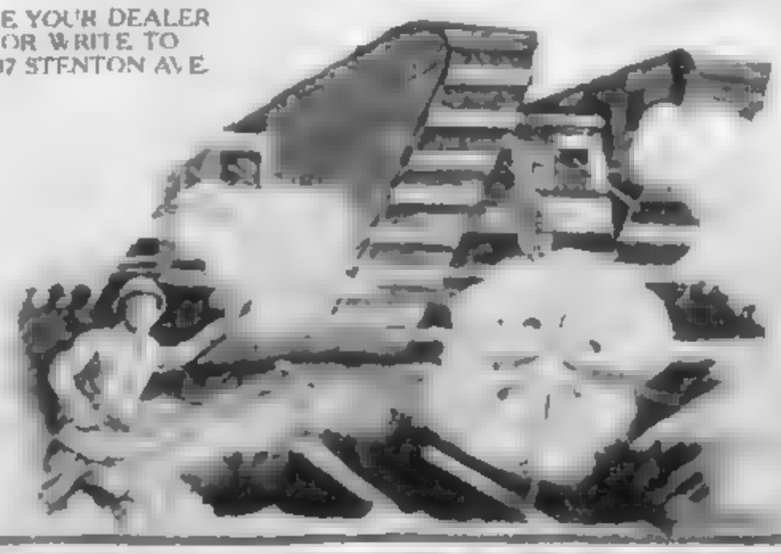
CORRECT IN PRINCIPLE
SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION
UNFAILING IN PERFORMANCE

Thirty manufacturers of representative American cars, tractors and motors recognize this and have adopted it as standard equipment.

Atwater Kent Scientific Ignition will replace any magneto on any car and give better ignition service. There is a type for every car made, electrically equipped or not.

ATWATER KENT MFG. WORKS *Philadelphia*

SEE YOUR DEALER
OR WRITE TO
4937 STENTON AVE



(Continued from Page 42)

to such a precise science that there has never been a break in the chain.

Here is where the coördination between the production and distribution branches of the business of war proves its value. One of the links is the weekly-progress report. It is a form, filled in with a typewriter, which contains a list of all the food and supplies contracted for. It is really a book, for it includes an index of items and the pages on which they appear. This report, which is furnished by the Surveyor General of Supply to the Quartermaster General, literally shows "The progress made each week toward the completion of contracts entered into for supplies for the expeditionary forces." I quote the exact title. It is a remarkably efficient exhibit—another evidence of the ingenuity of the supply scheme.

On this report you see a description of the article ordered, the number of the demand on which it originally appeared, the name of the contractor, the quantity to be produced, the amount already delivered, the balance due. If this balance is to be delivered in weekly or monthly installments the precise facts are stated. By looking at the progress report the Quartermaster General's aid, who has to do with biscuits, for instance, can tell what the whole biscuit situation is. If it is set forth that 10,000,000 pounds are to be delivered to the supply depots in England on the first of every month he can plan the distribution of it to the last tin. So with every other item on the list. Since the progress report meets the requirements as set forth in the monthly report there is seldom any surplus. Waste is minimized.

The progress report is just one cog in the system of army-supply intelligence which enables the Quartermaster General to sit at his desk in London with his finger on the control of the whole machine. I will now show how it works in connection with the expeditionary force in France, which involves millions of men, hundreds of thousands of animals, and makes, so far as bulk is concerned, the heaviest subsistence demands. Yet it is supplied as easily as if it were one-fiftieth the size.

Daily Food Reports

Every day the Quartermaster General receives by wire from the General Headquarters in France the daily state-of-supplies report. It shows the number of days' reserves of all essential supplies—food, forage and fuel—on hand at noon the day before at all the base and advanced supply depots in France. It also shows the authorized reserve and the number of troops and animals fed. If the authorized reserve, let us say, is thirty days and X Depot reports ten days' supply of bacon the Quartermaster General wonders why that reserve is not kept up. He has it increased at once. He gets a similar telegram from every other theater of war. From these reports is made the general supply state, which is the document to which I referred at the beginning of this article and which summarizes the British supply state everywhere.

Another document which shows the centralization of supply information is the report of feeding strength which is sent in every day from all the armies. This is necessary because of the variety of the demands made upon the feeding facilities. On this sheet you can see the numerical strength of every army unit above railhead—which means the men at the Front; the forces on the lines of communication, which comprise the Army Service Corps; the reserves and the troops resting after having been in action; hospital patients; medical staff; nurses, Allies, civilians and prisoners of war. All must be fed. In short, the total gross feeding strength is revealed here. One distinctive feature of this report is that while it shows every mouth that must be fed in France it also shows the quantity of food "packed" for these mouths; packed means sent up from the supply depots. These figures should equalize each other. If more food is packed than is consumed then some one must answer for waste.

This is the system for France. It is no less complete and up to the minute for Saloniki, Egypt, Africa or Mesopotamia, where the food must travel hundreds of miles instead of the comparatively few leagues across the Channel. From every far-away overseas force comes a daily-state telegram called the urgency report, which gives the daily state of supplies and the fixed-reserve requirements. If Saloniki wires "Jam 23 Tea 20 Biscuit 15" it means that she has twenty-three days' supply of jam, twenty of tea and fifteen of biscuit. All is well, for more is on the way. But if she wires "Jam 5" it means that she has only five days' supply left. The replenishment of her stores has been sunk and the Quartermaster General must bestir himself to build up the reserve.

By the process that I have just outlined the Quartermaster General is absolute master of the situation. The knowledge of all demand and supply is at his fingers' ends, and this knowledge not only spells power but provision.

We now come to the final link in the supply chain, so far as England is concerned. It is the supply-reserve depot, where food mobilization, prior to shipment to the overseas forces, occurs. The supply depot had its origin in the food magazine inaugurated by Gustavus Adolphus. The Lion of the North would be bewildered, however, at the extent to which his primitive idea of army-supply segregation has grown if he could see one of these institutions to-day.

Supply-Reserve Depots

There are various supply-reserve depots in England. I went to the largest because it was also the most picturesque. It is located not so many miles from the Strand—a pleasant and historic spot, washed by the Thames, where John Evelyn lived and Samuel Pepys often came. Here dwelt Peter the Great during his sojourn in England; from its ancient wharves Sir Francis Drake's Golden Hind swung at anchor in the olden days.

In August, 1914, this place was a moderately sized cattle market; to-day it is a supply depot with a capacity for a month's rations for 1,000,000 men and 375,000 horses. It ships 30,000 tons of supplies to France every day. Incidentally it also carries provision for 300,000 troops training in that particular part of England and their 30,000 animals. Such is the marvel of war expansion under the pressure of incessant demand.

A flood of supplies pours into the depot, day and night, by rail, barge and motor truck. It is a dynamo of energy and movement. The stuff is all stored in immense warehouses, which are named and numbered. It is then repacked according to the needs of troops abroad and shipped away again. The officer in charge gets a copy of the monthly demand of the overseas forces. He knows therefore what he must provide. He also receives a copy of the progress report, which enables him to know what he is to receive. Once more you get the usual example of complete working information.

At this depot, as well as at all other supply depots, British supply organization repeats itself. The three thousand employees are manned as military units and with perfect coördination. There is a Department of Requirements, which allots quantities; a Stores Section, which keeps track of stocks and renewals; a Home Section, which looks after the requirements of the home forces that are supplied; a Foreign Section, which watches overseas demands and the progress report; a Movements Bureau, which loads and unloads the freight cars and keeps the channels of traffic clear; a Shipping Branch, which deals with loading and tonnage.

Some of the supplies go straight to France by barge; the rest is railed to the southern ports and loaded on ships. Every ship carries duplicate invoices of the cargo. One of these is checked up at the receiving port and returned to the shipper as a receipt; the other remains at the receiving port and becomes the first link in a new chain of accounting that follows the supplies to their final destination.

In order to obtain the closest possible coöperation the commanding officer—designated an Assistant Director of Supplies—sends a circular memorandum, mimeographed, round to all his section heads every day setting forth the day's requirements in every department with special reference to transport. Thus the biscuit man knows what the tinned-meat man is doing, and so on. It enables all to work together. Likewise, there is a daily progress report showing what has been done the day before.

Each day a report on receipts, packing and shipments is sent to the Quartermaster General; every two weeks a complete "State of Supplies Dispatched Overseas"

(Concluded on Page 47)

Purina Branzos

The food that keeps everyone fit!

Purina Branzos solves the problem of how to keep the digestion regular. It provides the *natural* way of stimulating the digestive organs to normal action.

Purina Branzos is a health food, with all the virtues of the bran coat, plus the delicious flavor and nutriment of the wheat. It makes delicious muffins, porridge, bread, etc. In checkerboard packages bearing a red cross, at your grocer's.

Ralston

is a daily treat in millions of homes. It is the foundation food of childhood—contains the very elements that growing children need to build strong constitutions. Its tempting whole wheat flavor and natural color make it welcome every day. Buy a checkerboard box—ask your grocer today.

Sample Packages

Ralston—Purina Branzos—Purina Whole Wheat Flour—each sufficient for one meal. Select any two and send 10c for mailing. All three 15c. (East of Rockies.) Recipe Folders Free.

Ralston Purina Company, 876 Gratiot Street, St. Louis, Mo.

GRATON & KNIGHT

Standardized Series

LEATHER BELTING

Tanned by us for belting use

GRATON AND KNIGHT

Coal—Power—Belts—Production

YOU invest your money in coal to get power—POWER—the basis of production. If power leaks out in transmission, *it never becomes production.*

That is why selection of the belting that will transmit the greatest amount of power is a vital matter. It does not receive the careful study which it demands.

First: Use *leather* belting—the material that guarantees least power leakage; that is standard for main drives; that stands the mauling of shifters; that can be easily spliced and repaired; that when partly worn can be cut down for narrower pulleys; that has greatest elasticity and pulley-grip.

Second: Don't select belting on specification. Select it on scientific adaptation to the *work to be done.* Right here is the reason for the superiority of Graton & Knight Standardized Series Leather Belting.

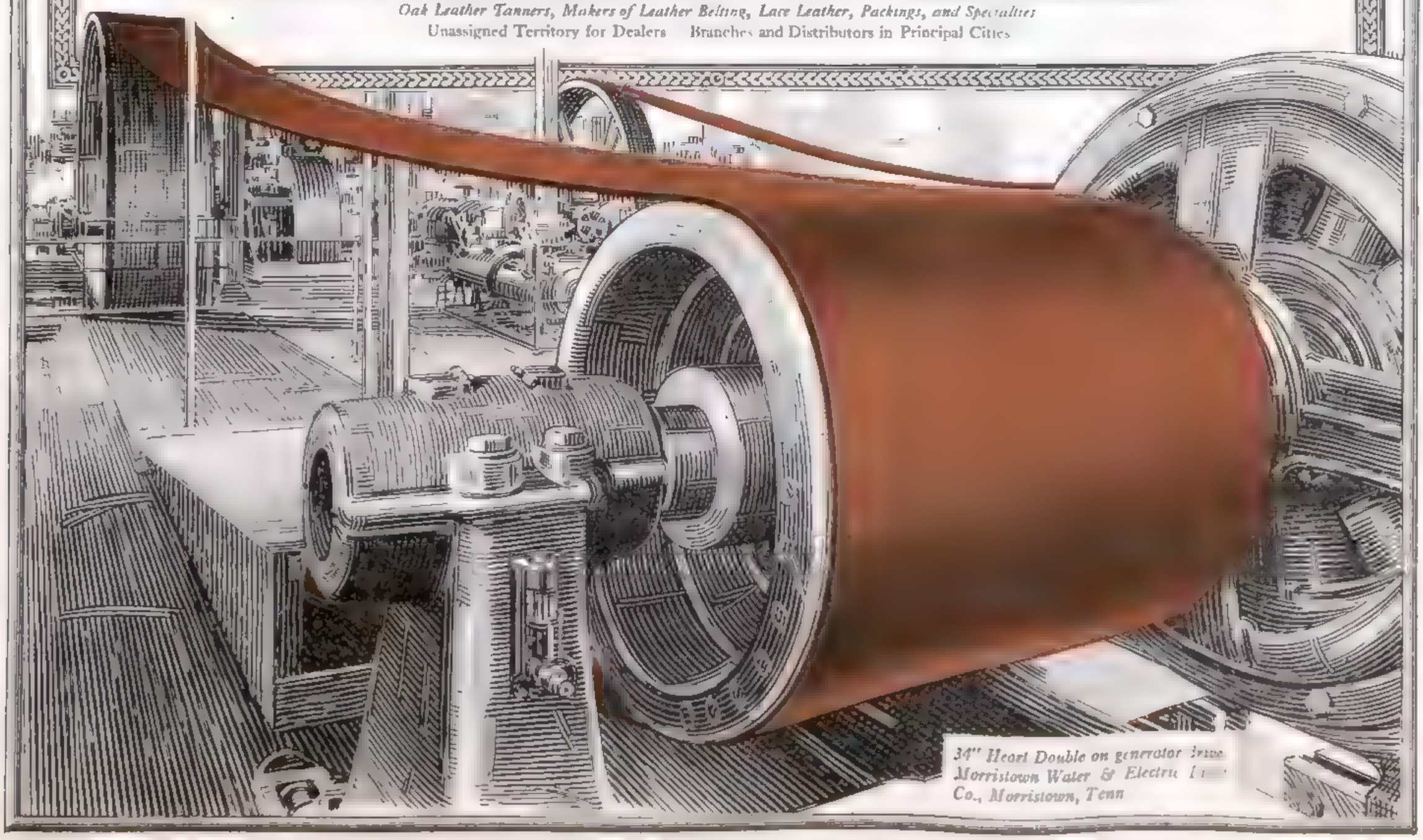
Twenty mills with practically identical needs often specify twenty varied types of belting. And yet the requirements of power transmission fall into a relatively small number of classifications. For each of those classes there is a Graton & Knight Standardized Belt. Long study and experience fixed that standard and we keep it there—rigidly.

It will work an economy for you if you will let us specify the grade of belt for each pulley in your plant. Then, when you buy belting, call for "Graton & Knight ——— Brand or equal." This doesn't commit you to buying our belting. It puts your buying squarely and permanently on the only sound basis—the *work to be done.*

THE GRATON & KNIGHT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Worcester, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting, Lace Leather, Packings, and Specialties

Unassigned Territory for Dealers Branches and Distributors in Principal Cities



34" Heart Double on generator from Morristown Water & Electric Light Co., Morristown, Tenn

(Concluded from Page 44)

is made up, showing shipments to every port and indicating the quantities sent.

Every device known to modern labor saving is in operation here. Even the marking on the packing cases is in keeping with the system that rules: The cases for France are marked with a green shamrock; those for Saloniki are labeled with yellow ink; for Egypt with blue. It is a great aid when a ship must be loaded in a hurry, as is always the case.

One detail at this particular depot will show the completeness with which England watches the rations of her troops: In a small building that crouches between two towering warehouses is a completely equipped laboratory in charge of temporary officers who are experienced chemists. Every sample of food submitted to the Contracts branch is tested here, and, what is more to the point, all the supplies that come to the depot are tested to see if they are up to the standard. The specimens of oil, pepper, biscuit, jam, bacon, baking powder, dried fruit, tinned meat and other articles are taken at random from the incoming bulk. Woe betide the contractor whose goods are found deficient!

At this depot 150,000 so-called iron rations are packed every day by women. These are the rations—biscuits, beef, tea and sugar, all packed in tins—that the British soldier is required to carry in his haversack, to be eaten in case the food supply in the field breaks down. Every precaution is taken to keep Tommy from missing a single meal.

It is worth adding that practically the only regular officer at the depot I have described is the commanding officer. All the rest are temporary officers-civilians who have come from every walk of life to do their part. You will find engineers, accountants, painters, sculptors, merchants, barristers, architects, lecturers, secretaries of smart clubs, manufacturers, professional cricketers too old for fighting, even a reformed vaudeville artist.

It is true throughout the whole supply and transport service.

The Pawns on the Chessboard

The well-oiled machine which feeds and supplies the British Armies and which has just been taken apart for your edification would operate serenely, almost automatically, were it not for the hazard of shipping. The moment you reach the sea, ancient bulwark of England, you get at the really acute problem of supply, because the most perfect process of provision is powerless against the submarine. The dangers and difficulties of water transport surround the business of war with constant anxiety.

Yet the British system has stood up against torpedo inroads that would have paralyzed an organization less resilient. Supply transport offers a shining mark for the U-boat because not less than a hundred and fifty ships fly its flag. They are regulated by a shipping board, which meets every Thursday at the War Office. At this weekly session tonnage requirements are discussed and allotted. On account of the continual movement of troops these requirements vary. Deference is always made to food and munitions. They have the right of way. For the remaining commodities it is a case of give and take.

The first question to be settled is that of available ports. A harbor may be open for supply ships to-day and closed to-morrow by reason of mines, enemy action or some other cause. This applies to both France and England. The ships therefore must be fitted to the ports. Once in a port, they must be unloaded as quickly as possible. Shipping cannot wait. Tonnage these days is as the breath of life.

Because of the incessant sinkings new ships must be constantly "found." It is only by the most constant touch with all shipping movements that the pawns can be successfully shifted on this animated and momentous chessboard.

The Quartermaster General has created an elaborate system of contact with all supply vessels, no matter where they are. Before him every day is a shipping sheet containing the names of all these ships, just where they are and what they are carrying. If a vessel loaded with tinned meat and bound from America to England is sunk the lost cargo is immediately re-ordered by cable. If a ship laden with supplies for the overseas forces goes down another is sent out at once with a duplicate cargo. No loss is permitted to remain a loss.

The check on forage vessels is a striking instance of the incessant watch on transport. Take oats. Before the forage committee, which buys all the grain and fodder and which is a part of the Quartermaster General's service, is a sheet headed "Oats Situation." At the top is printed the monthly requirements for France, which happen to be 95,000 tons. Below is a schedule of the actual supply at all the depots in France, in terms of days. In another column is a statement of all oats ships "advised," together with their last Admiralty-reported positions at sea and the tonnage of their cargoes. A daily statement of all forage shipments is made from these sheets.

The tragedies of the torpedo try the soul of the forces behind army supply. Out of the daily dramas of trial and tribulation come little epics of action, miracles of initiative and resource. There is no time for parley or conference. Contingencies must be met as they happen. Let me lay bare some of these episodes of efficiency that enliven the life of the department.

Episodes of Efficiency

One night in the early months of the war the telephone rang in the office of the Q. M. G. 6 at the War Office. The colonel in charge took up the receiver. France was calling. The commandant of a large base supply depot said anxiously:

"The German advance has made our three supply bases untenable. We must have a new port base by to-morrow and enough supplies to feed the expeditionary force."

The force then numbered nearly a quarter of a million men.

"All right," replied the colonel; "it shall be done."

He called up the Army Shipping Bureau, where there is always some one on watch.

"Have you ten available ships?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then have them all at —— at six o'clock in the morning," was his command.

He then rang up three supply-reserve depots and ordered the shipment of supplies to this port, special trains. At noon the next day the loaded vessels were on their way to France. It is interesting to add that the port used in this emergency is the one where the first American expeditionary force landed and which is now used by our Government.

The Broken Hoodoo

Sinkings always call for swift and decisive action. A ship loaded with flour for the forces in Mesopotamia was sunk in the Mediterranean. Three additional ships with duplicates of this cargo were all torpedoed in rapid succession. Meanwhile the supply of flour for General Maude's army was getting dangerously low. By an energetic use of the cable enough was borrowed from Egypt to tide it over until the arrival of the fifth ship, which broke the hoodoo.

Here is still another kind of emergency: Last winter a big blizzard in the Eastern United States congested railway traffic and prevented the wheat trains from getting into the port where the British grain ships load. Wheat suddenly became very scarce in England. The forage board, which knew of all available sources, bought up the supply and there was no discomfort. The men of the Q. M. G. always find a way.

Again, one of the most important ports in France was blocked by the sinking of a ship at the mouth of the harbor. At this port was a base-supply depot that fed one-fourth of the British Army in France. To open a new port was impossible. Overnight the Quartermaster General's department shifted the whole shipping scheme. A dozen vessels were diverted to other ports and the supplies rushed north on special trains. There was not an hour's delay in the procession of food to the Front.

So it goes. Each day brings its exactions and its exigencies, and likewise its compensation in the shape of victory over threatened disaster. The prosaic task of maintaining army supply becomes invested with a glamour of adventure no less stirring and romantic than the feats of the firing line it feeds.

When all is said and done, War is Worry and Work.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the British Supply and Transport. The second will explain the operations in France, from the time the food reaches the port until it is distributed at the Front.

Send your soldier this real Soldier's Razor

The AutoStrop Razor

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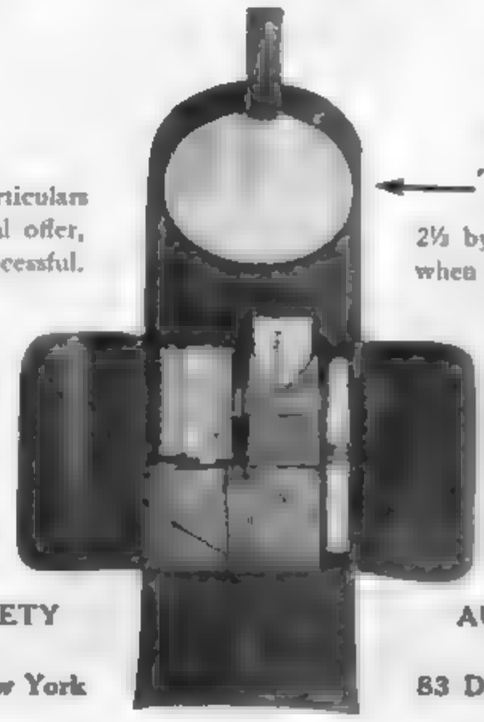
New Military Kit

Send your soldier this razor. He will like it better than anything you might select. In its military kit it is a small flat package, weighing but five ounces. But more than all else, it is

The only razor that sharpens its own blades

It strops them, keeps them free from rust, shaves and is cleaned—all without taking apart. A freshly stropped blade is easier to shave with than a new blade. The twelve blades that go with the razor will give at least 500 fresh, clean shaves.

The Military Kit



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The American manufacturer puts his name on the article and stands back of it. That has not been the European method.

Among the great American successes is

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For Men, Women and Children—30 cents to $1.50 per pair

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Seamless Hosiery as Notaseme factories make it, is beautiful in fit, perfect in comfort, holds its shape, seldom if ever wears at heel or toe—is a wonderful value.

Since the war added demand has greatly taxed even increased facilities. We have difficulty at times in filling orders promptly. This announcement is to notify the trade of our every endeavor to speed up production without sacrificing quality.

It further records our promise to so maintain style and quality that Notaseme will be the brand by which hosiery values will be judged when the international lanes of commerce are again opened.

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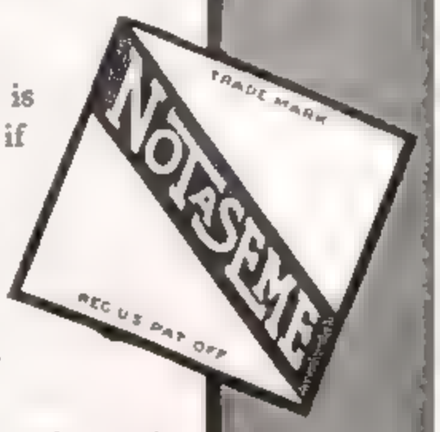

CUSTARD COMEDY

(Continued from Page 17)

that the cruelty it exhibits is quite subconscious. Unlike the savage, as soon as we become conscious of pain our whole psychology changes to horror or pity. The most excruciating torture may be suffered by the victim of a mishap, and spectators will roar with laughter; but once let them see blood or the evidence of pain and the laughter will stop instantly. This is a very fine point in the making of comedy.

Nice people will not admit that a love of violence is inherent in us all; yet they must have noticed that little Edgar gets much more of a thrill when knocking down his house of blocks than he did in building it; he adores things that go with a bang! I know for a fact that the greatest crowds always gather at death curve in an automobile race. The speed is much greater on the straightaways, but the danger is greatest on the curves. Now if all these nice people are not gently hoping for the worst, why do they gather there?

This cruelty—or let us call it imperception of pain—is possessed by every child born into this tragic old world, compassion being an acquired characteristic of civilization that has to be developed all over again in each child as it grows to maturity. How many tender-hearted parents have been shocked and bewildered that little Edgar, the son of twenty centuries of civilized culture, should find pleasure in tearing butterflies apart and squashing caterpillars! And, awful as it may seem, Angelface may not be above stuffing pussy into the ice box or tying cans to dogs.

The one thing that seems to square us off for our indifference to the pain and humiliation of the poor victim is that poetic justice is usually administered. The fellow who caused the trouble invariably gets it in the neck; the most pompous dignities achieve the messiest pies; and the proudest go before the most magnificent falls.

A point upon which many comedy directors fall down is in not realizing that pomp and pride are serious attributes and are not funny in themselves, but only in their collapse; hence they should be registered with the utmost seriousness. If a performer comes on the screen and either by his make-up or by his actions announces that he is about to be funny he loses the first round. His challenge is always accepted and the audience dares him to make them laugh. This defensive attitude must be entirely overcome before the fellow can hope to get the faintest smile. A comic judge can have little humor, for he has no dignity to lose; that is why tramps are comic failures. A tramp lacks both pride and dignity, and the only successful ones on the screen are those who attempt at least a shabby gentility.

The earliest film comics were composed of absurd extravagances of make-up and tumultuous action that were the cheapest buffoonery; but directors are learning—though very slowly—that grotesque costumes and silly make-up are not so funny as a story played straight—or with slight exaggeration—and with the humor derived from things the characters do as well as the way they do them. If the basis of most comedy is the exposure of vanity and the collapse of dignity, then it is perfectly obvious that there can be little comedy where these qualities are absent. Thrills and pretty girls may entertain us, but they do not make us laugh.

Foods That Make Us Laugh

The intrinsic humor possessed by inanimate objects is a study in itself. A person has but to lift up a string of sausages to make us smile. There must be some curious association of ideas that has always made of sausages a favorite prop for the comedian. The popularity of spaghetti as a laugh provoker probably lies in the great difficulty of eating it with dignity. Because of some strange significance, lawn mowers and baby carriages are potential of much mirth.

Inanimate objects are not the only facetious things in life; among the fruits and vegetables we find rare comedians. We have a complete flora and fauna of comedy that every director is supposed to know. The edible props of pleasantry are the cabbage, prune and onion; while among the animals, the jackass and the mule get the longest laughs, though I believe the goat produces the strongest.

We had a stupid director who thought because a Shetland pony offered such a tremendous contrast to a mule he could hitch the two together and get a lot of laughs. It cost us a bunch of money to convince this unanalytical chump that people regard these diminutive horses much as they do beautiful children; they are too sweet and cute to be subjected to the slightest indignity. Sheer beauty is never funny.

One of the queerest analytical problems that I've tried to solve is the dynamic humor possessed by fragrant cheeses. There is nothing so diabolically unpleasant as an attack upon one's nose, for there can be no relief until the offense has been removed; yet should we, from some vantage point of safety, witness a whole party surreptitiously, and one by one, leaving a dining room with tortured faces, we should be consumed with mirth. So here again we are laughing at the mortification of our neighbors

The subject of bad smells has inspired no end of comic situations, and though one may joke about them endlessly yet they do not present subjects for polite analysis or discussion, because their origin is often base. Like the lilies, some of our best jokes have their roots in the mire.

Another difficult problem for the thoughtful director is in knowing how far he may go in gastronomic humor without becoming offensive. When is eating funny and when nauseating? Often a hair divides the two. The beasts of the field do not offend when they eat like beasts, and we suffer no qualms when pigs make pigs of themselves; but human gluttony is most offensive. In order to make this rather ugly function socially agreeable we have cloaked it about with ritual and manners. But alas, all such cloaks are lined with jokes—or tragedies. When manners collapse the result is either comical or disgusting.

Is Seasickness Funny?

If the *faux pas* be subtle, as in the quiet chagrin upon the face of one who has arrived at the ice with no other tool than some strange instrument evidently intended for pinching asparagus, or in the case of a vain effort on the part of somebody to whom manners are unfamiliar attempting their requirements, the result may be highly amusing. I recall a picture of an ambitious parvenue who, though eating with her knife, handled the forbidden tool so delicately—her bejeweled little finger quite distended—that her "sword swallowing" became an artistic achievement rather than an offense. But at what point does this kind of humor turn to nausea? That is the test upon which many a comedian and director are breaking.

One may tell with great humor of the perfect acoustic properties the wicked architect achieved in the dining room of the Newrich home, but to experience these triumphs when the family was resonantly eating a heavy soup might require a very strong constitution. Our stomachs are much more sensitive than our wits.

The same repression in technic is necessary in putting over the seasick stuff. The ghastly emptiness of soul that one experiences when the ship rolls him from side to side is one of the most dreaded things of life. So great is the dietary distress that bishops and bosons alike lose their composure; and perfect strangers will lie upon each other's bosoms and ask for the blessings of death. Nothing in all the world is so tragic to the victims, yet nothing is so funny to the fellow who still retains his dinner. But in the films, should the discomfort of the invalid become too explosive the picture becomes nauseating. The greatest fun is registered before the victim has admitted his illness and while he is still struggling with his soul and stomach to maintain his usual dignity and composure. After the fall, and the creature has become utterly shameless, he's more to be pitied than laughed at.

It is a strange thing that the story teller may go way beyond us in picturing such scenes as I have suggested without the slightest offense. He may tell tales of active *mal de mer* and recount in detail the table manners of some boor; but should we depict one-half his tale our patrons would grow white round the gills.

(Continued on Page 51)

MOTOR WEAVE
AUTO ROBES
Comfort's Gift
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A wide array of tasteful colors and patterns; a woolen fabric peculiar to itself; a reinforced double weave; a softness and pliancy that bespeak quality and comfort—these serve to make your Motorweave gift a wise one—useful and appreciated.
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This Hand-Warmer Makes A Fine Christmas Present

When winter winds blow and ice and sleet cover the ground it's pretty cold motoring unless your hands are protected. Steer Warms enable you to drive in comfort. With them you can drive in zero weather—your hands will never become cold. Steer Warms give out an even heat sufficient to keep the hands warm no matter what the temperature. Steer Warms keep the blood circulating freely in your fingers and hands. When you keep the hands warm you keep the body warm. Warm hands and body ward off colds. Steer Warms make for health. They also make for safety, because when fingers are limber you can grip the steering wheel better and there is less chance of accident. Steer Warms are a remarkable device, tested and proven and guaranteed. They have been on the market for several years, and there are thousands of satisfied users. Steer Warms make an excellent Xmas present. They really are "different." Give your husband, wife, brother, sister or friend who runs a car a pair of Steer Warms this Xmas. It's sure enough comfort for a "driver" and will give pleasure and delight for years.

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Put Steer Warms on your trucks and save the time your men lose in warming hands on cold days. Keep their hands limber so they can work quicker and easier. There will be less liability to accident too

Description Steer Warms consist of two neat leather-covered copper grips, one for each hand, which lace onto the steering wheel at any place convenient for driving. Steer Warms are heated by electricity from storage batteries or magneto. Connected like your spot light, they use only half the current of the headlights. They operate on same principle as an electric heating pad. Special resistance wires are cleverly arranged between two copper plates in such a way that a very small current is sufficient to keep the grips warm. After a certain heat Steer Warms will get no hotter but retain an even temperature. They are simple, neat and efficient.

No Expense After the initial cost there is no expense. There is no cost of maintenance. Steer Warms only use one-half the current necessary for electric headlights. Steer Warms are easy to attach. They can be put on in ten minutes. There are no bolts or screws, or holes to bore. Lace on—wire up—that's all. They are very simple—nothing to get out of order.

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5-Year Guarantee: We absolutely and unqualifiedly guarantee Steer Warms. The best workmanship and highest grade material are combined in them. Steer Warms are guaranteed against burn-out for five years. Above all, if they are not exactly as claimed, return them and get your money back.

Order Now For Christmas Ask your dealer. If he hasn't Steer Warms will send prepaid upon receipt of price.

Prices:
- For all Gasoline Cars, $7.50 (In Canada, $11.00)
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[illegible] Steer Warms [illegible] the engine of the [illegible] 100 miles with [illegible] to zero.

I have an open car [illegible] the only heat I had was your Steer Warms. I was [illegible] at a [illegible] during the trip and received more than I [illegible] the same [illegible] as I was not [illegible] I was to the [illegible].

Steer Warms remove all the discomforts of motoring and I can not speak too highly of them.

Respectfully,

Signed [illegible] WILLIAMS

Dealers Our [illegible] Steer Warms [illegible] about them. They [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] comfort-giver. Write for proposition.

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Ieco Manifold Plug
Starts Ford Quick On Cold Days

In cold weather this plug starts the car at once. It puts a hot vaporized mixture into the cylinders and the engine goes immediately. It starts the engine anywhere quick. Saves time and trouble. One of the most useful devices ever put out to be used on a Ford car. The Ieco Manifold Plug also primes the engine from the seat, detects carburetor trouble and removes carbon from the cylinders. It also saves 25% on your gasoline bill by letting in more air to carburetor. Nothing to get out of order. Ford cars [illegible] Guaranteed for two years. If not as claimed will refund money. Ask your dealer or will send prepaid. Price, $5.00. In Canada $6.25

(Continued from Page 49)

There are still many directors who do not know this; to them gargling soup is pictorially funny, and some even see amusement in a mouse jumping into the open mouth of a snoring man.

Such films should be stopped by the police, fire and health departments, acting separately and in unison. And to prove my innate cruelty it is my firm belief that every such director should be compelled to eat every foot of his nauseating film.

But there I go myself—intolerant of the other fellow's sense of humor. Who am I? Perhaps I am too nice! For I am every day made distressingly conscious that there are many people who enjoy scenes of revolting messiness. It is a terrible admission, but our own little Fauntleroys are not at all horrified at these offensive gastronomics. A child will clap his little hands with joy at any picture of disgusting feeding. They do say that the present King of England, when a very little prince, had a right royal appetite for caterpillars. A sense of dietary decency, like other civilized triumphs, is an acquired human characteristic, but the fact that most of us really acquire it is the point directors should not forget.

The things one wears are tremendously important in comedy. It was Carlyle who profoundly proved that it is the clothes that make the man; that Emperor William, in swimming at Coney, would be indistinguishable from a truck driver. Clothes, more than any other human accompaniment, proclaim status; and with status come all the dignities and vanities thereunto pertaining. That is why clothes are potentially funny. The least emphasis upon them betrays their vanities and they become absurd; this is particularly true of hats and trousers. To put a kelly on the dome of a creature who claims to be made in the image of God is in itself a heavenly joke. Stop for a moment and analyze a bowler and a tile—pots!—both of them. But we do not realize how intrinsically absurd they are until we put one on a horse, or even gently exaggerate them on ourselves. The attempted dignity and utter uselessness of Chaplin's hat sitting atop his mop of hair is what makes it so ludicrous. Fashions temporarily blind us to the humor of hats, but when the styles become passé, oh, how we laugh at the hats of yesterday!

And trousers! Surely they were designed by Puck as mortal jokes. The absence of all beauty in the male pant is demonstrated by its utter uselessness in the fine arts. Covering up every line of human beauty the king of beasts might possibly possess, the great cylindrical sheaths about his legs give him a Doric base out of all proportion to his torse and roof. I do not recall ever seeing a bit of sculpture wherein was used the human tile or bowler, and I am sure only a sense of propriety—or the police—forbade the omission of the trousers. The only ways artists have been able to edit the elephantine effect of our nether garment is by adding some six or eight inches to the bottom, so that the cloth becomes drapery and falls in folds and festoons about the feet. If our bronze statesmen should ever step from their pedestals they would no doubt trip on their prolonged pantaloons; yet these additions are all that saved their images from looking like either half of a comedy elephant.

Comedy in Whiskers

But of all human embellishments that lend themselves to humor whiskers are the most fruitful. When it comes to characterization, "muffs" are our stock in trade. We have beards of respectability, stability in business, ecclesiastical ivy, short toothbrush mustaches of the efficiency fellows, bucolic Kansas goatees, genial blond kellys, close-trimmed chaunceys of big business, point-lace muffs of the young physicians, and the black waxed lip-brow of the foreign male vamp. There is an endless variety of these strange growths, and a joke is concealed in every foliage.

The unadorned virgin growths observed on savages and patriarchal old men are not funny, for they are the work of God; it is when man breaks in and attempts to add beauty to utility that the fun begins. It is in the intricate and amazing designs in hairscape gardening that the most vivacious humor lies. For besides adding the beauties of formal planting to the rooster's personal pulchritude these furcultures carry with them the signs and symbols of a man's dignity and place in the social cosmos. Who ever saw a motorman in chaunceys, for instance? And this is just the point—whiskers are absolutely dependent upon clothes to produce the effect sought. Every muff has its own sartorial coefficient, and these must never be mixed. The seductive little mustache of the handsome villain would never do on the minister; and a burglar wearing the honest brush of the Iowa farmer could work unmolested by the police, for it is absurd to think that any man so decorated would be horrid enough to burgle.

If one wishes to analyze the decorative humor of whiskers seriously no better laboratory can be found than a Turkish bath. Here is one place where the accompanying symbols of clothes are entirely absent; the gorgeous frame with the deceptive shadow box is gone, and men are reduced to one common denominator—their whiskers alone proclaiming their class and status. And alas, when stripped of all sartorial accompaniment, the poor old muffs become ridiculous. They say that the employees of the Turkish baths have to be changed every so often lest they become hysterical.

I have said that the lower animals never laugh, but it is hard to believe that the fishes at the beach do not grin at the bearded mermen from the city. For a long luxuriant beard in a one-piece bathing suit to claim imagery with God! Surely this is a cosmic joke at which all creatures should be permitted to laugh. What more grotesque caricature on God's masterpiece than a skinny little family man prancing up the sand and trying to uphold the sad dignity of a huge walrus mustache on his sagging upper lip! The excessive beauty of the attitudinizing young men on the beach would be much too cloying were it not for the less beautiful ladies and the comic relief of the whiskered men.

A Highbrow Slapstick Writer

Sheer beauty is hard to ridicule; children, flowers and pretty girls have little place in our kind of comedy—except as atmosphere; and there are many humble and sincere characters it would be profane to josh. But there are others that lend themselves—some quite unwillingly—to our sinister purposes. After all, the jokesmith must have materials out of which he pounds his jokes. All those characters that the world has it in for, like capitalists and mothers-in-law, are always popular comedy material, but one must not make too much fun of those things that the world loves, such as devoted motherhood and romantic youth. Our favorite goats are the police, constables and sheriffs; in fact all officers of the law, including judges, politicians, school-teachers, and all others who are symbols of exalted status, power and dignity. Our comedy consists largely in pricking bubbles—showing up the false dignities and shallow vanities of our fellow men. I think the reason there are twice as many men as women in the comic pictures is that the men are twice as silly in their pomposity and sense of importance as the women, and consequently have twice as far to fall.

These then are the colors and the brushes with which our comic reels are painted, but before showing how they are mixed into a good three-part Climax Comedy I must tell something of the supreme artist of our studio. Many folks believe that rough comedy is written by roughnecks; that no educated or well-bred man would stoop to the ignoble task of constructing buffooneries for the hoi polloi. It will be surprising news to nice people that the boss is really one of their class or perhaps even a higher one, for in France he is a Master of Arts, in England a Doctor, and if he wishes he may Ph.D. all over Moscow. Think of a jokesmith knowing all about Babylon and Nineveh! Yet such knowledge is valuable even in this flippant business. Often when one of the staff comes running in with a new joke the boss' mind harks back to some cuneiform bricks he read one time, and then he listens charitably.

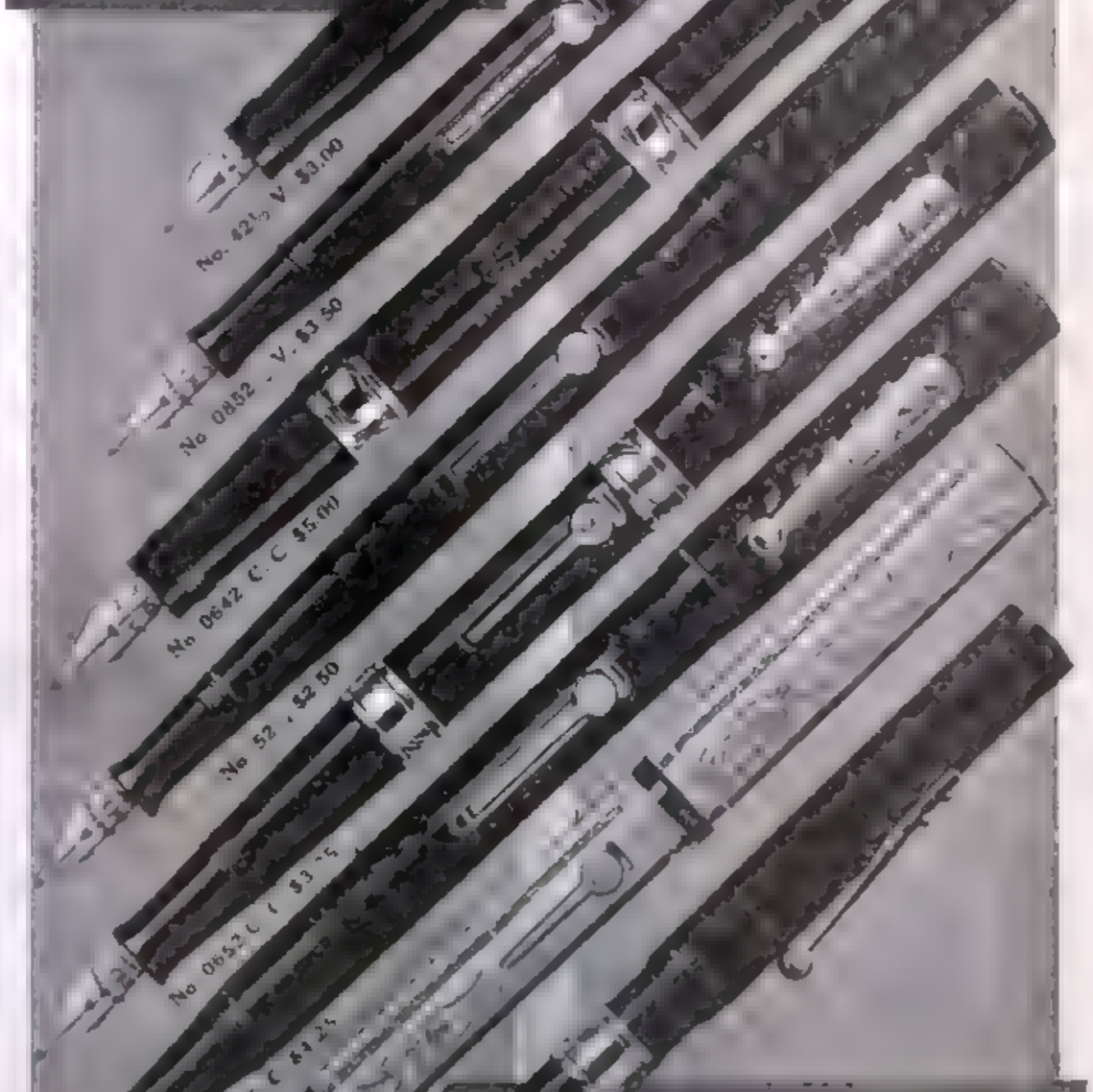
Do not think from this that all the slapstick comedy is written by college faculties; the truth is that much of its parentage is not at all high-browed. It is sheer physical cowardice that stops me from telling how and by what kind of fellows so much of our comedy is written. Though I think rather lightly of their art, I have a profound respect for their records in the prize ring. Anyway a story of their efforts would lack structure and information, for their films are built without the slightest understanding of what they are doing. The success of

(Continued on Page 54)

Gifts

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

THE appreciation of a reliable fountain pen was never greater. Wherever this pen goes it is ready for use. The activity of the times, the demand for efficiency and the elimination of waste make Waterman's Ideal the best gift of today. It is desirable, suitable and sensible. Convenient to buy and easy to send. Wherever it goes it pleases because its quality and usefulness are immediately recognized.



FOR those to whom you wish to give something that combines good taste, beauty and utility, select Waterman's Ideals. For gifts at home, at the office, at the club, abroad or anywhere—for men in the Army or Navy, for school children, for professional people, for housewives, for businessmen, for *yourself*—a genuine Waterman's Ideal is one that will give pleasure and good service for years to come.

We show here a very few of the many designs, sizes and finishes made to meet the world-wide requirements. Prices $2.50, $4.00, $5.00 up to $50.00. Fully guaranteed.

Be sure that the Waterman's Ideal trademark (as shown above) is on the pen you buy, whether it be a Self-Filling, Safety, or Regular type.

If necessary, exchanged to suit any handwriting after Christmas.

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Dollars Made and Eyesight Saved by Better Lighting

BAD lighting knocks holes in production. It multiplies spoilage. It reduces the workman's *speed* and destroys his *precision*. To the employer it brings a money-loss *many times greater* than the entire cost of his lighting. In many cases you need save only 30 *seconds* in an *hour* to pay the entire lighting cost!

And what the worker loses *can not be measured in money*. Bad lighting enormously increases his chances of *accident*. It puts a strain upon his eyes that leads to *permanently weakened* vision!

Why, then, is wrong lighting tolerated in *any* factory, shop or mill? Because lighting, like health, has usually to become intolerable before it gets *attention*.

The lighting of your plant may be *very much worse* than you think it is. Illuminating practice has reached new ground in only three or four years—since the invention of the MAZDA C lamp. So much so that many a lighting installation is obsolete that is not so very old.

In such case complete revision is an *economy* as well as a needed *welfare measure*.

Without a penny's increase in your lighting bill, the NATIONAL MAZDA C Lamp gives nearly *twice* the light of the older types of MAZDA—between *five* and *six times* the light of carbon lamps.

You will recognize the MAZDA C by its twisted-wire filament in a long-necked gas-filled bulb.

For service in selecting the proper sizes and determining the best manner of installation for *your* purposes, we shall gladly refer you to our local agent or enlist for you the aid of our Engineering Department. NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Co., 38 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

Greater Production
in the Factory

It's Easier to Retain Good Vision than Regain It

THE effects of wrong lighting at home are as marked as in the factory—and perhaps even more common. There are all the same symptoms! Slower work. More mistakes. Greater chance of cuts and burns and falls. And *vicious eyestrain* that surely will impair your vision.

In a gloomy house there is less entertaining of friends; less companionship. Reading and writing and sewing—all the things you occupy yourself with in leisure hours—*add* to your weariness instead of providing relaxation. You can not rest when you are straining to see!

There are no arguments in favor of a poorly lighted home—not even that of *economy*. For you can get the tripled light of NATIONAL MAZDA lamps *without increasing your current cost.*

Use NATIONAL MAZDAS in every socket throughout the house. Replace the smaller lamps with brighter ones. Have light in every corner. Buy your lamps, five at a time, in the handy Blue Carton where you see it displayed. Let the lamp man advise about sizes—he'll help you get the most light for your money. NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Co., 38 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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It has *all* the desirable qualities you seek in hosiery—good appearance, exceptional durability and genuine comfort. Still more important, the Everwear way of knitting insures permanence of shape which means that Everwear Hosiery looks right and feels comfortable to the very last. It represents the utmost in hosiery satisfaction.

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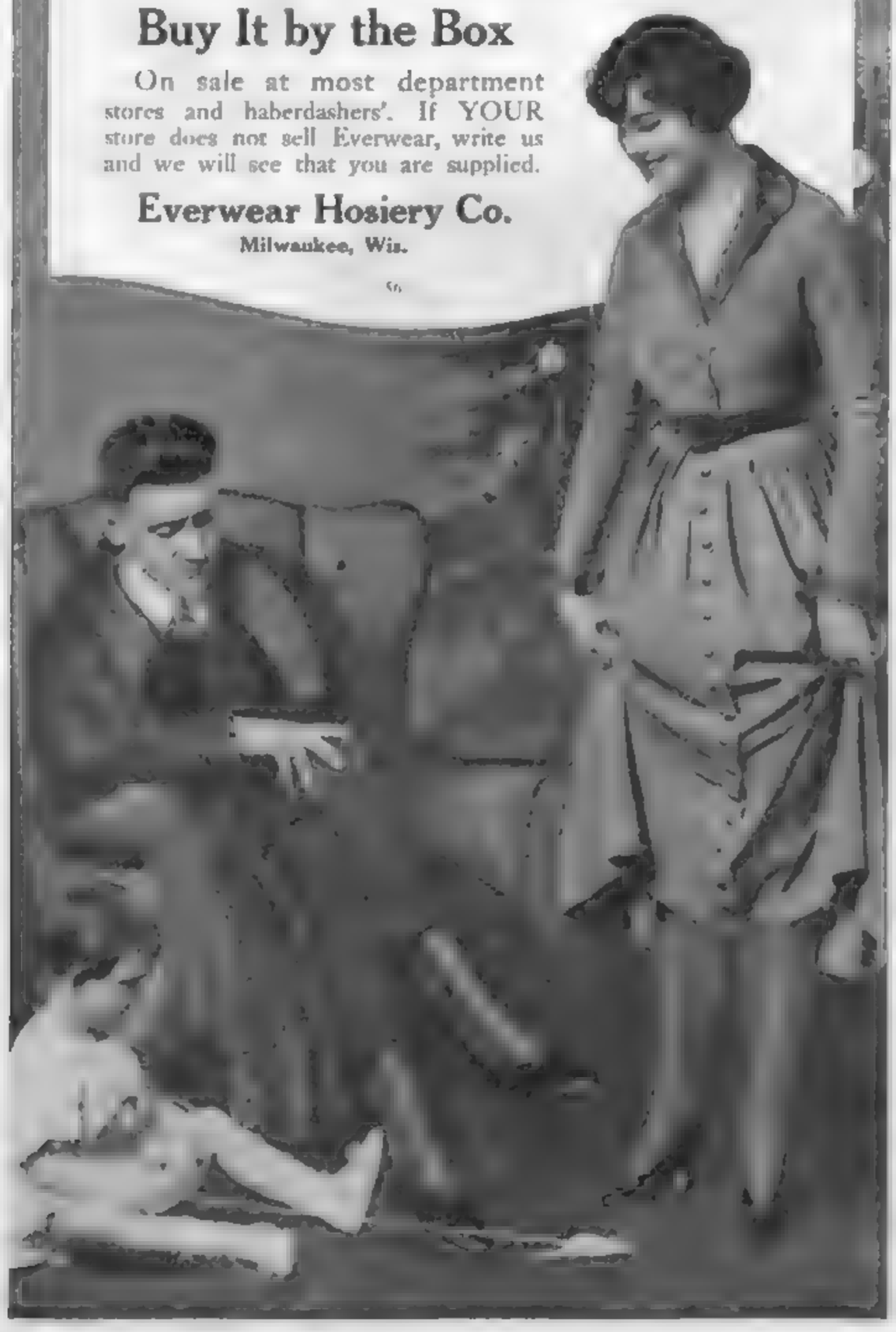


(Continued from Page 51)

the Climax label simply shows that brains applied even to such a low-browed enterprise as film comedy may give it, at least, financial dignity.

The strangest institution in this world is the scenario department of a comedy studio. Not to this day have I grown wise to its weird workings—if one may call such antics work and such workings wisdom I shall attempt but a sketchy synopsis, for should I tackle the full continuity it would read like the annals of a madhouse.

I first observed that of the four or five individuals who made up the staff not one ever wrote a line or to my knowledge read any of the submitted scripts. It seems that once upon a time, a long, long while ago, the Climax employed two high-grade, high-priced scenario readers to go through the comic literature that came to us in showers. They say that one of the readers became so morbid and melancholy that he shot four of our best comedians and then went home and killed his wife and seven children with an ax. He is now writing The Masked Monster serial for the Eureka—sixty-four episodes of terrible crime. The other poor fellow was one day found dying of convulsions in his office. When they laid him out the undertaker pried from his death grip the only funny story that had come to the studio through the mails. That one story cost the company two perfectly good men and their salaries for two years, so the department was discontinued. Now no scenarios get beyond the office boy; he returns them all. No doubt we have thus lost a treasure or two, but the fishing is so poor that it does not justify its cost.

"What is the trouble, Mr. Hammond?" I asked. "We certainly are a humorous nation—at least we all think we are. Everyone has humorous experiences and "

"Quite true," interrupted the boss, "but there isn't one man in a hundred who can relate them humorously. A fellow goes to a chamber-of-commerce banquet and after laughing his head off at a good story by a booster from Waco rushes home to share his amusement with his wife. She listens patiently to the tale's unfolding; then bursts into tears, thinking that her poor Harry isn't well—or something. He, in turn, of course thinks she is just like every other woman and can't see a joke. The divorce courts are cluttered with incompatibles of humor. It is really astonishing how few people can tell a joke right; one drools along until it is tiresome; another, in his anxiety to get to the point, cuts it too short; another stresses the wrong thing; and then how many start and never finish! 'Gee, I wish I could tell it as I heard it!' or 'I'm afraid I'm a bit twisted, but say, it's a scream; I'll get Billy to tell it to you.' The experiences of our fellow countrymen may be funny enough to themselves, but somewhere along the typewriter the point is lost, and by the time they reach us in the form of scenarios one would regard their adventures as drab and commonplace."

True but Not Funny

To show that personal participation in a joke is the most important factor to its appreciation, four-fifths of the submissions we received began this way: "The following is an actual occurrence that happened to me one day in a department store"; or "we have the funniest old man in our post office who keeps the whole town amused with his sayings." So important do many people regard the actual truth of their tales that they offer to have them verified in any way we wish.

Plot and situation are usually the rocks upon which our writers flatten out; if the things they tell were as funny as the way they tell them there would be much hope. Oh, the number of bright letters that end with bad scenarios! I recall one from a chap whose plot was very trite but whose thoughtfulness in economical production was delicious. "My characters," said he, "are wrecked on a desert island, and the hero is pursued by—well, any animals that are handy to the director." At the end he has the villain die of "heart disease, apoplexy—or whatever films best."

Now the truth is, film comedy is talked and not written! The boss does most of the talking, but in order to have something to talk against he has employed a bunch of case-hardened old gagsmiths, over whom it is practically impossible to put anything new. The making of a joke to them is no more than trying to build a new kind of house out of the same old blocks. Of all the broken-spirited and querulous creatures in this vale of tears the professional gagsmith is the saddest. Think of having heard every joke in the world so that never again one might laugh! Yet these poor fellows tell people that they are employed to make comedy.

The structure of a modern two or three reel comic does not presuppose great intellectuals on the part of the builder. In the slap-stick stuff it is not what you do, but how you do it; so the plot is practically negligible. The dinkiest little situation will do to start a custard debauch. From this situation the play is built both ways one must get his characters into the situation and then get them out; that is all; and upon this very fragile structure are hung gags until it looks like an overloaded Christmas tree.

This is where the staff functions; it must furnish gags, gags, gags—until the branches break. And incidentally this is one of the many troubles of the comedy reels. Nine-tenths of them are so cluttered up with gags that the plot is utterly befuddled and most of the gags are inadequately developed. They are like a man trying to tell nine jokes while shooting up to the third floor in an elevator.

All inventors are supposed to be crazy more or less, but the gag crafters are very more. If any of these psychopathic sharks should ever break into the studio and hear these men talking comedy they would surely send quickly for the strait-jackets. Individually they are harmless enough—that's why they roam at large. It is only when they get together that their paranoia is evident.

The Hokum Artist

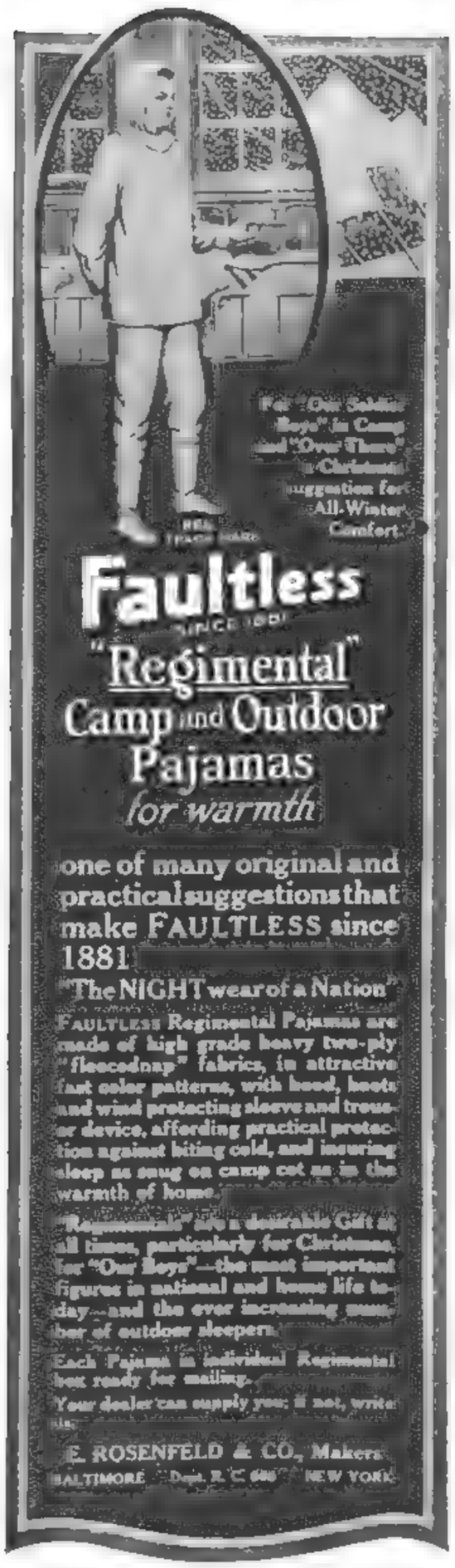
Bean, the most genial-looking member of the staff, is employed because of his nimble, garrulous mind, which never by any chance evolves an original idea but which often awakens a delightful reaction in the boss. Naturally his twisted ego sees itself as the whole works. "The boss is a good fellow, but he hasn't any sense of humor. I give him all his best stuff. Maybe he was good once, but he is through now."

Shaner is a different type. All day long he sits round the scene docks or out under the pepper trees bovinely chewing Teamster's Delight and talking to nobody. Should he speak his thoughts, these would probably be 'um: "The boss a comedian? Oh, hell! Through? Why, the lobster never began! I gave him every idea he ever had."

Peters is fat and wheezy—and his humor likewise. He is a wonderfully prolific fellow, though his gags just miss fire; but often in the mind of the master these same gags become real joys. Peters is really a great help to the boss, but his magnificent belief in his whole cheesiness is not warranted by the facts, and his estimate of his employer is, alas, not what it should be: "All my life I've heard how funny Hammond was, but I don't get it a-tall. I've given the dub four-fifths of his gags, and damme if he don't kill 'em all! Mebbe he was good in his day, but he's sure through now."

Keating, an old-time comedian, would get a headache with an idea, yet he is the bear "hokum hick" of the company. Hokum, you must understand, is small business that is used to fill in between gags or to keep the audience's mind occupied so that it cannot think. A director will call out: "Now, Bill, you stand down here by the table and pull a little hokum while Estelle tries to eat the goldfish." Keating is one of these chaps who goes hokuming through life. He shaves with hokum; he entertains the board by pulling hokum with his knife and fork; he does it when he meets you on the street corner; and his roommate says that Keating's hokum with a suit of pyjamas would be a scream if they'd let him put it over. No doubt he will pull some corking hokum at the gates of heaven. Hokum is the filling and the padding of film comedy, and Keating is the king hoke. No wonder that he believes the boss is superfluous and shares his confrères' opinions of the poor man's mental collapse.

For three years Goggin was the most valuable man on the staff. Those were the years of mechanical mishaps; and when it came to the trick stuff Goggin was the Edison of his craft. He would construct automobiles that could be sucked into a ventilator; or he might shoot a man, astride a sixteen-inch shell, through the whole office district of Los Angeles. If a director wished his whole cast run over by a freight train,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or expressed a desire to see a battleship pursue the villain up the San Fernando Boulevard, Goggin could arrange matters. For three glorious years Goggin was permitted to break every physical law of God or man; but now, alas, his greatest liberty is to angle the camera so that the chase appears to be uphill. Goggin's eclipse was a mechanical fall of his own making. He had done so many marvelous things that after a while the crowd ceased to marvel; a ten-thousand-dollar thrill would be greeted with a raising of an eyebrow.

But Goggin naturally blames the boss. "Why, dammitall, I made this studio. Every joint in the country was sendin' out scouts and hirin' spies to break in here to see how we did our tricks. Who invented that submarine stuff and the cyclorama chase? I did. I made this here studio famous; but who gets the credit, huh? And what is he? A nut, I tell yeh! He's gone and cut out all this mechanical stuff and hired a lotta putty-faced girls. What chance is there in a dump like this for ability?"

The impish wisdom of the boss is seen in the fact that he does not entirely discourage the disloyalty of his crew. "The hollow sycophantic laughter of the actors and stage hands when I am framing a gag is not very stimulating; but when this bunch of highbinders begins to get sarcastic and insulting, the challenge to make them laugh is irresistible."

Every day at ten the jokesmiths are supposed to meet in the outer office for instructions or consultation, and every day at ten they each and all comment on the alleged fact that the boss is a dead one. Suddenly the door of the padded cell opens and out he comes.

"Boys," he says, "I've just got hold of a stork and a couple of ostriches; see what you can do with them."

A Plot for an Ostrich

With that the door slams and the scenario department of the Climax Comedy Company is sent forth to evolve side-splitting gags from three perfectly strange birds.

Bean and Peters stay in their seats and begin a violent and profane discussion of storks and ostriches. Goggin beats it to the ostrich farm to observe the habits of the birds, while Keating goes out on the lot to visit from set to set, never giving the subject further thought. Why waste time thinking, when hokum is spontaneous stuff, made while the actors are cutting capers? Shaner, sullen and alone, beats it to the beach, where he sits all afternoon making faces at the sand crabs and thinking low comedy.

It would be utterly impossible to give a coherent account of the meeting of the staff at four o'clock, whereat the syndicated humor of the feathered actors is laid before the boss. A complete transcript of the proceedings would sound like the phonographic ravings of poor old John McCullough; but out of the mad din will gradually emerge a gag that will inspire the boss to wondrous dramatic heights.

One of the ornithologists may remark that an ostrich will eat anything from a bale of alfalfa to an alarm clock. Instantly the boss is struck with the divine afflatus. Leaving the riotous staff insulting one another, he rushes into the padded cell with Miss Harvey and dictates: "Banker loses watch; young teller, in love with daughter, accused; girl believes him innocent; recalls visit to ostrich farm with father and guesses that ostrich stole watch; confides to keeper and they round up all the ostriches; they listen with their ears to the breast of each bird to hear which one ticks; guilty ostrich discovered; keeper apologizes to girl, then climbs on fence and whispers something into the ear of the hungry ostrich; title: 'He asks the bird in Ostrich-Hungarian to give up watch'; bird does so; get effect of watch coming up neck by back-cranking on ostrich swallowing an orange." And so on for hours until he has all his gags hooked together and his simple plot developed. No, nice people, it is not high-browed; but, at that, the clown has always been the highest priced artist in the circus.

The New York office has sent out no end of efficiency experts to learn, if possible, how we did business—but none of them ever returned. Several have been found wandering the streets, gibbering to themselves; one, ashamed of his inefficiency,

(Continued on Page 58)

Stein-Bloch
Smart Clothes

For
Formal
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THE sterling qualities of Stein-Bloch Evening Clothes make them significantly appropriate as the formal dress of our best American manhood.

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Ideal Winter Equipment

THANKS to the energy and ingenuity of American motor car builders, the automobile season in this country is now twelve months long.

Even in those sections blanketed with ice and snow, the enclosed passenger car body has overcome every handicap imposed by the calendar.

But while shelter and comfort against weather and cold have been ably provided, tire equipment for winter still demands careful attention.

For the finest car interior or the most efficient motor are of little avail, if traction is lacking or if safety is imperiled.

To motorists who wish from their cars this winter the broadest possible satisfaction, we earnestly recommend Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cord Tires.

Aside from the staunch and powerful character of the carcass of these tires, their All-Weather Tread design is of itself tremendously important.

As will be seen in the illustration, this design is composed of large blocks which overlap circumferentially, presenting a continuous ground contact, saving car vibration and tire strain.

This symmetrical placing of the blocks insures the car's running smoothly, and without the slightest tendency toward zigzag or side-thrust.

Perhaps you have noticed that on Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tires the projections are sharp-edged and keen.

These sharp projections have no tendency to slide over slippery surfaces; on the contrary, they cut deep and grip tight.

In snow and mud, in climbing out of car tracks, in starting and stopping, they dig in and cling, giving positive traction on almost every surface.

The diamond-shaped blocks always present a right angle to the direction of side-slip; against skidding they hold firm and true.

The All-Weather design on Goodyear Cord Tires is formed by a pattern of added rubber, the usual tread thickness is preserved under the blocks.

This extra tread thickness is highly resistant to puncture; the necessity of attempting tire changes with numbed fingers is agreeably remote.

Tread cuts also are less numerous with the All-Weather Tread, as the blocks turn aside many objects that would penetrate a plain surface.

And over and above the several advantages mentioned, the All-Weather Tread pays for itself in additional mileage.

The wheels of your car should wear Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cord Tires this winter, as insurance against skidding, lost traction and fuel waste.

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In whatever service you use Goodyear All-Weather Tread Cord Tires, whether in the warm South or the frozen North, you will find them superior in comfort, stamina, economy and endurance.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

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Give Him a Sturdy Chain

One that lives up to its name for strength yet is so handsome in appearance.
He'll be proud of it as long as he owns it, for there's a lifetime of wear in

STURDY CHAINS

You can't choose wrong if your choice is a Sturdy and the instant he sees the mark "J. F. S. S." his face will tell you how much he appreciates your gift.
Ask your jeweler to show you his assortment of Sturdy Chains and you will find one "just right for him".

J. F. Sturdy's Sons Co.
Established Over 50 Years
ATTLEBORO FALLS, MASS.

You can identify a Sturdy chain by the initials J. F. S. S. on the swivel.

(Continued from Page 55)

left a note expressing a preference for cremation; and the police are dragging the Los Angeles River for another. A comedy studio is no place for the efficiency fellows; they don't understand us and we are not very strong for them.

Not even the mental agility of the boss could possibly direct in detail the many stories that are always under production at the C. C. C., so a director must be chosen; and much depends upon his selection. One man excels with burlesque, another with mechanical mishaps, one with quieter comedy, and some are just plain hokum hicks.

With much of our comedy the least important participants are the members of the cast. Ex-prize fighters and acrobats are used for the most violent scenes, and pretty girls will supply ample beauty without benefit of wit. The stage comedians, almost without exception, fail utterly at our studio, and when we develop a favorite from our own crowd and he gets chesty and leaves he is likely to fail under a lesser genius than the boss. It may sound cruel and mean to say it, but the average extra man looks down with great artistic contempt upon the average comedy actor. Good comedy, of the Climax kind, is largely a matter of the boss, the director and, in the case of mechanical mishaps, the camera man.

This is not to say that there are no artists among the actors. There are a few whose personality and wit will entertain, even with a poor story; but one could count such men on the fingers of one hand. The great army of rough-and-tumble hooligans of the comics may be artists with their mitts or possess the artistic ability to sit upon their own heads, but dramatically it is doubtful if many of them could put over the line "The carriage awaits, m'lord," without muffing. And that line marks the lowest rung on the dramatic ladder.

In all likelihood I shall have my head punched for these crool words, for since prize fighting has become *de trop* in our best cities the denizens of the squared circle have flocked into the movies—and nine-tenths of them have landed at the comedy studios. Why, heaven only knows; for I have been unable to determine that broken noses or cauliflower ears are funny in themselves. To be fair to the comedy actor, however, one must admit that he earns his salary more sincerely than do the hams of the drams. Considering the manual labor and the physical pain of a comedian's job his pay is quite inadequate.

The technic of comedy-falls is painful enough to acquire, but the physical indignity of being dragged through a sewer on a rope or the mortuary hazard of driving a breakaway automobile through a freight train is a stunt that few hams could accomplish. Our men may not be great actors, but they are heroes. I have never heard a suggestion for a picture, howsoever hazardous, that we hadn't the men to make it.

Rough on Dollar Atmospheres

One of our best stuntsters was a chap who used to skid an automobile all over an oiled street or ride a motorcycle through the side of a breakaway brick building or off the end of a long pier. Every artist has an ultimate ambition; this was his: He wished to make a chase picture on a roller coaster at the beach, in which he would pursue the car on his motorcycle, eighty miles an hour, up and down and round the corners, and then overtake the villain at a breakaway curve that would shoot both car and motorcycle from the highest point on the coaster far out into the ocean. That would no doubt have been some thrill, but alas and alack! a day before he could accomplish this glory the poor fellow was killed in the gentle pastime of taking his girl—tandem—to the beach.

It is needless to say that we have had many accidents, but usually when they were least expected. Only this morning one of our best men had all his front teeth removed when a fellow artist kicked him in the mouth. In the big thrills we use only professional acrobats and steeplejacks. There are many stunts, moreover, the safety of which depends entirely upon the agility of the performer. For instance: a chap pursued by cops runs out on a steel beam, slides nine stories to the street and drops through the breakaway top of a passing automobile. We have men who are perfectly willing to take the long slide, but it is a squeamish job to time the automobile so that its passing will synchronize with the arrival of the descending comedian.

There are some directors so anxious to have their characters appear easy and unafraid that they refuse to warn the cast of a coming cataclysm. The result often achieves a jolly spontaneity, but the deception is wickedly cruel. I knew a director, at another studio, who had hinges put on all the seats of a sight-seeing bus, and when the crowded car, filled with comic rubbernecks, was speeding up a hill a wire was cut and they were all dumped backward into the street. Several were badly hurt, but after all they were only "dollar atmospheres," so it didn't matter. And think how much cheaper it was than having to pay professional daredevils ten dollars a day!

There are other discomforts in the lives of the comedy hams—such as trying to perspire through heavy grease paint, or working in Eskimo parts with the thermometer at one-o-six. Earthquakes are not born in greater pain than some celluloid jokes.

Yet, after all, the dangerous thrills are foolish business, for the fans do not believe in their reality anyway. So much business is so transparently trick photography that all our stunts are under suspicion. When I first came to the C. C. C. I was sworn to the utmost secrecy, and the publicity man was never permitted to release any stories that would expose our freak camera work. We must not disillusionize the public. Disillusionize the public! Why, the darned old public knows more about our business than we do. I heard one cynic say: "If that fellow actually rode off that cliff he was a fine chump. I could do it myself, without going outside the dark room." The fact is, I believe half the fun our audiences get is in figuring out our tricks.

The Technic of Pie-Throwing

The mechanical department of a comedy studio is a story in itself, so I may touch only the high spots. One great shop is devoted entirely to making breakaway utensils and furniture. When a man is bashed on the head with a Venus de Milo, the well-known lady had been reduced to the consistency of an eggshell. Plates, bric-a-brac, pottery and even the bronze lions at the gate are made of plaster that is light and brittle. Breakaway furniture, however, is made of wood, though very thin and light; a great oak table may weigh less than five pounds. When a fellow throws a grand piano downstairs and beans the poor dub coming up, only a half-wit believes that an actual, full-weight piano was thus tossed about. Yet we are constantly warned not to expose our technic!

Without doubt the most interesting props of the comedy companies are the pies. We have three kinds—one solid and two edible—for differing technical purposes. The edible pies are made of either custard or blackberry, each one occupying its own enviable position as a submotor of comedy. Custard is the wobbliest and makes the most magnificent splash; but blackberry, because of its color, registers better, and in the close-up stuff looks lots messier. The solid pies are upholstery, and of enough weight to maintain a flat trajectory when thrown a great distance. Real pies lack the cohesion to hold them together in the long shots, but they are used to register the finish of the solid ones. This is accomplished by cutting the film just before the bull's-eye and splicing on a close-up finish with real custard.

The outside world has no conception of the importance of pie in comedy. The number of tarts destroyed in a single scene is appalling. When it is realized that at least ten pies are thrown to record a perfect hit one may realize the custard condition of the set after a furious bombardment of five or ten minutes. In cap, mackintosh and leggings the director will brave the gooey hurricane and boss the battle until he is completely smothered and the whole place is ankle deep in pie. The ninety per cent that missed their targets are indiscriminately distributed from the linoleum to the skylights and from the camera to the cutting room. One often wonders if it would not be cheaper to build a new studio than to clean the old one.

No doubt the nice people have all stopped reading this tale, but I'm hoping that the nuts are standing by. It is too bad we are not all attuned to "refined humor," but if the vast majority prefer cyclonic comedy,

Keiser Cravats

His Choice!

Ask him what kind of a cravat he prefers as your gift to him. The chances are he will say "If it's a Keiser Cravat it will come pretty close to being what I want." Were he buying it himself, he might not select the smart patterns and colors that you will select, but he would insist on its being a Keiser Cravat. Keiser Cravats are correct in shape, the latest in style, are made in an infinite variety of designs and colors.

If you do not know the name of the Keiser dealer in your city, write us for it.

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So convenient it fits in the pocket. A gift that is "different"—a real necessity. Built for service—compact, clean, neat, lasts for years.

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Can be washed, boiled and sterilized as often as you wish. No wood to warp. Water runs *through* open metal back. Bristles don't soften or rot.

The Sanitax Sammy Kit contains 2 Sanitax brushes, comb, double metal mirror, in khaki case—compact, clean, neat. Just the thing for the boys at the front. Equally good for travelers and campers. Price $3.50 complete. See them at your dealer's or write.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will ship direct on receipt of price. Get one today.

Nothing approaching the quality, sanitary construction and utility of the Sanitax Sammy Kit.

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CHEFSERVICE *In Your own Home!* that's what it is to have a few of these tins on your shelf

PURITY CROSS *Inc* Model Kitchen ORANGE N.J.

should it be denied? The trouble with nice people is their belief that if one doesn't like what they like he is a toad. They are the ones who are always deploring pretty girls on magazine covers, and boosting Botticelli.

We aim to please everybody, but it can't be done at one and the same time. "The only film I ever saw that offended nobody," says the boss, "was a picture of the mint, showing how money is made."

The heaviest crosses we have to carry are the bromidic critiques perpetually supplied us by our pleasure-loving countrymen who believe we are all wrong and would make much better comedies if we did or didn't do certain things. If we had a perfect understanding of the sense of humor maybe we would not write our ribaldries in custard; we only know what our brothers laugh at, and that knowledge is worth a pile in the box office.

The boss and I were soup-and-fishing last week when a charming young matron piped up with that dear old question: "Do you think the throwing of custard pie is really funny, Mr. Hammond?"

"Yes," he replied, "just so long as it hits the innocent bystander and not the person it was aimed at."

Then this from the secretary of the Drama League: "And will you never give up that silly chase at the end, where people upset apple carts and things?"

"My dear lady," replied the poor badgered boss, "the upsetting of apple carts will be funny until people cease to laugh at the misfortunes of others."

And then, as though the gods had ordered it, an awkward maid dropped a piece of cracked ice down the low-corsaged back of the drama lady. And you may believe it or not, but all those perfectly nice people howled with laughter. I have a queer feeling that there was collusion between the maid and the boss. He is capable of just such delicious humor.

Back to Real Comedy

But in comedy, as in everything else, one must go ahead or die, and I have noticed the boss showing unmistakable signs of fatigue for our violences. But it took Miss Harvey to formulate his plans for the future. After one particularly stormy night in the projection room the three of us went into conference in the padded cell, the midnight calm making us all acute to the tortures we had just been through. Miss Harvey was the first to speak:

"Mr. Hammond, the motto of the sublime art of Greece was: Nothing in excess. We have absolutely reversed it, and do everything in excess. When I first came here we laughed when two men bumped; next we put them on roller skates; when this seemed slow we invoked bicycles; and since then our collisions have gone on and on, from motor cycles to locomotives. We've crashed aëroplanes in the heavens above and bumped submarines in the waters beneath, and I tell you I'm just plain weary of it all. We haven't a thrill left; and if we should actually blow up every ship in San Pedro harbor the fans would yawn. Our grandest tricks are now jokes, and the ennuied villagers don't care a rap how they are done. Let's give the whole bag away and make some real comedies."

"I'm with you," cried the boss with a new light in his eye; "we'll cut out the bathies, custard, cops and thrills; fire the pugs and acrobats; employ some real comedians and make light farces and comedy dramas. I've got an idea for one already; the location will be right in this studio and the motif will be the making of comedy—that's where the drama comes in."

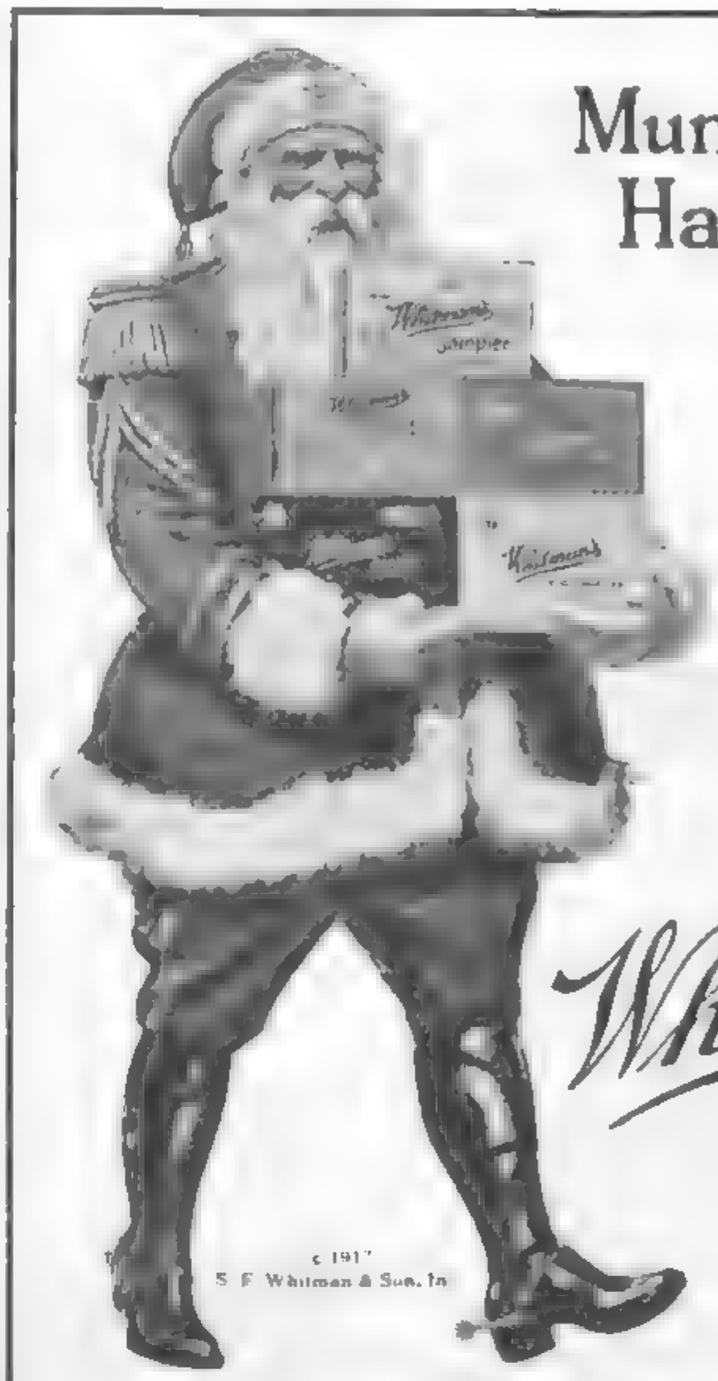
"In that case you'll have to play the lead yourself," laughed the brains of the firm.

"That's impossible," replied the boss. "The first duty of an actor is to make his audience love him, and it is notorious that nobody loves a man of my architectural rendering."

"That isn't so!" blurted out the poor girl before realizing she was saying something; and she blushingly turned toward her typewriter.

"I think you once made an observation to the effect that a comic situation might be serious if there were no witnesses present," said the boss, looking me straight between the eyes.

The Climax's first comedy-drama will be released sometime next month—the Irreverend Hokum will not officiate.



Munitions of Happiness

Whitman's

for Christmas at home or in camp

Old General Santa Claus is this year called upon to wage a more strenuous campaign of kindness than ever before. Whitman's candies are his most effective "ammunition," for carrying brightness and pleasure throughout the world, each package conveying, in its sweetness, an unmistakable message of good cheer.

There will be a shortage of really good chocolates and confections, so we suggest that you see *now* the dealer near you who is your Whitman agent, usually the leading druggist, and arrange for your own gifts at home or abroad.

We suggest those favorite standard packages:

THE SAMPLER, assorted chocolates and confections, one, two, three and five dollars a box.

NUTS, CHOCOLATE COVERED, 50 cents, $1.00, $2.00, $3.00 a box.

PINK OF PERFECTION, chocolates or confections, $1.25, $2.50 and $6.00 a box.

SUPER EXTRA CHOCOLATES or **CONFECTIONS,** in half pound to five pound boxes, at 90 cents a pound.

LIBRARY package, a de luxe chocolate assortment with a book. Two pound size $2.00.

SERVICE CHOCOLATES, our new soldiers' and sailors' assortment is a favorite gift to, or from, a man in the Service. Each box contains a pound of very special chocolates and a book. Such authors as Kipling, DeMaupassant, Conan Doyle, Hugo. One dollar a box. Our agents will attend to the mailing for you, or we will do so, on receipt of $1.00 and parcel postage.

Write for booklets of standard and fancy packages, or get these from our agents, and plan for

The CHEERIEST CHRISTMAS POSSIBLE

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

NOTE:—The prices given above may be advanced slightly by dealers on the Pacific Coast and other distant States.

Westinghouse

ELECTRICAL APPARATUS FOR EVERY PURPOSE

PERCOLATORS
$8.00 to $13.00

MILK WARMER
$8.50

TOASTER-STOVE
$7.00

The Force that Changed Christmas

What would Christmas be today without Electricity?

The brightly lighted home, the tree blazing with parti-colored lights, the glad greetings that flash over the telegraph wires or are spoken over perhaps hundreds of miles—all these have been made possible by that wonderful silent force

To thousands of women, however, mention of Electricity in connection with Christmas suggests, first of all, none of these benefits but the various electrical appliances for lightening tasks and increasing comforts in the home.

For these appliances—such as are included in Westinghouse Electric Ware—lend themselves so well to gift purposes that they are bought at Christmas as at no other time of the year.

And what better gift could the housewife ask than that which, at a touch, enables her to press into her service the far-off central station, with its great turbo-generators, and to put at her command the same mighty power that lights cities, drives giant battleships and locomotives and turns the wheels of countless industries!

Cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, sewing and dozens of other tasks, all are now done by electricity with the aid of appliances made by the same Westinghouse organization that produced the apparatus to generate the power and transmit it to the home.

Look over the following list of Westinghouse Electric appliances, then see the ones you're interested in at your dealer's. They're sold by light and power companies, electrical dealers, department and hardware stores.

Toaster-Stove—A complete table stove that will broil meat, fry eggs, ham or potatoes, make griddle cakes and toast—in short, do the work of a double-burner gas stove. Can be connected to any lamp-socket or base-plug. Price $7.00. (Prices of all articles listed here slightly higher in the West and South and in Canada.)

Turnover Toaster—Makes two pieces of toast at a time and turns it at a touch of a little knob, preventing burning of fingers. Toast is crisp and hot when wanted, and no more need be made than is really desired. Price $5.50.

Percolator—Not only convenient but also unusually satisfactory as a means of making good coffee. Begins to operate in less than one minute after current is turned on. Made in 5-cup and 7-cup sizes. Prices $8.00 to $13.00.

Iron—Eliminates the stove and changing of irons. Makes possible ironing anywhere there's a lamp socket. Three sizes, 3-lb., 6-lb., and 8-lb. Prices $4.00 to $6.50.

Curling Iron—No woman's dressing table is completely equipped without an electric curling iron. Requires no flame. Clean and economical. Price $4.50.

Sew-Motor—A small motor that attaches to any sewing-machine and makes treadling unnecessary. Runs a day for a few cents' worth of current. Price $16.50

Milk Warmer—A gift the mother of an infant will appreciate. It's the most convenient way to warm the baby's milk. Price, including bottle and nipple, $8.50

Warming Pad—A big improvement over the hot water bottle. No water to leak out or get cold. Heat regulator keeps it constantly warm and makes it entirely safe. Made in two sizes. Prices $4.50 and $8.00

Polishing and Sharpening Motor—Cleans the silverware in a fraction of the time required by the usual method. Quickly puts a keen edge on the household cutlery and performs other services. Prices $42.00 to $65.00

For those who desire to make more expensive gifts, Westinghouse Automatic Electric Ranges—the last word in range construction—offer a variety of styles. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

SEW-MOTOR
$16.50

IRONS
$4.00 to $6.50

TURNOVER TOASTER
$5.50

For You as Well as Surgeons

Miller Rubber Goods

Surgeons Grade

Miller Rubber Goods are made to meet the rigid rules of hospitals.

For years their sale was confined to the medical profession.

The public could not get this surgeons grade rubber. But so many people demanded it that at last we decided to open the sale to all.

Now any home can secure Miller Rubber Goods from the druggists authorized to sell them.

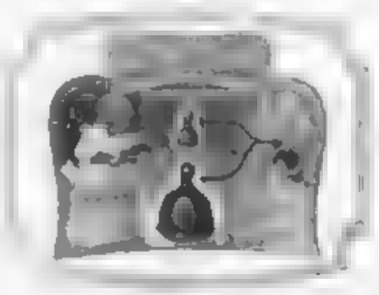
The quality is still the same. The same that physicians and surgeons use.

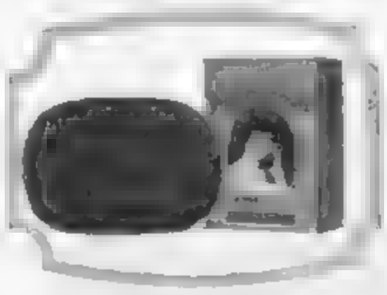
For Christmas

The new Miller Black Beauty Surgeons Grade Hot Water Bottle, attractively boxed, makes a most practical and pleasing Christmas gift. Has patented C-Kure-Nek, no seams, and cannot leak even under terrific pressure.

Miller Non-Collapsible Nipples prevent wind colic and keep the flow of the baby's food even.

Miller Household Rubber Gloves keep hands soft and white. They fit and protect like an extra skin.





Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Sponges feel almost as soft as velvet to the skin. They gently massage it, while you wash or bathe; they round out hollows and leave a soothing glow.

When buying Rubber Goods at your druggist's, insist on Miller Surgeons Grade and don't accept lower quality. Write to us for name of authorized druggist near you.

The Miller Rubber Company, Dept. 6G-3, Akron, Ohio

Builders of the famous Miller Geared-to-the-Road Tires

DEALERS: Write for Exclusive Miller Merchandising Plan and figures that prove increased business.

Miller
Surgeons Grade
RUBBER GOODS

WHERE YOUR LIBERTY BOND MONEY GOES

(Continued from Page 12)

should be done, so as to keep everybody strong for the fight."

Very little of this money loaned to the Allies goes out of the country. Most of it is spent right here buying war materials. The Allies pay the Treasury the same rate of interest for the money they borrow that the Treasury pays for the money it borrows. The money we advance them is not a contribution on our part—we shall get it all back again with interest. Moreover, we supervise the expenditure in this country of the money we lend to them. After the Treasury has agreed to make an advance to one of the Allies three members of the War Industries Board—Mr. Brookings, Mr. Baruch and Judge Lovett—are notified. Then the borrowing country—say, Serbia goes to these three gentlemen and says: "We have to our credit in the Treasury Department $785,500 to run us until December thirty-first. We want to buy with it oil and boots and copper and cotton and sulphuric acid in such and such quantities." The committee of the War Industries Board and the Serbian representatives go thoroughly into the whole proposal; then the committee says: "Buy your oil from So-and-So at such a price; your boots from Blank & Co. for so much," and so on through the whole list.

This system protects the borrowing Ally, prevents competitive bidding against the other Allies and the United States, and assures the foreign government the same prices, the same terms, and the same treatment our own Government demands in making purchases for itself. This relation is now so organized that representatives of the Allies and representatives of the committee of the War Industries Board meet daily at Washington to agree upon the purchases they have in progress. So you see in extending credit to our Allies we are not giving anything to them. We should be willing to give abundantly to gain success, but they don't ask that. They only ask us to lend them our credit—and they pay for that. Bear in mind, then, in considering where the Liberty Bond money goes that this seven billions and more to the Allies does not represent expenditure. It can't be included in the cost of the war because it all comes back to us.

Productive Loans

Our power to do this job as it should be done depends upon our power to produce. National wealth, as wealth is measured in this war, is the margin between national production and national consumption. That is why we are being urged to produce more and consume less. That is what people mean when they tell us we must win this war by our savings. Financing the Allies simply means lending them our surplus production of boots, food, clothing, oil, steel and other materials for munitions of war.

If you lend a carpenter out of a job fifteen dollars to buy tools so that he can go to work you are doing precisely what we are doing for the Allies. It is a job we took over from Great Britain. She had been financing her Allies until we came into the war and took the burden off her shoulders. I sought some account of the British experience for our own enlightenment, and went to see the Hon. Robert Brand, C. M. G., vice chairman of the British War Mission in this country. He is concerned with the supply of munitions, and for the last two years has been intimately associated on behalf of the British Government with the measures taken to control industry and increase production.

It is called putting the country on a war basis. I have set down here some of the things he told me:

"For three years the burden of financing the Allies has to a large extent rested on Great Britain. So far as we can continue to finance them by granting them credit in Great Britain we are going on doing so; but as far as the United States is concerned, the burden has now passed into your hands.

"You are now being called upon in the general interest of the allied cause to lend huge sums to all the different Allies; and there is no more valuable support toward winning the war that could possibly be given. It may be, therefore, that our experience may be in some respects useful to you.

"Our total national expenditure from August 4, 1914, to August 4, 1917, may be put approximately at $25,000,000,000. This expenditure has been provided as to about $6,000,000,000 out of revenue and as to about $19,000,000,000 by an increase of our national debt. We have lent our Allies about $6,000,000,000, and if we assume this amount is recoverable the figure of $19,000,000,000 given as the increase to our national debt must be reduced by so much. If we deduct this figure the increase of our national debt is about $13,000,000,000, which added to the pre-war debt of over $3,000,000,000 makes a total of about $16,500,000,000.

"Our actual daily expenditure since April first of this year, including loans to our Allies, has been at the rate of about $35,000,000. Our irrevocable expenditure has averaged about $22,000,000 a day. Our increase in revenue, owing to increased taxation, has been very great. Before the war we raised roughly $1,000,000,000 a year. This year we have budgeted for $3,100,000,000, and probably we shall get between $3,250,000,000 and $3,400,000,000. Taxation to this extent would have been thought three years ago to be wholly impossible.

"Perhaps the greatest surprises of the war to most people, even to those who had studied political economy, have been the enormous expenditure of money which a nation can incur and the length of time it can go on fighting without complete exhaustion."

Where Money is Saved

"Therefore, though the mechanism of finance is exceedingly important, the vital thing for both a country itself and its Allies is that it should produce and so have available everything required for war both for itself and for them. This may seem an elementary fact, but I lay stress upon it because it is to my mind fundamental and the key to the actions of a government at war. If the goods are not there or cannot be obtained from other countries in some way or other no method of financing will avail at all. The all-important thing is, therefore, the annual production of the people for war, and the amount of that production which is left over after satisfying civil consumption and which is available for the war needs of the nation itself or its Allies. In other words, the all-important thing is that the government should assist in the development of the maximum productive capacity of the nation, should direct that productive capacity into channels suitable for war, and should restrict entirely the consumption of luxuries, and as far as possible of everything else required by the ordinary civil population.

"It was some time in England before we saw how to achieve these results. We started with 'business as usual.' We thought we could go on as in peacetime, but we soon found that was absolutely impossible. To put industry on a war footing so that the nation should produce what was required for war and as much of it as possible required drastic measures on the part of our government.

"Let us consider first how we can have reduced our consumption. It must have been in one or all—no doubt all—of the following ways:

"By cutting off altogether our normal peace loans to foreign countries.

"By cutting down all normal additions to our national plant—that is, by building no more houses, factories, railways, roads, and so on, except for purely war purposes.

"By cutting down upkeep and ceasing as far as possible to spend money on the maintenance of our national plant, except the minimum required to keep it running. We have undoubtedly let our roads, railways, houses, and so on, to some extent deteriorate.

"And, most important of all, by cutting down our civil expenditure. This is so far the largest item of consumption that it is here where the most important savings can be made.

Navy Cleanliness Is Thorough Cleanliness

There are many things to soil the Jackie's hands; but these stains must be promptly and thoroughly removed. That's where Goblin Soap comes into service.

Goblin Soap

serves its country

It soft ns th we t gr me and makes t easy to rinse off nd what s mo the skin in a wholesome, healthy co free from that dryness and harshne that so many soaps have.

Toilet and Bath

5c per cake

Cudahy-Chicago

A Merry Christmas for that Boy of Yours!

Your boy's Christmas will be the happiest ever, if you will send him THE BOYS' MAGAZINE. *It is a gift that lasts a whole year.* This splendid magazine is chock full of just the kind of reading *you* want *your* boy to have. Clean, inspiring stories by the best boys' authors. *Practical* and *instructive* departments devoted to Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics and Physical Training, Hunting, Camping and Fishing, Photography, Drawing, Stamp and Coin Collecting, Poultry and Pets, Boy Societies and Clubs, Joe Jolly's Joke Market, Cash Contests, etc. THE BOYS' MAGAZINE is beautifully illustrated throughout—each issue has a new handsome cover in colors. Get this great magazine for your own boy or for some boy in whom you are particularly interested.

SPECIAL OFFER! For only $1.50 we will send you THE BOYS' MAGAZINE for a whole year *and* a copy of the most useful and practical book you ever read—"Fifty Ways for Boys to Earn Money"—*and* this Electric Engine. Runs forward or backward. 150 to 3 ... Has speed control ... and dry battery. ... has worth its power to run other ... Attractive and easy to operate. This Electric Engine is interesting and instructive and any boy will be delighted with it.

Send in your subscription to-day and the engine and book will be forwarded at once. All transportation charges prepaid. Satisfaction or money refunded.

THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO.
1625 Main St. Smethport, Pa.

"By these means it is obvious that at the expense of our becoming poorer and allowing our national plant—our railways, houses, factories, and so on—to deteriorate, and by strict personal economies we have been able to turn a large volume of production in the direction of war material: in other words, to devote the labor and material formerly used for the above purposes purely to war purposes.

"Notwithstanding the great difficulties I think it is probable that our production is quite as great as before. Measured in money, owing to the rise of prices it would probably be much greater. This is due to the fact that the whole population, practically speaking, has been working, and working intensely. Millions of women who have not worked before are working now. No one is idle. Every acre of land or garden that can be used is being used. Methods of production have been speeded up, labor-saving machinery in industry and agriculture multiplied. In every direction the wheels have been turning faster.

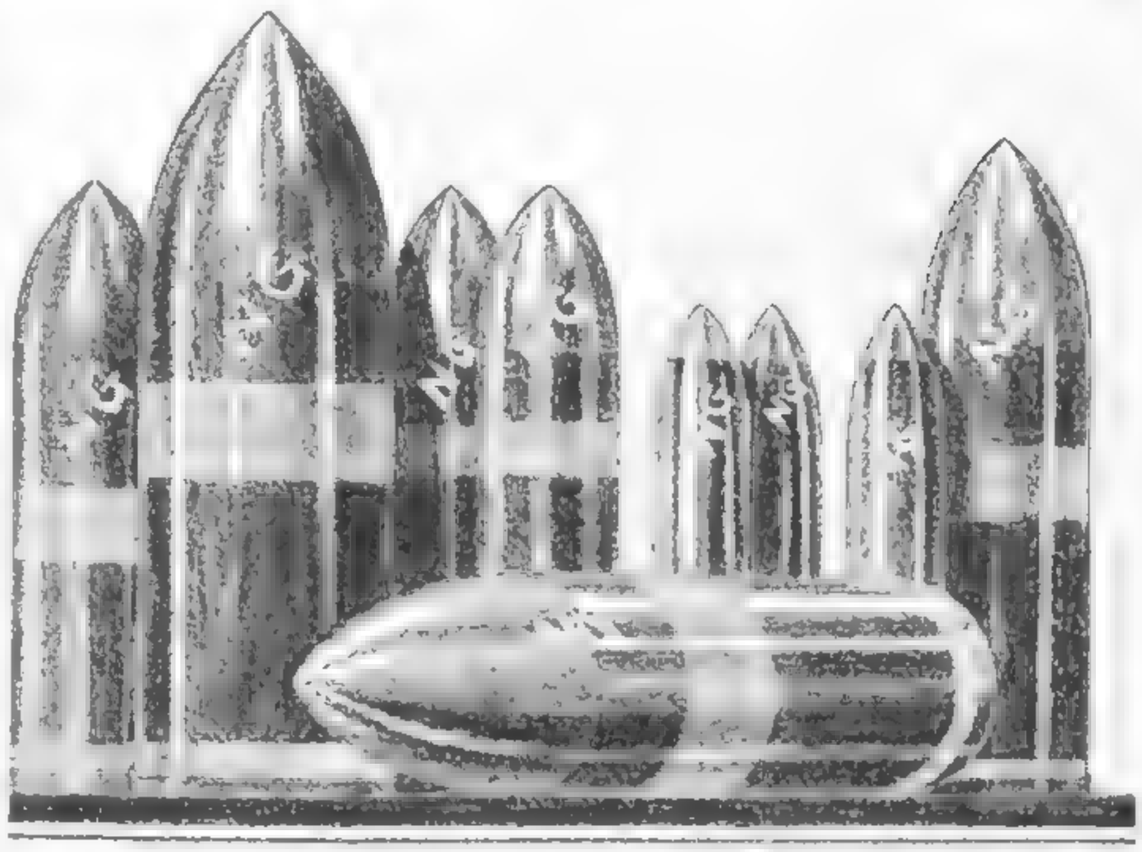
"But, perhaps more important still, the character of our production has entirely changed—almost our entire industry is producing for war purposes. Ordinary civil needs are no longer considered. We have of course to produce what is essential for life, but beyond that all our energies are directed to war production. The government has of necessity compelled British industry to produce for war and to produce what it is told to produce; because in no other way could our armies and those of our Allies have been supplied. No man is free to do what he likes with his labor and capital, with his ships or with his steel. He has to do what he is told to do. By this means production for war purposes has enormously increased, and civil consumption, too, enormously decreased—partly because the goods for the civil population are no longer produced, and you cannot buy what isn't there. Instead of watches, the watch company makes fuses; instead of cloth for ordinary goods the woolen factory makes khaki; instead of motor cars the motor-car maker makes shells."

Help for Allies

"Imports have been drastically restricted. Many trades have been actually shut down and the labor taken from them and handed over to war industries. Labor itself has been subjected to restrictions which would have been wholly impossible before the war. Labor may not leave its employment without government permission; salaries and wages may not be increased without government approval. Measures for control of the industry which were unheard-of, and in fact absolutely impossible before the war, have been imposed upon all industry. Fixed prices have been placed on the most important materials. The government has now the absolute control of the use of steel, copper, lead, wool, leather, and other materials for which the war demand is insatiable, and also of all materials manufactured therefrom. No use may be made of most of these materials for any purpose whatever without a certificate's being first obtained. No buildings of any kind may be erected without leave of the Ministry of Munitions. A short time ago a sister of mine, who lives in the country, ran short of water because her pump broke down. She was informed that no material could be used to mend it without a certificate from the Minister of Munitions. I heard of the matter because she wrote to me to invoke my help. This may show you the extent of the control now exercised.

"You may think that all my insistence on our increased production and increased economy in consumption has not much bearing on the problem of financing our Allies. But in reality it has the most direct and vital bearing, and your experience in this respect will be the same as ours. We have never once, I believe, refused an Ally the necessary credit if we have been able consistently with our own demands to supply them with the goods which they wanted from our own home products. We continue now to grant them the necessary credit when we can make the goods ourselves in Great Britain. But the problem has been to find the labor and material to produce what they wanted as well as what we wanted. We have, as a matter of fact, supplied them with every variety of material in enormous quantities. We have lent them continuously hundreds of ships at cost price of working, the most valuable commodity in the world.

(Continued on Page 66)



why did you reject our shells?

Limit Snap Gage for testing cylindrical diameters

To this inquiry from an American manufacturer a foreign official made answer, "Because they weren't accurate. An oversize shell wouldn't go into the breech of a gun. A slight error in gaging the time fuse might drop the shrapnel on our lines instead of the enemy's. You Americans don't know *precision*-and-*speed* in quantity-production."

The foreign official was right. Given the specific size of a projectile, the American manufacturer had not made provision for permissible limit of variation or tolerance in dimension. He did not realize the value of the use of limit gages.

The same condition is true of American-made machine parts. Some of these parts do not require absolute accuracy. No one expects hair-breadth precision in the parts of a lawn-mower—but a clock must be accurately made or it *won't keep time.* In making parts for either mechanism, insurance of *interchangeability* of parts means lower assembling costs. The product of an automatic machine which turns out duplicate units can be gaged by even a boy, in many cases at the rate of a thousand pieces an hour, with a GTD Limit Gage.

Millions of workers in Europe have been taught quantity-production with speed-and-accuracy by the war. When the conflict is over, they will turn their tremendously heightened efficiency into industrial channels. America must compete with foreign knowledge of precision gained in munition making. She must realize that the way to produce quantity-with-speed in turning out machine parts is found in the limit gage.

Gages
Taps
Screw Threading Dies
Screw Plates
Reamers
Pipe Tools
Lathes
Screw Machines
Grinders
Cold Saw Sharpeners
Cutting-off Machines
Threading Machines

Greenfield Tap and Die Corporation

Greenfield, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

GTD LIMIT GAGES

Accuracy—Standardization—Speed

A Window Full of

Style 161

Style 1143

Style 4X

WHAT present could be more truly expressive of the Christmas spirit than a Belber bag, suitcase or wardrobe trunk? It is *useful*, it is an appreciated *personal* belonging, and it has *lasting* value.

The Belber Trade Mark is your guarantee of quality. To the man who *sells* Belber Traveling Goods, and to the man who *buys* Belber Traveling Goods, we can say, "Search as you will, you can find nothing better. They will stand your minutest inspection and your hardest test. From the simplest bag to the most elaborate wardrobe trunk they are made of the best materials and with the finest workmanship possible."

The high standing of the merchants on the opposite page is convincing evidence of the respect in which Belber Traveling Goods are held by the men most competent to judge luggage values.

These merchants are coöperating with us by displaying Belber Traveling Goods in their windows this week. Be sure to see the window display of the store nearest you. Then step inside and examine the complete assortment of Belber bags, suitcases and wardrobe trunks for Christmas giving.

The Belber Trunk & Bag Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS

Christmas Suggestions

NOW BEING DISPLAYED BY THE FOLLOWING STORES

John Wanamaker, N. Y. and Phila.

Aberdeen, So. Dak.
Adolph Olander

Albany, Oreg.
The Hamilton Store

Albion, Mich.
Hahn Bros

Allentown, Pa.
Geo. J. Guth & Bro
Hess Bros.

Alliance, O.
The Geiger Bros. Co.

Altoona, Pa.
Wm. F. Gable & Co.
W. S. Aaron

Asbury Park, N. J.
Steinbach Company

Atlanta, Ga.
Ashford Trunk & Bag Co.
Daniel Bros. Co.

Atlantic City, N. J.
Boardman Bag Co.
Phil V. Leigh
Du Pont Products Co.

Atchison, Kans.
The Ramsay Bros. Dry Goods Co.

Austin, Texas
E. M. Scarbrough & Sons

Baltimore, Md.
Chas. B. Gorman & Co.
Isaac Hamburger & Sons

Beaumont, Texas
J. J. Nathan & Co.

Beaver Falls, Pa.
John A. Butler & Son

Bellingham, Wash.
Young's Style Shop

Bellows Falls, Vt.
Goodnow, Jewett & Bishop

Billings, Mont.
Cole-Williams Company

Binghamton, N. Y.
Fowler, Dick & Walker

Birmingham, Ala.
Drennen Company
Gilbert Trunk Factory

Blackfoot, Idaho
Rowles-Mack Co.

Bloomington, Ill.
Mayer Livingston & Co.

Boise, Idaho
The Mode, Ltd.

Boston, Mass.
Leopold Morse Co.
Shepard Norwell Co.
R. H. White Co.

Braddock, Pa.
The Famous

Bridgeton, N. J.
V. D. Fisher & Son

Bridgeport, Conn.
Howland Dry Goods Co.

Bristol, Conn.
Bristol Drapery & Rug Store

Brockton, Mass.
Howard & Caldwell

Brooklyn, N. Y.
Abraham & Straus

Buffalo, N. Y.
Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.

Burlington, Vt.
L. M. Simpson

Butler, Pa.
Green & Young

Camden, N. J.
Munger & Long

Canton, O.
The Homer-Miller Co.

Carlisle, Pa.
S. Kronenberg's Sons

Carrington, No. Dak.
Wallace Galehouse Co.

Catskill, N. Y.
Joseph's

Cedar Rapids, Iowa
M. M. Thompson Co.

Chambersburg, Pa.
Howard Yeager

Charleston, S. C.
Charleston Trunk Co.

Charleston, W. Va.
I. Dolinsky

Chattanooga, Tenn.
Miller Bros. Co.

Chicago, Ill.
Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
The Fair
The Hub
Loren Miller Co.
Standard Trunk Co.
Steiger's
110 N. State St.
24 South Wabash Ave.

Cincinnati, O.
The Mabley & Carew Co.
The H. & S. Poque Co.

Clarksburg, W. Va.
Parsons-Souders Co.

Clearfield, Pa.
Louis Shapiro

Cleburne, Texas
Kennard Merc. Co.

Cleveland, O.
The Likly & Rockett Trunk Co.
The May Co.

Commerce, Texas
The Model

Cooper, Texas
Carter Anderson Co.

Corry, Pa.
The Nost Co.

Cuero, Texas
R. C. Fuck

Dallas, Texas
Dreyfuss & Son

Danbury, Conn.
Levy Bros.

Danville, Ill.
I. S. Levin

Deming, N. M.
The Clark Clothing Co.

Denison, Texas
Hayes & May

Denver, Colo.
The Price-Mayer Co.

Des Moines, Iowa
S. Davidson & Bros.
L. Mandelbaum & Sons

Detroit, Mich.
Pattle & Clark
253 Woodward Ave.
Jefferson & Bates Sts.

Dover, O.
The John S. Ress Store

Duluth, Minn.
Duluth Trunk Company

Dunkirk, N. Y.
The Safe Store

Duquesne, Pa.
Kaufman Bros.

Elizabeth, N. J.
McManus Bros.

Elkhart, Ind.
Wm. J. Schutt

Elmira, N. Y.
Sheehan Dean & Co.

Ely, Nev.
Wilson Bates Furniture Co.

Emporia, Kans.
W. C. Scarbrough Dry Goods Co.

Eureka, Cal.
Daly Bros.

Fall River, Mass.
The Steiger Cox Co.

Fargo, No. Dak.
Monson Trunk Factory

Fellows, Cal.
Lawton & Blanck Inc.

Findlay, O.
J. S. Patterson & Sons

Fitchburg, Mass.
The Goodnow-Pearson Co.

Flagstaff, Ariz.
Babbitt Bros.

Ft. Worth, Texas
Ft. Worth Trunk & Bag Co.
Morning Dry Goods Co.

Fostoria, O.
The Style Shop

Fresno, Cal.
Kutner, Goldstein Co.

Galesburg, Ill.
The O. T. Johnson Company

Galveston, Texas
Robt. L. Cohen Co.
E. S. Levy & Co.

Gardner, Mass.
Goodnow, Pearson & Co.

Gary, Ind.
Yoder & Schmidt

Gettysburg, Pa.
R. P. Funkhouser

Gloversville, N. Y.
B. Greenaky & Sons

Goshen, Ind.
Spillman & Zimmerly

Grass Valley, Cal.
The Toggery

Great Falls, Mont.
Stone the Clothier

Greenville, S. C.
The Humphreys Co.

Hagerstown, Md.
Leiter Bros.

Harrisburg, Pa.
Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart

Harrison, Ark.
Price Clothing Co.

Harrisonburg, Va.
J. S. Denton & Son

Hartford, Conn.
G. Fox & Co.

Hastings, Neb.
J. H. Harry & Co.

High Point, N. C.
Wood Bros. Inc.

Holyoke, Mass.
Steiger & Co.

Hope, Ark.
Haynes Bros.

Hot Springs, Ark.
W. H. Hall & Co.

Houston, Texas
I. M. Parrish Book & Wall Paper Co.
Shotwell's, Inc.

Idaho Falls, Idaho
Rowles-Mack Co.

Indianapolis, Ind.
L. Strauss & Company

Jamestown, N. Y.
Lockwood's

Jamestown, N. D.
Beck Clothing Co.

Jerome, Ariz.
Dunn & Lipsey

Jersey City, N. J.
The John Mullen Co.

Joplin, Mo.
Kraus Trunk Factory

Junction City, Kans.
The Taylor City Dry Goods Co.

Kankakee, Ill.
J. G. Knecht Company

Kansas City, Mo.
Jones Trunk Co.
Jones Store Co.
North Mehorney Furniture Co.

Kemmerer, Wyo.
Blyth-Fargo-Hoskins Co.

Kingsville, Texas
The John B. Ragland Mercantile Co.

Klamath Falls, Ore.
K K K Store

Knoxville, Tenn.
The Luggage Shop

LaSalle, Ill.
Cassidy's

Lawrence, Kans.
V. D. Weaver

Lawrence, Mass.
P. F. Devine

Lebanon, Pa.
A. S. Cramer

Lewiston, Maine
Longley's

Lexington, Ky.
W. H. Thompson
opp. Phoenix Hotel

Lexington, Va.
Tolley & Meeks

Little Rock, Ark.
Pfeifer Bros.
The Waldenberger Harness & Trunk Co.

Lincoln, Neb.
The Armstrong Clothing Co.

Livingston, Mont.
The Progress Clothing Co.

Long Branch, N. J.
N. Weinstein

Los Angeles, Cal.
Featherweight Trunk Co.
The Trunkdom Trunk Co.

Louisville, Ky.
Crutcher & Starks
Inc.

Lowell, Mass.
P. F. Devine

Lynchburg, Va.
C. M. Guggenheimer

Macon, Ga.
The Dannenberg Co.

Malone, N. Y.
M. Levy Co.

Manchester, N. H.
The Barton Co.

Mankato, Minn.
Huber Clothing Co.

Mansfield, O.
Henry Weil & Son

Marietta, O.
Otto Bros.

Marion, Ohio
John D. Quinn

Marlboro, Mass.
Tom Williams

Marshall, Texas
F. N. Smith Furniture Co.

Marshalltown, Iowa
Strickler Clothing Co.

Marshfield, Ore.
Hub Dry Goods Co.

Martins Ferry, O.
Martins Ferry Clothing Co.

Mattoon, Ill.
Cokendolpher & Co.

McKeesport, Pa.
J. D. O'Neil Co.
R. E. Stone Co.

Meadville, Pa.
Whipples' Leather Store

Memphis, Tenn.
Phil A. Halle, Inc.
Bag

Miami, Fla.
John Sewell & Bros.

Milwaukee, Wis.
Gimbel Brothers
The Kanlee Co.

Minneapolis, Minn.
New England Furniture & Carpet Co.
The Plymouth Clothing House
Powers Mercantile Co.

Minot, N. D.
The New York Dept. Store

Missoula, Mont.
Missoula Merc. Co.

Monessen, Pa.
Frantz & Boyd

Montgomery, Ala.
The Goodfarm Shop

Morgantown, W. Va.
The Hub

Mt. Carmel, Ill.
W. V. A. S. Store

Muskogee, Okla.
Tony Miller

Nashville, Tenn.
Cain Sloan Co.
Cumberland Knight Dry Goods Co.

New Albany, Ind.
J. Sapinsky & Sons

Newark, N. J.
Green's

Newark, O.
Robertson

New Bedford, Mass.
Star Store

New Brighton, Pa.
John A. Butler & Son

New Brunswick, N. J.
Tepper Bros.

Newburgh, N. Y.
John Sommerbaker & Son

New Haven, Conn.
The Jones Furniture Co.
The Edward Malley Co.

New Kensington, Pa.
J. Chaney & Sons

New London, Conn.
The Jones Furniture Co.

New Orleans, La.
Godchaux's
Maison Blanche Co.

New Philadelphia, O.
The Senhauser Clothing Co.

Newport, R. I.
The Kay McLean Co.

Newport, Vt.
E. Lane & Son

New Rochelle, N. Y.
H. R. Ware Co.

New York City, N. Y.
Saks & Co.
Lord & Taylor
Stern Bros.
Bloomingdale Bros.
Walbach Bros.
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265 Broadway
59th & Broadway
Adams-Flanigan Co.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Jenss Bros.

Norfolk, Va.
Norfolk Trunk Factory

Norristown, Pa.
Frey & Hunsicker

North Adams, Mass.
C. H. Cutler Sons Co.

Northampton, Mass.
R. F. Armstrong

Oakland, Cal.
John Breuner Co.

Ogden, Utah
Buchmiller & Flowers Co.

Oklahoma City, Okla.
B. & M. Clothing Co.
Newbill's

Omaha, Neb.
J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Ireland's Store

Oswego, N. Y.
John Worden & Son

Ottawa, Ill.
M. Strouse & Son

Paducah, Ky.
Weille's

Painesville, O.
Geo. G. Deane Co.

Paris, Texas
Model Dry Goods Co.
Rogers-Wade Furniture Co.

Parkersburg, W. Va.
Smith Bros.

Paterson, N. J.
Michael P. Levin

Pawtucket, R. I.
Hayward Rubber Co.

Pendleton, Ore.
Hanley & Co.

Philadelphia, Pa.
Strawbridge & Clothier
Gimbel Brothers
Geo. B. Bates & Son

Philipsburg, Pa.
Adelman & Ratowsky

Pittsburgh, Pa.
Boggs & Buhl
Kaufmann Department Store
Rosenbaum Co.
Sears & Co.
George M. Wilson

Pittsburgh, Texas
Louis B. Hess

Pittsfield, Mass.
Eagle and Brot

Piqua, Ohio
Fisher & Smith

Pocatello, Idaho
The People's Store

Portland, Ore.
Lipman Wolfe & Co.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Brady, Wiltsie-Corbally Co.

Prescott, Ark.
Otis Merc. Co.

Providence, R. I.
Outlet Co.

Pueblo, Colo.
The S. C. Clothing Sattlery Co.

Reading, Pa.
Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart

Red Bank, N. J.
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Reno, Nev.
Gray Reid Wright Co.

Richmond, Va.
F. W. Dubney & Co.

Roanoke, Va.
Oak Hall
M. Rosenberg & Son
Thru-the-Block

Rochester, N. Y.
Geo. A. Miller

Roswell, N. Mex.
Joyce Pruit Co.

Russellville, Ark.
Price Clothing Co.

Rutland, Vt.
Howley & Co.

St. Louis, Mo.
James A. Quirk Trunk Co.
Stix, Baer & Fuller

St. Paul, Minn.
Dayton's

St. Johnsbury, Vt.
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Morrow Hutton Co.

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Johnston & Stevens

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Woodward & Lothrop
S. Kann Sons & Co.
Berman's Trunk Store

Washington, Pa.
Clutter, Baker & Samson

Waterbury, Conn.
Curran Dry Goods Co.

White Plains, N. Y.
Gordon Bros.

Wichita, Kans.
The Geo. Innes Co.

Wichita Falls, Tex.
P. B. M. Co.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Fowler, Dick & Walker

Wilmington, Del.
Lippincott & Co.
N. Snellenburg & Co.

Williamsport, Pa.
John A. Shoemaker

Wilmington, Del.
Lippincott & Co.
N. Snellenburg & Co.

Woburn, Mass.
Edward Caldwell

Woodlawn, Pa.
Pittsburg Merc. Co.

Woodsville, N. H.
R. M. Stahl

Woonsocket, R. I.
The Harris & Mowry Co.

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Make home defence a reality by giving the man of the house a *safe* revolver for Christmas.

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The Iver Johnson is the perfect weapon for home defence. It gets off the first shot because there is nothing to do but pull the trigger—no complicated safety buttons or levers to adjust—or forget. There is nothing to fear from an Iver Johnson for the man who owns one. It is the safe small firearm—you can "Hammer the Hammer." It is accident-proof.

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(Continued from Page 63)

We have supplied them with coal, steel in very large quantities, with guns, rifles, ammunition, explosives and every other kind of munitions, motor trucks, rails, railway materials, locomotives, and so on. In the year 1916 alone we supplied them, in addition to the materials quoted above, which are of course the most important for war purposes, with 9,000,000 pairs of boots, more than 100,000,000 sandbags, 40,000,000 yards of jute, millions of socks and blankets; and in addition, several thousand tons of leather; also cloth, foodstuffs of every kind, portable houses, hospital equipment, and so on.

"We have been able to do this and to continue doing it, first of all, because our whole industry is now devoted to war purposes; secondly, because of our intensified productive energy; and thirdly, because of our economy in civil consumption. Without these efforts we might have been prepared to give our Allies the same amount of credit, but that would have been useless, because the goods they wanted would not have been there.

"You will no doubt have noticed that the credits granted Great Britain have been greater than those granted to any other Ally. The reasons are simple, though they are not, I think, generally understood. We have in the first place the largest war-and-munitions program of any Ally. This is due to the fact that we have, I believe I am right in saying, the largest effective fighting army now in the field on the Allied side, though in numbers the Russian Army may still be bigger. We certainly have by far the largest navy. We have in addition three or four thousand antisubmarine vessels. We have by far the largest mercantile marine. All these great weapons of war require a huge and constant supply of materials to keep them efficient. In the second place, as I have shown above, we are, with the exception of the United States, the greatest industrial arsenal among the Allies. That necessarily involves large imports. We send a great deal of steel from England to our Allies; we have to replace it by steel from here. We make rifles for Russia; we have to import the steel to make them. We send boots to Russia; we have to import the leather needed. These examples might be multiplied many times.

"What are the chief materials required by the Allies? Food, steel, copper, oil, steel plates, and so on. We hardly read of anything in the papers but of the scarcity of these articles. Just like us, you are finding that you cannot produce and spend both for peace and for war at the same time. 'Business as usual' is impossible. Business cannot be as usual. The ravenous demands of a modern war compel every nation at war to choose between peace and war. If they have elected for war they must order their economic lives accordingly; they must turn their industry from a peace to a war basis, and they must see that every war demand has a prior claim to every peace demand. Circumstances, I fear, will compel you to reduce by all means in your power the unnecessary consumption of labor and materials."

Where the Money Goes

So much for our loans to the Allies. Now what about our own expenditures? What is the Government buying with the colossal sums it is asking us to divert from personal and private uses through bond issues and taxation? How much will it cost? What, as Mr. Mantalini put it, what is the demnition total? Nobody can tell. The Government cannot make any estimate beyond the thirtieth of next June, when the present fiscal year will end. Let me call Secretary McAdoo to the stand again to testify:

"Money is raised in two ways—by taxation and by bond issues. The Congress has just passed a taxation measure which imposes heavy burdens upon the American people, but those burdens are insignificant as compared with the sacrifices that the men who are going to fight for you are going to make. But the amount we raise by taxation is not sufficient, and we must raise by bond issues between now and the thirtieth day of June, 1918, approximately $14,000,000,000.

"To what uses are the proceeds of these Government bonds to be put? Eight billion dollars is going to be used to equip 2,000,000 to 2,500,000 soldiers in the field—to furnish them arms, ammunition, clothing, food and ordnance—to give them the best equipment any soldier ever had: $1,450,000,000 to strengthen our Navy and to give every tar upon our battleships, our cruisers, our submarine chasers and torpedo-boat destroyers the protection he ought to have; $750,000,000 to create an air fleet manned by American operators and pilots; $1,300,000,000 or more to construct a great merchant marine to preserve the line of communication across the Atlantic between America and our boys upon the fields of France, and to carry our commerce, the products of our farms, of our mines and of our factories to all the nations of the earth.

"A part of those funds will be used to take care of the dependent wives and children of the men who go to the Front; to pay them just compensation and indemnities for partial or total disability; and if their injuries are of such a character that they cannot resume their previous occupations we intend to use enough of these funds to reeducate them into some form of service where their remaining days can be made as happy and useful as possible.

"We intend also to give to our men the right to buy life insurance at cost from the Government. Do you realize what we do to a man when he volunteers or when he is drafted into the Army? The moment he puts on the uniform, whether he volunteered or was drafted, the Government in effect conscripts his earning power above $396 a year. He may have been earning in private life $1200 to $5000 per annum—it makes no difference; the minute he enters the Army his earnings are reduced to $396. In addition to that the Government takes his life, if necessary, for his country. The moment he enters the Army or Navy it makes no difference how stout his heart or strong his sinews or clear his brain or good his eyesight, or how perfect every vital function, he cannot get a dollar of life insurance in any life-insurance company in the United States except at prohibitive rates. What is our duty? Our duty is to restore the destroyed earning power of that soldier as far as we can do it by giving him the satisfaction of knowing that the Government will not allow his dependent wife and children to starve or be dependent upon casual charity. We owe it to those men also to restore their insurability."

Debts for Posterity to Pay

Mr. McAdoo says we shall have to buy fourteen billions' worth of bonds before the end of next June—that is, loan the Government that tidy sum out of our savings. Congress says we must pay about four billion dollars in taxes in addition to the money we lend. You can tell for yourself whether it is going to be a hard winter. It is always a problem in meeting unusual and extraordinary Governmental expenditure how much shall be raised by borrowing and how much by taxation; how much the present generation shall pay and how much shall be left to posterity. It will be posterity's job to repay our sons and heirs the money we have loaned on the Liberty Bonds. We must pay the taxes—that is, four billions for us to pay and fourteen billions to be taken care of by posterity—a fair division, all things considered. The situation is rather complicated by the circumstance that our sons and heirs who are to be repaid by posterity in and of themselves will comprise no inconsiderable fraction of posterity, and as such will be taxing themselves to repay themselves the money we have loaned. But it's no good making one's head ache working that out. The present taxes are our problem.

Congress struggled from May to October to perfect a war-revenue bill designed to bring into the Treasury $2,500,000,000 annually. This amount was believed to be as large as could be levied reasonably and fairly at this time. The profits of a large number of individuals, partnerships and corporations have been increased enormously by war business or business incident to the war. These profits are known to be greatly in excess of those of ordinary times. The war-revenue law levies a tax on these excess profits which, it is estimated, will yield to the Government approximately half of the $2,500,000,000.

The rates and exemptions of the income-tax law have been materially changed. The exemptions have been reduced from $3000 and $4000 for single and married persons respectively to $1000 and $2000. This change will impose a liability to pay income tax on approximately 6,000,000 individuals who were not affected by the law under the old exemptions. Approximately 500,000 individuals paid tax under the old provision. Though each of these 6,000,000 individuals

will be liable to only a few dollars' tax it is estimated that from $20,000,000 to $30,000,000 will be collected from this source.

The new bill very materially raises the rates of supertax affecting the larger incomes. It also increases the rate of taxation on corporations. It is estimated that these amendments will result in the collection of more than a billion dollars. The remainder of the $2,500,000,000 it is estimated will be raised from additional taxes on liquors and tobacco and from new stamp and excise taxes.

The revenue laws in effect before the passage of the war-revenue act produced $810,000,000 for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1917. It is believed that those laws will produce approximately $1,000,000,000 for the present fiscal year. This, with the $2,500,000,000 to be obtained from the war-revenue act, will make a total collection of approximately $3,500,000,000.

The estimated ordinary expenses of this Government in the first year of its participation in the war is $12,067,278,679.07. This does not include a penny of what we have lent and are going to lend to our Allies. It is merely the sum to be spent, with no financial return, on the running of the Government in wartime, including of course the expense of the greatly enlarged Army and Navy on the new war footing. This total for the present year is $27,807,000 more than the Government spent from the beginning of the present century to the present year.

Cost of Equipment

Let's have a look at the details: It costs the United States $156.71 to equip an infantryman for service in France. That's merely for the tools of his trade after he is trained, and does not include the cost of his transportation, his upkeep, his training, or replacing the articles he loses, destroys or wears out.

Clothing costs $101.62; eating utensils, etc., $7.73; and fighting equipment, $47.36.

So you see if you bought a two-hundred-dollar Liberty Bond you equipped one infantry soldier, with $43.29 left over toward his support. We are figuring now on equipping more than 2,000,000 soldiers. Experience has shown that five rifles must be allowed for each soldier to provide for wastage and breakage. Each rifle costs $19.50. Multiply for yourself. It runs into money. The foodstuffs which go to make up the army ration cost the Government about 35 cents per ration. A ration is the allowance for subsistence for one person for one day. For an army of two million men the disbursements for food would total about $700,000 a day.

Under normal circumstances the appropriation made by Congress for our Army's regular supplies is about $10,000,000, and this year for war the first appropriation is $110,000,000. In the item of transportation for the Army, instead of the peace-time appropriation of some $13,000,000 or $14,000,000, Congress has appropriated $222,000,000. For clothing and such items, instead of the ordinary appropriation of $6,500,000, Congress has appropriated more than $200,000,000.

We must buy now for the armies that we are training and sending abroad 5,000,000 blankets, 37,000,000 yards of bobbinet, 45,000,000 yards of cotton cloth, 21,000,000 yards of unbleached drilling.

The price of wars has gone up. They cost more than they used to. Like spinach and potatoes and copper and oil and tobacco and steel, wars have felt the cosmic urge of the increased cost of living. This war is costing more than any other war the world has ever known. It is the biggest and most expensive and most destructive enterprise that mankind has ever engaged in. The total cost of the wars that were fought in Europe between 1793 and 1860 was nine billion dollars; from 1861 to 1910, fourteen billions. The present war had cost the belligerents involved, including the United States, up to August 1, 1917, about ninety billion dollars. These figures cover European wars. I have no trustworthy figures for the cost to the United States of the War of 1812, the war with Mexico, the Civil War and the Spanish-American War.

All the wealth—all the margin between production and consumption—that we are spending and preparing to spend must be found somehow. How much are we worth? What are the annual savings in the United States? Are they large enough to meet the demands of the Government in this war, and how much will be left after the needs of the Government are satisfied? There are various estimates. Nobody seems to know exactly. Secretary McAdoo seems to think well of an estimate made by Colonel M. W. Thompson, now in charge of the Finance Division of the Signal Corps of the Army. I quote one paragraph from it:

"In a normal year savings from all sources in the United States, from corporations, business men, farmers and investors generally, amount to from $5,000,000,000 to $6,000,000,000. In 1916 the supply of capital in the United States was about two and a half times the normal amount. In that year savings in this country, including those reinvested by corporations in their own enterprises, amounted to $15,000,000,000. Conservative estimates for the current year indicate that the aggregate for 1917 available for the use of the Government in prosecuting the war and for the general purposes of financing industry may reach $18,000,000,000."

Secretary McAdoo says: "Whatever differences of view there may be about the annual savings of the American people, it is undoubtedly true that they are so large that with the other resources of the country upon which we may draw there can be no doubt whatever of the ability of the people of the United States to finance every demand which the Government may make upon them for the purposes of this war. If the ordinary savings which have been made heretofore voluntarily are now augmented by the savings which can be effected under the pressure of patriotism and necessity, by prevention of waste, the practice of genuine economy, the cutting off of luxuries during the period of this war, what may not the American people be able to do?"

We are probably spending twenty-five or thirty million dollars a day on the war now. The Treasury does not segregate war expenditures in its accounts of its daily disbursements, so it is impossible to say precisely what is the daily cost of the war. It is certain, though, that it is increasing and will continue to increase. We may count upon that absolutely. What are we going to do about it? It is entirely possible for us to come out of the war richer than we went into it, if the demands made upon us do not mount to incredible and undreamed-of heights. If we drastically reduce consumption, as we can without the slightest injury to ourselves, and at the same time by closer application and improved methods increase production, it will be entirely possible for us more than to make up for the loss of wealth consumed by the war. This possibility came up in my talk with Mr. Brand, whom I have quoted above. He said:

Gigantic Creditors

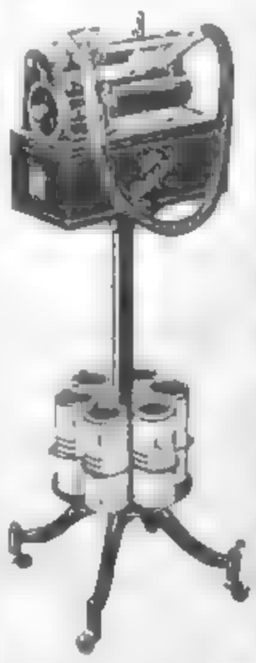
"Speaking of my own country, I believe she will surprise the world when the war is over with the rapidity with which she will repay her foreign obligations. Her productive capacity is unimpaired, and indeed increased; she will possess enormous foreign-capital investments—not, unfortunately, liquid enough to form valuable security for raising loans abroad, but which will continue to return her large sums in interest. Undoubtedly she will have to live economically, but that ought to have become an ingrained habit if the war goes on much longer. The nation which lends its credit is therefore building up a capital investment abroad of undoubted value. That capital investment has already in the case of both England and the United States reached enormous proportions. But there is this difference: Against what we have lent our Allies we have to set the capital assets we have sold and the debts we have incurred abroad. What we have lent out of our own savings is small. But you have nothing to set against your loans. They have been done out of your savings and you have become a gigantic creditor nation instead of being a debtor one. Every nation has had to buy vast quantities of materials from the United States at enormously enhanced prices, and hitherto in the last three years while France, Russia, Italy and Great Britain have been becoming poorer the United States has become enormously richer. Your Government in return is now coming to the assistance of the Allies in the most generous manner by lending to all the Allies vast sums."

Now you have the whole story of where the money goes, and I have indicated where it must come from. We know what we must do. Let's do it!

When Four Men Want To Dictate To One Stenographer

"A" was boss, so he got her first. That made it bad for B because he had an especially important letter to get out right away. C was even worse off, because although he was promised the stenographer at 11 o'clock, he didn't get her until after lunch. Then A thought of some more letters to write, so butted in.

With the Dictaphone on each important desk, A, B, C and D all dictate at the same time. No need of B's butting in. He dictates the letters he thinks of later, when he thinks of them. And one girl easily takes care of the work of all four.



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The Dictaphone is ideal in a small office. In a large office, the economies effected by the Dictaphone, run into thousands of dollars a year.

You will come to the Dictaphone as thousands of other business men in your vicinity already have done. Notify the Dictaphone any time you want to be shown in your office, on your work.

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Somewhere in America

Laying submarine cable, hundreds of miles of it, to scores of isolated lighthouses is one of the telephone tasks made necessary by the war. The Bell System has also built lines connecting some two hundred coast guard stations.

It has built complete telephone systems for fifteen National Guard cantonments and fifteen National Guard camps, each a city in size, and also at many naval, officers' reserve, mobilization and embarkation camps and at army and navy stations.

It has provided an enormous increase in long distance facilities throughout the country, that satisfactory service may be maintained between cantonments, training camps, guard outposts, military supply stations, war industries, the National Capital and other centers of Government activity.

The Government facilities at the National Capital have already been increased three-fold and there has been a tremendous increase in local and toll facilities.

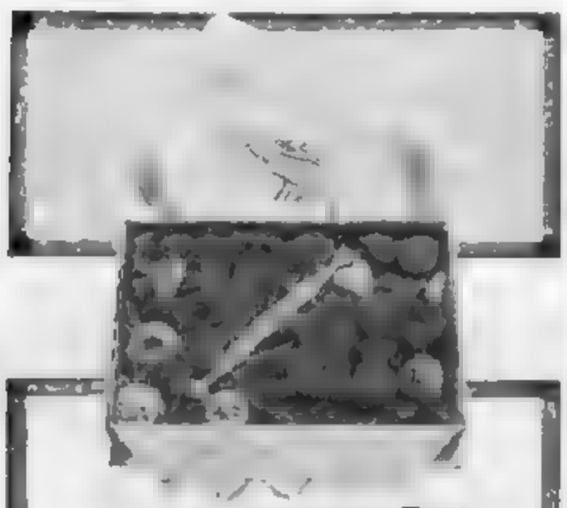
Fifteen thousand miles of telephone wire have been taken from other uses for the exclusive service of the Government and some 20,000 miles of telegraph facilities also provided.

Meanwhile the Bell System has given generously of its man power, until over seven thousand men are in service or recruited for military duty.

Members of the Bell System whether they have already gone to France or whether they have stayed at their posts to help mobilize the country for victory, are equally in the service of the Nation.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



Ambrosia Chocolate Tixies

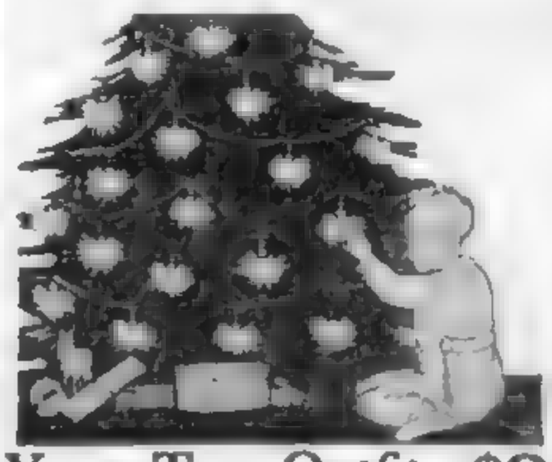
Deliciously different from any other chocolates you have ever eaten. Made of the purest [illegible] wholesome chocolate with select almond and filbert centers—no cream filling. Healthful, unusual, delightful

A Novel Christmas Gift

Astonish and delight your friends with [illegible] a generous [illegible] Send $1 [illegible] three pound boxes only) prepaid and insured to you anywhere in United States or Canada. Money refunded [illegible]

AMBROSIA CHOCOLATE CO.
335-7 Fifth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Send Tixies to the soldier boys in special soldier boy boxes. A rare treat for them.



Xmas Tree Outfit—$3

Complete—Postpaid

Play Safe—Light Your Tree Electrically

Candles are dangerous. Don't turn your Christmas tree into a [illegible] Never [illegible] keep your tree [illegible] with [illegible] Send $3 and we will [illegible] prepaid a complete Xmas tree [illegible] [illegible] 7½ feet high to [illegible] with attachment plug that will fit any socket in your home. If house is not wired, we can furnish a similar outfit to be used with [illegible]

Order as many as you want. Specify whether for use on electric circuit or batteries. Send check, post office or express money order.

LUMINO ELECTRIC COMPANY
239-C Oliver Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

War—and a Home to Live In!

By CHARLES HARRIS WHITAKER

FOOD will win the war! Ships will win the war! Industrial organization will win the war! But the truth is that no one thing will win, all by itself. Only an organization which fits all the factors into the whole and in their due and proper relation to that whole, will carry us through to victory. War is indiscriminate and relentless. It asks plain questions and insists on getting the right answers. In doing this it has a natural tendency to overemphasize the importance of this and that and the other thing, because it drives men hard at their job and stands over them as no other master ever stood. But everything is important to a degree. No man can ignore for a moment the importance of his special contribution, whatever it may be or however it may be made. The task before us is that of organizing every human activity within the nation, of fitting each into a machine of splendid precision and overwhelming power. It is a task which transcends all others—a task for a super-Cæsar, a super-Cyrus, a super-Alexander—all merged into one. We shall accomplish it all in due course, for it takes time to weld a hundred million people, scattered over more than three million square miles of country, into a kind of machine for which they had prepared only a scanty skeleton.

Bearing all these things in mind one might well say that it is easily possible to overemphasize the importance of building houses for workmen in order that we may win the war. After a visit to Bridgeport, or Wilmington, or Newport News, or Akron, or Cleveland, or any number of industrial towns, one would seem justified in exclaiming: "If the Government does not grapple with this house problem it never will win the war!" Overemphasis is easy, here as in other things, yet there is a degree of emphasis which cannot be ignored.

Long before we entered the war the nations which looked to us for aid had almost swamped our industrial centers with orders for everything we could furnish. Plant after plant had doubled and tripled its capacity. Armies of men worked days, nights, Sundays, in building and equipping new shops and factories. The pressure was tremendous. The transformation was so rapid that men might well have looked, rubbed their eyes and said: "It beats Aladdin and the Lamp!" And so it did, for that great magician never dreamed of anything so wonderful as the manner in which our industrial stream rose and overflowed its banks, congested railroads, filled up our warehouses, terminals, docks, yards—until it seemed as though it never would subside. Then, just as the height of the flood appeared to have reached its maximum and to be slowly receding, we ourselves plunged into the conflict and there developed an even more immediate and compelling demand for still further speeding up every form of industrial production which could contribute to our own war machine.

The House Famine

But everything has a consequence. Speeding up industry means more workers. More workers means more houses. But more houses do not grow up overnight by wishing for them. They have to be built, and someone has to finance them and conduct the operation. Ordinarily the need for houses in any community is recognized and met just as the law of supply and demand operates to make people invest in anything which offers a good return on their money. Volumes could be written to illustrate the manner in which speculative builders have taken advantage of the need of houses by erecting structures which turned into slums before the paint was dry—to the serious moral, physical and financial loss of the community in which they have operated; but the fact is that usually the demand for houses is generally met in some manner within a reasonable time. Unfortunately for the present situation, however, this has not been true during the last few years. Building costs have been rising; the war has engendered timidity and uncertainty; thus we had no large reserve of housing accommodations to fall back upon when the congestion of workers followed swiftly upon the heels of industrial expansion.

Some communities made heroic efforts to cope with the human flood which descended upon them. Bridgeport, Connecticut, built hundreds of houses, and would have built more had not the supply of capital given out. Almost before we had entered the war Bridgeport had exhausted its resources in this direction. Not that there is no more money in Bridgeport, but that the banks, trust companies and individuals who finance building operations had reached a point where they had to consider the future. They were obliged to ask themselves how many more houses Bridgeport could absorb after the war. How much of the huge industrial overgrowth would remain? And even though Bridgeport might absorb the whole and continue growing, there rose the collateral question: "What will it cost to build houses after the war? Building costs are high to-day. Two years from now, or three, they may be considerably lower. Our houses built in wartime will then come into direct competition with newer ones built for less money. Our investment will then have little or no earning power."

More Jobs Than Beds

It was the same situation wherever the flood of war orders descended. Instead of getting better it has steadily grown worse. High wages attracted thousands of mechanics to Bridgeport. They came singly, and many with their families. Hundreds of them slept in the railway station overnight and went back home the next day because there was no place for them to live. To-day hundreds of them are living under a degree of congestion which it is not only unfair to ask any worker to endure but which also has the effect of reducing the daytime efficiency of that man. Other hundreds are traveling back and forth on the railway trains along the New Haven lines and on the trolleys. Many of them go as far west as New Rochelle, and depend upon sleep in the train to eke out that which they lose by spending so much time in traveling.

At Kenosha, Wisconsin, in addition to the houses which have been built by industrial plants, two hundred others have been erected within the last year. Yet two hundred more are needed immediately in order to relieve a situation which is steadily growing worse. At Akron, Ohio, and in many other places hundreds of workmen buy the right to sleep in a bed eight hours at a stretch. At the end of that time the bed must be surrendered to another who has bought the same right, who in his turn gives way to another at the end of the eight-hour period. In Akron, it was stated at the recent housing conference in Chicago, they have now succeeded in reducing the sleeping arrangement to two shifts per day instead of three. Ultimately they hope to restore a normal condition, but this will only partly mitigate the other miseries and degradations of a congestion which not only reduces the vitality of the workman but which plays sad havoc with the mother and children. An outburst of war excuses much, and men may be expected to adapt themselves to almost any circumstances for a brief period. A continuation of such circumstances, however, means a delay in industrial production which becomes graver and graver as time goes on.

At Wilmington one may watch other hundreds of workers make a rush for the trains north and south in the evening. They have no chance to live in Wilmington and travel as far south as Havre de Grace and as far north as Philadelphia. Thus, when the visitor has just come from a shipyard and seen the skeletons of the so much needed ships standing silent on the ways, when he has noted that there are only enough men to carry on the work on one ship instead of the six that await workers, when he has discovered that the builder has deposited money in every real-estate office in town in order to be able to grab the first available house, when he learns that

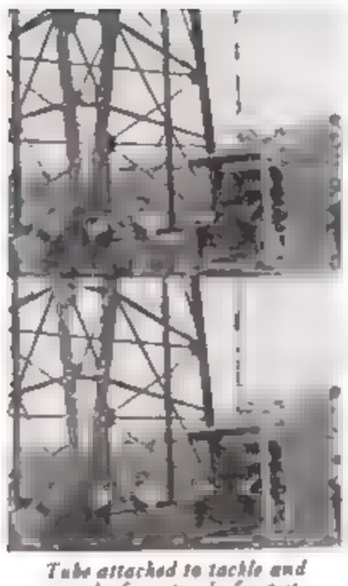
(Continued on Page 71)

Tests That Tell the Tube Tale

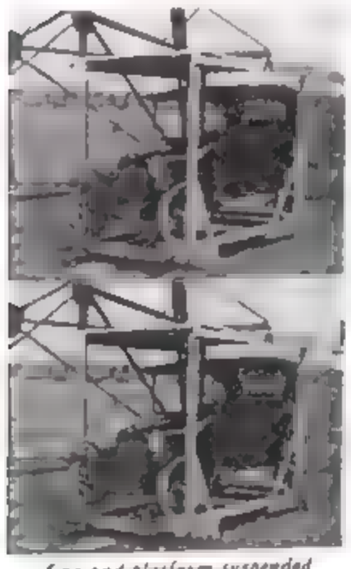
ACTUAL moving picture tests prove the remarkable strength, elasticity, and non-tearing qualities of the

Pennsylvania AUTO TUBE

"TON TESTED"



Tube attached to tackle and car platform ready for test.



Car and platform suspended by tube.

The tube at full stretch lifting car and platform.

Jeannette Chamber of Commerce Committee pronouncing tube unharmed

The enormous tensile strength—*guaranteed* 1½ tons per square inch—of this new Pennsylvania product is conclusively proved by the section of moving picture reproduced in the left-hand margin, showing Tube at full stretch lifting 2990 pounds. The Tube "came back," showing no harmful effect whatever.

The picture in the right-hand margin shows the Tube expanded to 5 feet in circumference, demonstrating its non-tearing, tough, resilient stock.

The new qualities demonstrated by these unusual tests do away with all ordinary causes of blowouts and general tube shortcomings.

Non-cracking, non-tearing, non-checking, unaffected by extremes of heating up and cooling down. Withstands light and air exposure without weakening, though carried indefinitely as a "spare."

Your protection and comfort are as dependent on quality *tubes* as they are on quality *tires.*

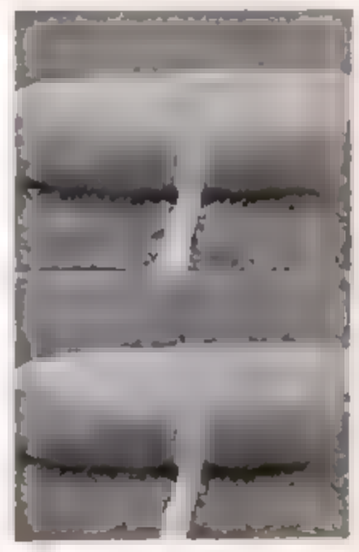
If any dealer offers you a so-called "special" brand tube, claiming it to be as good as the "Ton Tested," challenge him to tell you the manufacturer who actually made the "special" tube.

If you can't as yet get the "Ton Tested" from a local dealer, order direct from us or our nearest branch. The prices are the same as charged for ordinary tubes.

Company officials opening box containing Pennsylvania Auto Tube Ton Tested from regular stock preparatory to conducting moving picture inflation test

Stock tube removed from box and air hose being attached to valve of 'Ton Tested' tube.

Showing the stock "Ton Tested" tube blown up to its normal size.



In the above moving picture inflation test The Pennsylvania Auto Tube "Ton Tested" expanded to a circumference of 5 feet without bursting.

Makers of Vacuum Cup Tires

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY, JEANNETTE, PA.

Direct factory branches and Service Agencies throughout the United States and Canada

The Transportation Problem

THE Railroads *must* be relieved—Goods *must* be moved—The wheels of industry *must* be kept moving—

The Solution of the Problem lies in the use of Motor Trucks for all hauls of one hundred miles or less—Wilson Transportation Engineers will help you in the adaptation of Wilson Trucks to *your* transportation needs.

Wilson Trucks are the product of more than thirty-five years experience in the building of heavy duty transportation vehicles. One, two, three and one-half, and five ton worm drive models.

We can use a few more dependable dealers in Eastern and Mid-Western Territory

J. C. WILSON COMPANY
490 Warren Avenue, West, Detroit

(Continued from Page 68)

the banks and business men of the city have put a proposition up to the Government asking for a grant of one million dollars to supplement the two millions which they are ready to put into workmen's houses—well, he cannot be blamed if for a moment he sees the house question as an acute problem which appears to overshadow all the others.

As an answer to the assertion that there is a shortage of labor for the building of ships, the request of Wilmington offers pretty clear evidence of a faith that workmen can be had if decent living conditions are provided for them. Even if this were not so there still remains the probable ultimate necessity of a labor readjustment, of the dilution of certain skilled labor by the employment of women—as was found so necessary in France and England—in order that more men may be taken from relatively less important jobs and put to work at vital spots. This will produce the same congestion in the end, since workmen cannot carry houses about like tools, and ordinary wisdom would anticipate it and provide for it by building houses. But the same financial questions intrude themselves in every locality. It is taken for granted that a rent cannot be charged that will take care of the extra cost of building at present; that is to say, if a builder figured that a house would cost him three thousand dollars to-day, and twenty-four hundred for the same house after the war, he would not be deterred from the investment if he saw his chance clear to wipe out that difference of six hundred dollars before the end of the war. But a house produces nothing more than a fixed annual rent, and even in wartimes that rent cannot be set high enough to provide a return on the investment and take care of a possible depreciation of twenty per cent in two or three years. Thus the men who usually engage in these enterprises are unwilling to take the risk.

It is at this point that the Government will have to step in. It must recognize the exact degree of importance inherent in house shortage and congestion and deal with it as it deals with any other problem. It must take the risk which private capital will not take. For years the principal countries of the world have recognized the steadily sinking moral and physical standards of that large element of their population condemned, through the evils of land speculation which have been sanctioned the world over, to an ever-increasing congestion and an ever-declining amount of light and air. Even in Chile and in far-away New Zealand the governments have stimulated better housing conditions by making funds available at low rates of interest. England, since war began, has built thousands of new houses, which will become a permanent national asset and a large factor in her post-war commercial and industrial position. Though she was forced to build these houses as the only means of attaining that volume of industrial production upon which her life depended, she had the forethought to look ahead and see that the house problem was one that would last after the war and have the same effect on her economic structure in peace. Any sound industrial development must depend upon a sound and wholesome scale of living for workers. That is an elementary business proposition, though it has not been so generally learned as it will be when we get through with this war.

The Situation in England

The situation in England assumed a serious phase almost the moment war was declared. The burdens thrown upon her industry were nothing short of colossal. Expansion of old plants and the building of new ones, with a consequent shifting of labor, produced an intense congestion and seriously interfered with anything like a maximum production. Yet England was not by any means inexperienced in dealing with the question. Under the Housing of the Working Classes Act of 1890 and the Town Planning Act of 1909 all her municipalities had power, through local authority action, to initiate house-building undertakings and to finance them with money raised by taxation. Many English towns have carried out extensive operations along these lines—some of them in the form of tenement houses of the type familiar to us in this country and others along the lines of what is known as the Garden City development, a name which has grown out of the building up of country or suburban areas on the principle of either private or coöperative ownership. The first of these was Letchworth, now widely known and the general plan of which has served as a model for many others. Several such developments were under way on a very large scale at the opening of the war.

All of these things served to give the housing question a background which was national in its scope, both as to the known value of good houses and as to the experience which had resulted through many local undertakings. Bearing these things in mind, one may the better understand why England was not only able to approach her problem of relieving housing congestion and speeding up her industrial output as one with which she was fairly familiar, but also to lose the minimum of time in deciding what to do. It was hardly necessary for her to weigh the question of general policy She had already committed herself through the Acts of 1890 and 1909. Her attitude toward the future of the low-priced dwelling house in England had been thought out and her conclusions had already begun to bear fruit. Thus it was again only natural that her action, even in the stress of a war emergency, followed very closely the principles that had been established in her twenty years of housing experience. If these things had not been worked out it is not unfair to assume that she would have made the grave mistake of spending large sums of money on temporary structures of every conceivable kind. Some of these were built, in places where the emergency was so dire as to leave no alternative, but on the whole the general policy was to build substantial houses with plenty of light, air and facilities for outdoor enjoyment.

Rents Kept Down by Law

England turned at once to the experienced local authorities and, wherever necessary or desirable, asked them to begin building houses. Sometimes she advanced the whole cost of the operation, on a long-term loan at a low rate of interest. Sometimes the government agreed to assume any extra cost which might be due to the difference in building prices at the time of the operation and after the war. No general standard of financing was followed, but each case was treated on its own merits, with due respect to the emergency and to the probable future of the investment. Yet even with her score of years of experience behind her and the machinery which gradually had been built up in many localities, England found that the relief was not forthcoming fast enough to meet the demands of war. The situation was complicated by the scarcity of materials and labor and by lack of coördinated effort. One enterprise competed with another, to the serious delay of both. Thus it has come to pass that the British Government has very largely taken over the whole problem of building workmen's houses. After three years of experience it found this necessary as the only way of meeting the demands made upon its industry by war, and the Local Government Board is now working upon vast and comprehensive schemes for building not thousands but tens of thousands of new homes for workmen, as a measure of post-war improvement.

Before leaving the question of English experience it is worth while to note that almost at the beginning of the war the raising of rents was prohibited by parliamentary action. This had a very great effect in stabilizing and steadying labor conditions, since it made the laborer independent of one form of profiteering. Naturally it inflicted a degree of injustice upon owners of property, who found their income from this source fixed by law yet who were faced with increased expenditures and taxation of every form. But it was the whole welfare which had to be considered, and it was deemed best that every incentive should be given to the quick expansion of industry and the least dislocation of labor.

On the twenty-fourth of May, 1917, Parliament passed the Billeting Act, which is, in effect, an effort to develop housing accommodations by billeting workmen or workwomen upon families who have the spare room necessary to accommodate them. The law is very comprehensive and endeavors to provide against any attempt at coercion or at forcing undesirable boarders where they are not wanted; but in so far as it will work it has the great advantage of utilizing existing buildings instead

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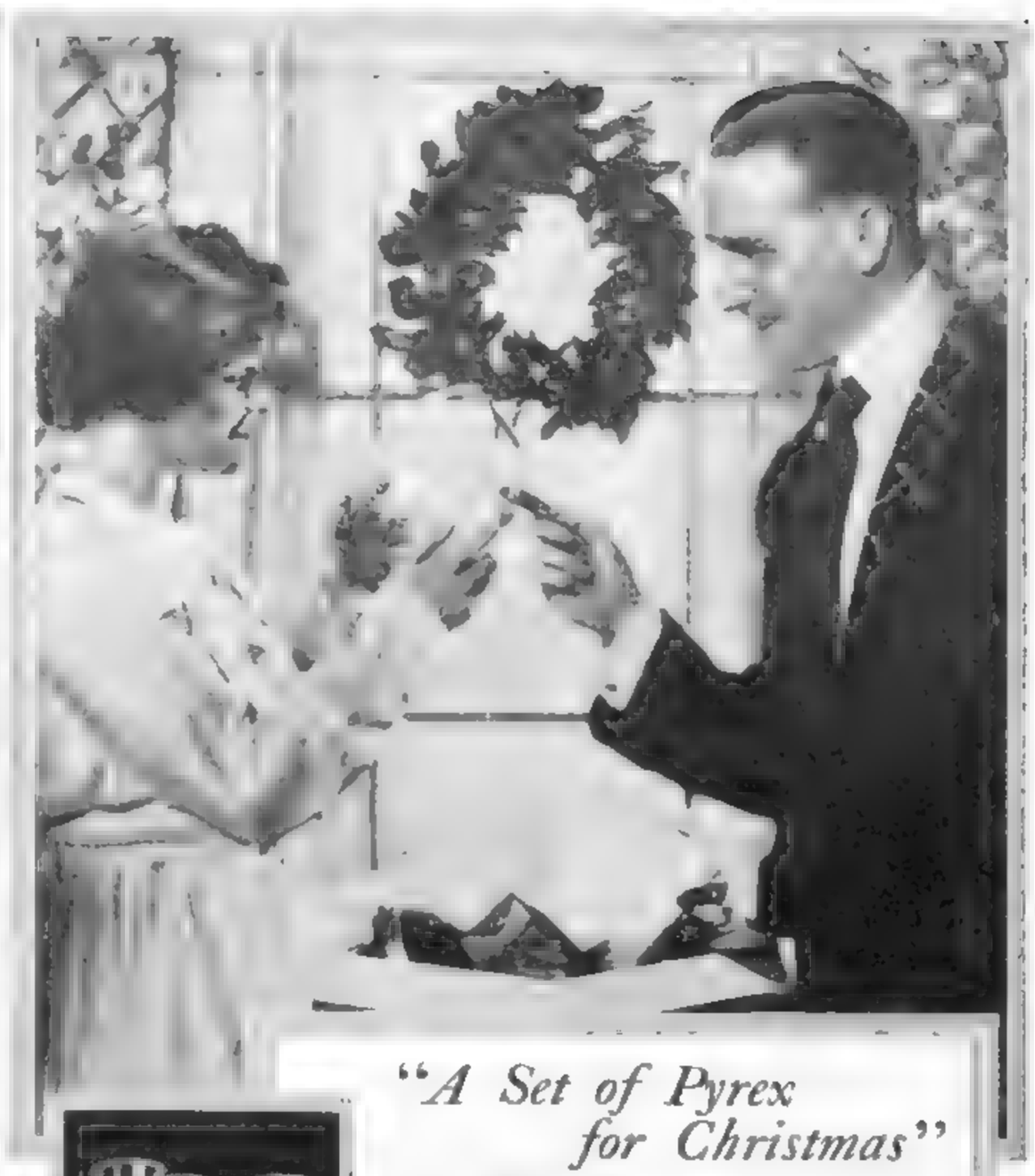
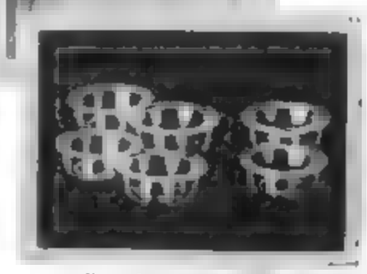




Ramekins

Oval Baking Dish

Casserole

"A Set of Pyrex for Christmas"

Eleven pieces

Casserole	Oval Baking Dish
Pie Plate	Round Baking Dish
Bread Pan	Six Ramekins

Packed in Special Gift Box, $5.00

THIS set of Pyrex glass ovenware is what every up-to-date woman really wants. She knows that in the oven or on the table Pyrex is always clean and clear—always appetizing.

She knows that Pyrex, unlike any ordinary glass, stands the highest oven heat without breakage. It never flakes, corrodes nor dents and so always remains as good as new.

Oven cooking makes most foods taste better. Pyrex-baking is ideal since this glass *transmits* the heat which other utensils *waste* by reflection. With Pyrex she can cook in one-third less time and save one-third in fuel.

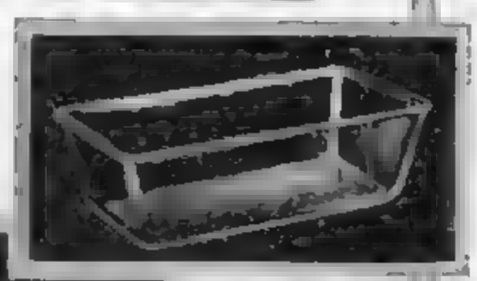
Give her a set of Pyrex and she will use it every day in the year, in the oven and on the table. There is a dish for every use.

Price of set, securely packed in special gift box, $5.00. $6.00 in the far West and $7.50 in Canada. For a slightly more expensive present, you may select one of the beautiful *engraved* sets of Pyrex. Ask any dealer to show you the full line. He will tell you that every piece of Pyrex is backed by the *guarantee* of the world's largest manufacturer of technical glass.

CORNING GLASS WORKS
105 Tioga Avenue, Corning, N. Y.

PYREX

Pie Plate



Bread Pan

The Brunswick
ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE
Brunswick Superiorities
Plays ALL Records, including Pathé.
All-wood sound chamber—better tone.
Two reproducers, instantly interchangeable.
Accurately timed automatic stop.
Throat-way volume control.
Extra capacity motor.
Improved index files.
Finer cabinet work.
All phonographs in one.
Costs less.
Regular models:
Prices $32.50 to $180.
De Luxe models:
Prices $350 to $1500.

Phonograph
PLAYS ALL RECORDS

Not Merely a Phonograph But a *Brunswick!*

YOUR good judgment in the selection of gifts is recognized when you present a Brunswick. In this final type phonograph are expressed by master craftsmen all those features music lovers have wished for so long.

Here is an instrument that plays all records—not limited to one particular make.

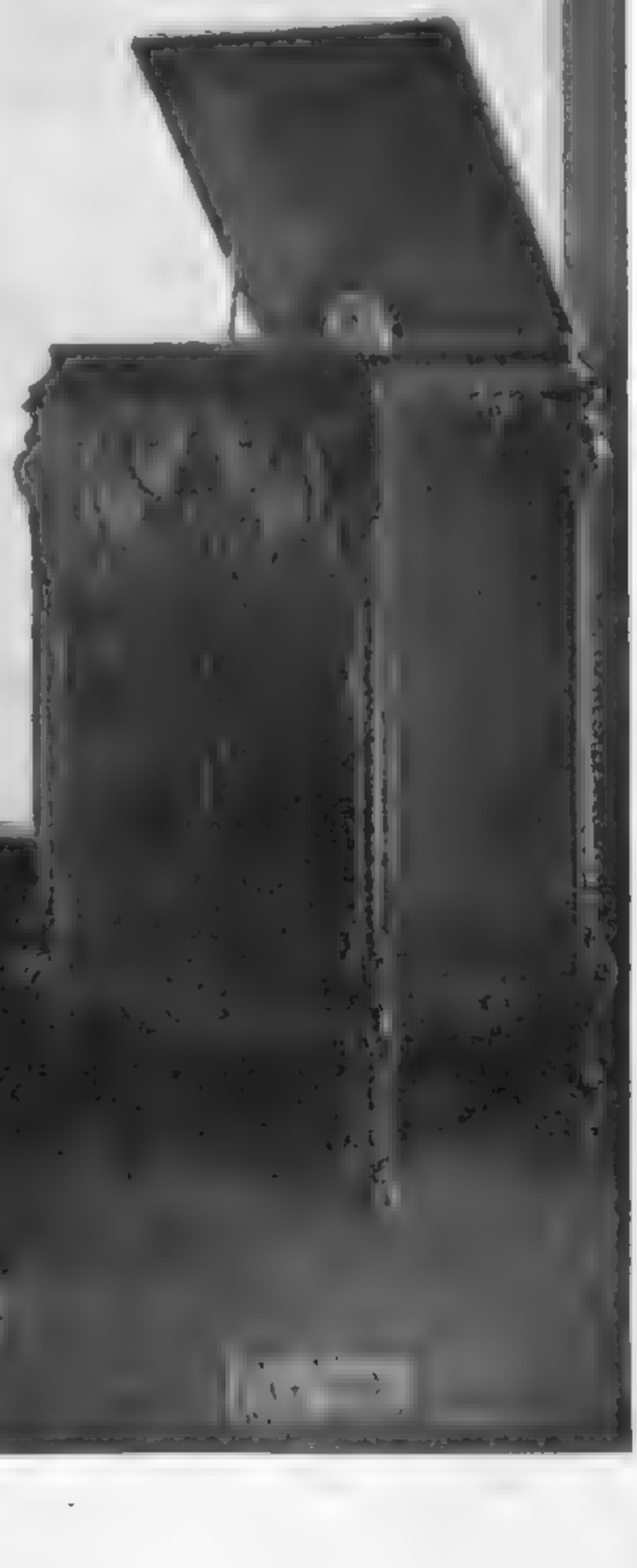
One whose tone carries no metallic nor nasal sounds. Because of its all-wood sound chamber built like a violin.

The Brunswick combines all the merits and discards the handicaps. It is the supreme achievement of The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company — famed for 76 years in the wood-working art.

Only your own ear can prove to you the charm of Brunswick tone. And its superiority.

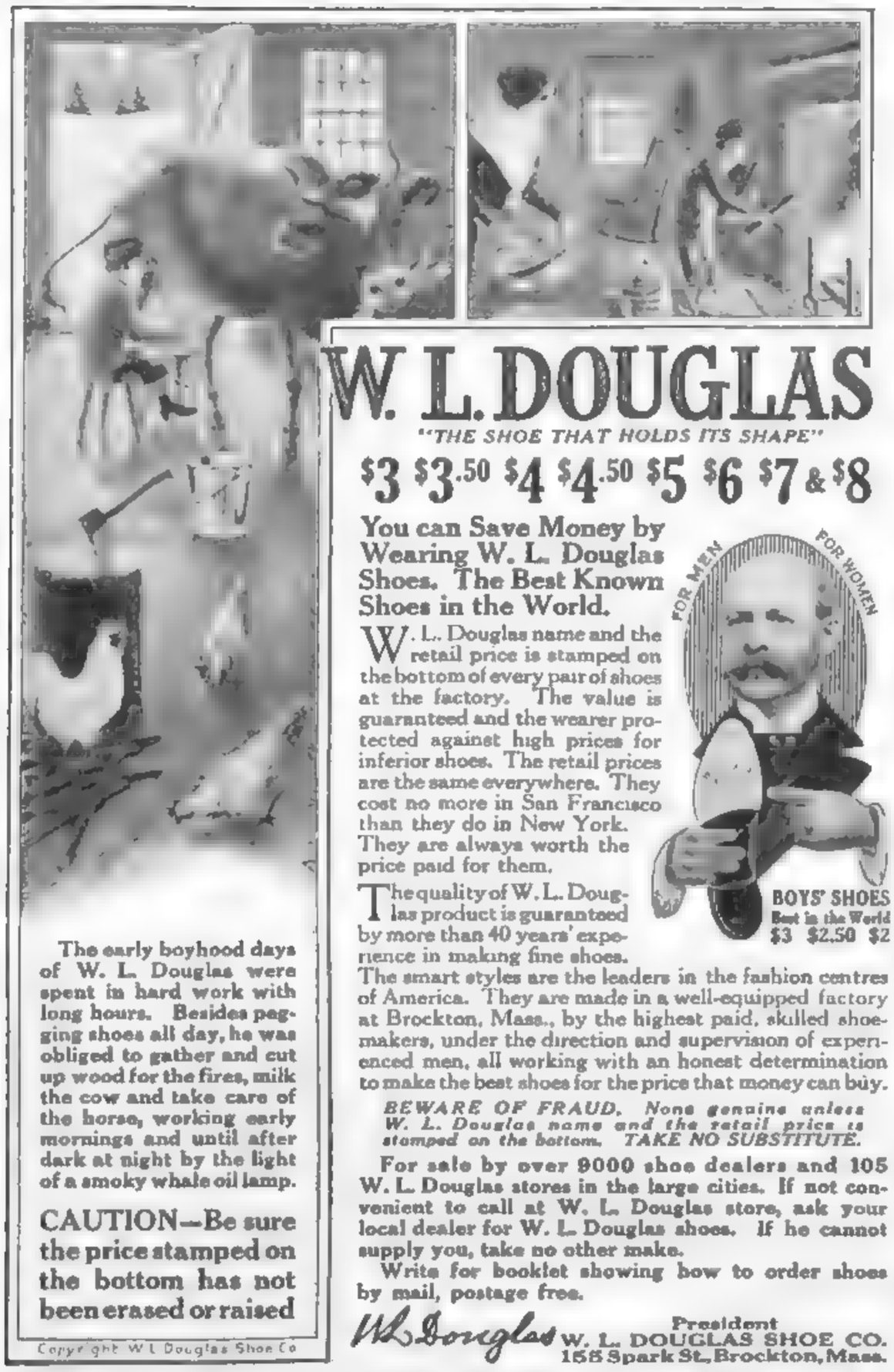
Aside from tone, such a demonstration will convince you also that you must have this *all-record* phonograph.

Hear The Brunswick and compare. Then judge for yourself.



The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of the United States, Mexico, France
Canadian Distributors,
Musical Merchandise Sales Co., Excelsior Life Building, Toronto



W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

$3 $3.50 $4 $4.50 $5 $6 $7 & $8

You can Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas Shoes. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of every pair of shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wearer protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

BOYS' SHOES
Best in the World
$3 $2.50 $2

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years' experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

BEWARE OF FRAUD. None genuine unless W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers and 105 W. L. Douglas stores in the large cities. If not convenient to call at W. L. Douglas store, ask your local dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you, take no other make.

Write for booklet showing how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

W. L. Douglas President
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO.
155 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

The early boyhood days of W. L. Douglas were spent in hard work with long hours. Besides pegging shoes all day, he was obliged to gather and cut up wood for the fires, milk the cow and take care of the horse, working early mornings and until after dark at night by the light of a smoky whale oil lamp.

CAUTION—Be sure the price stamped on the bottom has not been erased or raised

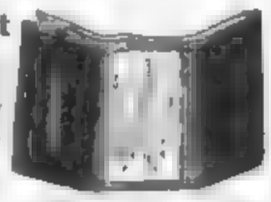
Copyright W. L. Douglas Shoe Co

Give Him This Practical Elegant Christmas Gift

Send us $1.00 and we will send you a Genuine Black Seal Leather Bifold and Cardcase (size 3½ x 4½ inches) with His Name Engraved in Gold Letters on the Outside. Measures 4 inches wide and will last for years. Is handy-sized and well-filled, pass window and four pockets.

$1.00 Postpaid

This is a special offer and we may withdraw it at any time. Send us $1.00 and if you are not satisfied, we will refund your money in 5 days. Remit by money order or POSTAGE. Order today—NOW



AMERICAN LEATHER WORKERS, Dept. 7-C, Norman Bldg., CHICAGO

Adjustable Toilet Kit

The Welcome Gift

To Men in the Service and All Who Travel

Useful presents will be in demand this year. A FITALL will be the most welcome gift to every traveler, and the *practical comfort kit* for men in the service.

FITALLS have patented adjustable spaces and self-locking straps which readily permit changing of toilet articles as desired.

FITALLS may be had filled with a standard set of fittings or empty for you to fill.

Be sure you see the FITALL label—refuse imitations.

FITALLS come in a variety of sizes, in waterproof fabrics and flexible leathers. Also special Military FITALLS made of waterproofed khaki.

Unfilled—$1.25 up. Filled—$2.75 up.

Your dealer should have FITALLS. If not—send for descriptive booklet.

EISEMAN, KAISER & COMPANY, Ekco Bldg., Chicago

Patented U. S. and Foreign Countries Fitall Mfrs. of EKCO Make Leather Goods

(Concluded from Page 71)

of permitting the emergency to compel the erection of new ones, with a consequent consumption of materials and labor which are badly needed elsewhere. It should be remembered, however, that England is more or less a homogeneous country and has a densely settled area, so that housing accommodations are more likely to be found within any accessible area than would be the case in the United States. That is to say, our industrial centers are more compactly built up, as a rule, and are not surrounded by multitudes of small communities, as in England. Homogeneity of population is a factor in any process of billeting boarders, however, and the operation of such an act in this country, with our wide range of nationalities, would probably yield a lesser result than in any other country.

A hasty retrospect of our own condition, for example, discloses the fact that the present shortage in houses and the congestion resulting therefrom is only an acute form of a chronic condition. We, too, have those spotted tubercular and other disease areas in all our industrial communities. They drain and sap the vitality of the nation, add their burden to all forms of production, and represent one of the largest forms of economic waste with which the world has yet to reckon. We do not as a rule deal with this problem along economic lines; it has had the misfortune to fall into the class of philanthropies! But along comes war and shows us the heavy bill we have to pay, in dollars and cents, for our misguided effort in philanthropy; for the cost of every day of delay in this war can be calculated in money. Thus we see that nothing could possibly be more absurd, either in war or in peace, than to think of homes for workmen and their families as belonging in the field of charity.

There are but two ways in which the Government can deal with the present problem: It can lend money to manufacturers or housing societies with which they may build, or it can buy land and build houses under its own auspices. In times of peace it is probably beyond the power of the Federal Government to interfere in housing questions. These matters come within the scope of the several states. But if in time of war the Federal Government feels obliged to step in and correct housing conditions wherever its interests are involved, then it later may find it equally necessary to do so in peace, for it may not be easy to raise the standard of the whole welfare at one time and then decline to recognize it at another.

Losses That Pay

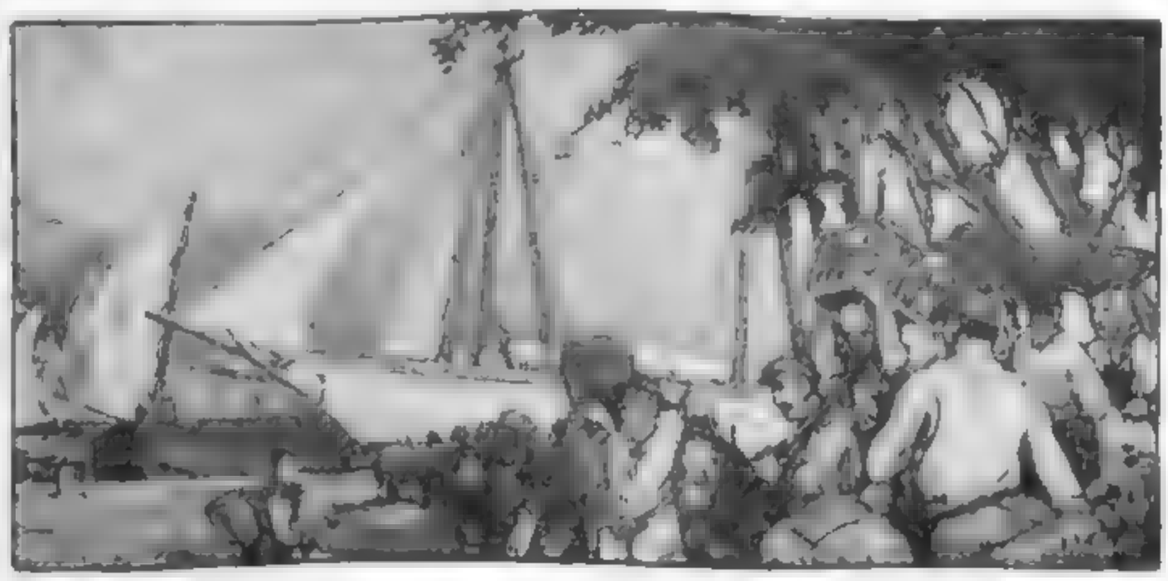
One of the absurd yet amusing objections which is generally made in connection with the use of Government money for wartime housing operations is this: "Suppose that the Government builds a lot of houses, and after the war they turn out to be useless. It would lose a lot of money." One then has to explain that war is not a money-making business, and that it does not matter whether money is lost in houses or in skyrockets. The problem is to win by making every necessary expenditure which can be proved to have value.

Others ask this question: "What if the Government lends money for houses to a private corporation, and after the war the value of the houses declines so that the loan cannot possibly be repaid?" The answer is that the Government would have to write off any such depreciation as a war loss. It would have received its value a thousand times over in the increased production the houses would have made possible. When a war is costing thirty to forty million dollars a day, the amount of loss that would have to be written off as a depreciation in house values becomes of no importance whatever.

Of the highest importance, however, in considering what steps should be taken is the question of what influence governmental interference in housing conditions will have. In the past almost the entire effort of the so-called housing reformers has been based upon the tacit acceptance of those conditions which surround land development in all our communities and which make any good solution of the housing problem impossible. In spite of this, frantic effort has been made to find a solution by condensing human beings into a space which of necessity grows smaller and smaller, sets up a low standard morally and a lower one physically. But the effect of this has at last become apparent. Gradually it has begun to be understood, here and there, that there is no answer to the question of how we can provide decent homes at rentals within reach of the wage earners of the country until we have established a method of curbing land speculation and its inevitably disastrous consequences to the community and finally to the nation.

Build, But Build Right

Thus whatever the Government does in the way of meeting the pressing needs for more houses as a war measure should be done in a manner which will raise the standard rather than lower it. It must set an example, for its own sake. It cannot afford further to lower any standards, for in the peace to come we shall need a higher form of industrial efficiency than ever before; and that higher form cannot possibly be obtained without a general improvement in the living conditions of workers. Any form of industrial expansion that is based upon the theory that workmen and their wives and children can be compressed into tenements or shunted into dreary rows of monotonous and depressing structures which pass for houses is doomed to fail. An industrial expansion that proceeds on the theory that the greatest benefit to all can be attained by restoring the American house and home and garden to the place it once occupied in our social life is bound to succeed in larger measure than can be imagined. The Government, in coming to a decision as to how it shall stimulate house building, what kind of houses shall be built, what amount of land shall go with a house, what provision shall be made for playgrounds, recreation and a general outdoor relaxation and enjoyment, will be taking a step either for great good or for great harm. No house development under Government auspices, whether built under its own direction or through a subsidiary company, should be permitted until the entire project has been reviewed and sanctioned by the best authorities to be found. Private developments have been made in the past and others are even now under way which will injure rather than improve conditions. The great danger is that the pressing demand of war may be utilized to excuse house-building undertakings which, useful as they may be in meeting the temporary urgent need, will in the end effect an injury beyond the power of the community to repair. Hardly a community in the United States is to-day free from these injuries. No more should be inspired or stimulated by Government funds. On the contrary, there should be a frank and clear recognition of the dual responsibility involved in meeting a war emergency and in raising the standard, as far as it is humanly possible, of the home for the wage earner.



WHO'S WHO AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 25)

Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

almost Prussian dogmatism, insisting that The Revolt of Mother is my one and only work. It is most emphatically not. Were I not so truthful, having been born so near Plymouth Rock, I would deny I ever wrote that story. I would foist it upon somebody else. It would leave me with a sense of freedom I have not known since that woman moved into her husband's barn in print.

In the first place all fiction ought to be true, and The Revolt of Mother is not in the least true. When I wrote that little tale I threw my New England traditions to the winds and trampled on my New England conscience. Well, I have had and still have retribution. It is not a good thing to produce fiction which is not true, although that sounds paradoxical. The back bone of the best fiction is essential truth, and The Revolt of Mother is perfectly spineless. I know it, because I am of New England and have lived there. I had written many true things about that cluster of stainless states and for a change I lied.

Sometimes incessant truth gets on one's nerves. It did on mine. There never was in New England a woman like Mother. If there had been she most certainly would not have moved into the palatial barn which her husband had erected next the mean little cottage she had occupied during her married life. She simply would have lacked the nerve. She would also have lacked the imagination. New England women of that period coincided with their husbands in thinking that sources of wealth should be better housed than consumers. That Mother would never have dreamed of putting herself ahead of Jersey cows which meant good money. Mother would have been to the full as thrifty as Father. If Mother had lived all those years in that little cottage she would have continued to live there. Moving into the new barn would have been a cataclysm. New England women seldom bring cataclysms about their shoulders.

If Mother had not been Mother, Father would never have been able to erect that barn. Instead there would have been haywindows on the cottage, which would have ceased to be a cottage. Ambitious New England women do not like cottages. They wish for square rooms on the second floor. Women capable of moving into that barn would have had the cottage roof raised to insure good bedrooms. There would have been wide piazzas added to the house, and Father would simply not have dared mention that great barn to Mother. Father would have adored Mother, but have held her in wholesome respect. She would have fixed his black tie on straightly of a Sunday morning and brushed his coat and fed him well, but she would have held the household reins. As a rule women in NewEngland villages do hold the household reins, and with good reason. They really can drive better. Very little shying or balking when Mother drives. Father is self-distrustful, and with facts to back him, when it comes to managing the household.

Mother usually buys Father's clothes for him. He knows he would be cheated were he to attempt it. Besides, he is shy of chewing an end of fabric to test the color. Mother is valiant.

It is a dreadful confession, but that woman called "Mother" in The Revolt of Mother is impossible. I sacrificed truth when I wrote the story, and at this day I do not know exactly what my price was. I am inclined to think gold of the realm. It could not have been fame of the sort I have gained by it. If so I have had my punishment. Not a story since but somebody asks "Why not another Revolt of Mother?" My literary career has been halted by the success of the big fib in that story. Too late I admit it. The harm is done. But I can at least warn other writers. When you write a short story stick to the truth. If there is not a story in the truth knit until truth happens which does contain a story. Knit, if you can do no better at that than I, who drop more stitches than any airplane in Europe can drop bombs. You can at least pull out the knitting, but a story printed and rampant is a dreadful thing, never to be undone.

Lick the Plate and Lick the Kaiser!

TOM HENDRICKS is my laughing friend, who dwells in Cleveland-O.
He has six children and one wife, which proves he's not so slow.
His Hendricks Six is—no, that's wrong; his Six require the "are,"
For, with so many runabouts, he does not need a car.
The slogan of the Hendricks Six is wise—yea, even wiser:
To win the war, we'll lick the plate, and thus we'll lick the Kaiser!

Now Father Tom's like Uncle Sam, and just like you and me;
In wartime he must Hooverize to beat the very D.!
Yes, yes; the devil he must beat is not alone the German;
Another demon dwells at home and needs this little sermon.
This demon is Indulgence, who, in spite of all the sages,
Is always on the watch to waste the margin of our wages.

"My folks has been a-tellin' me," says good old Uncle Sam,
"I'm with two-fifty billions; and I reckon that I am.
And they was also tellin' me, and seemed to make it clear,
I take in forty billions—or about that—every year.
And yet I'm such a reckless cuss I'm headed for Distress
Unless I make my income more and make my outgo less."

Now Sam and Tom are talking straight; for every tax and loan
Cannot be bled from turnips or extorted from a stone.
These billions are not stored and stacked, nor are they running loose;
They come by saving billions from the billions we produce.
So my friend Tom becomes your friend and Uncle Sam's adviser:
To win the war, let's lick the plate, and then we'll lick the Kaiser!

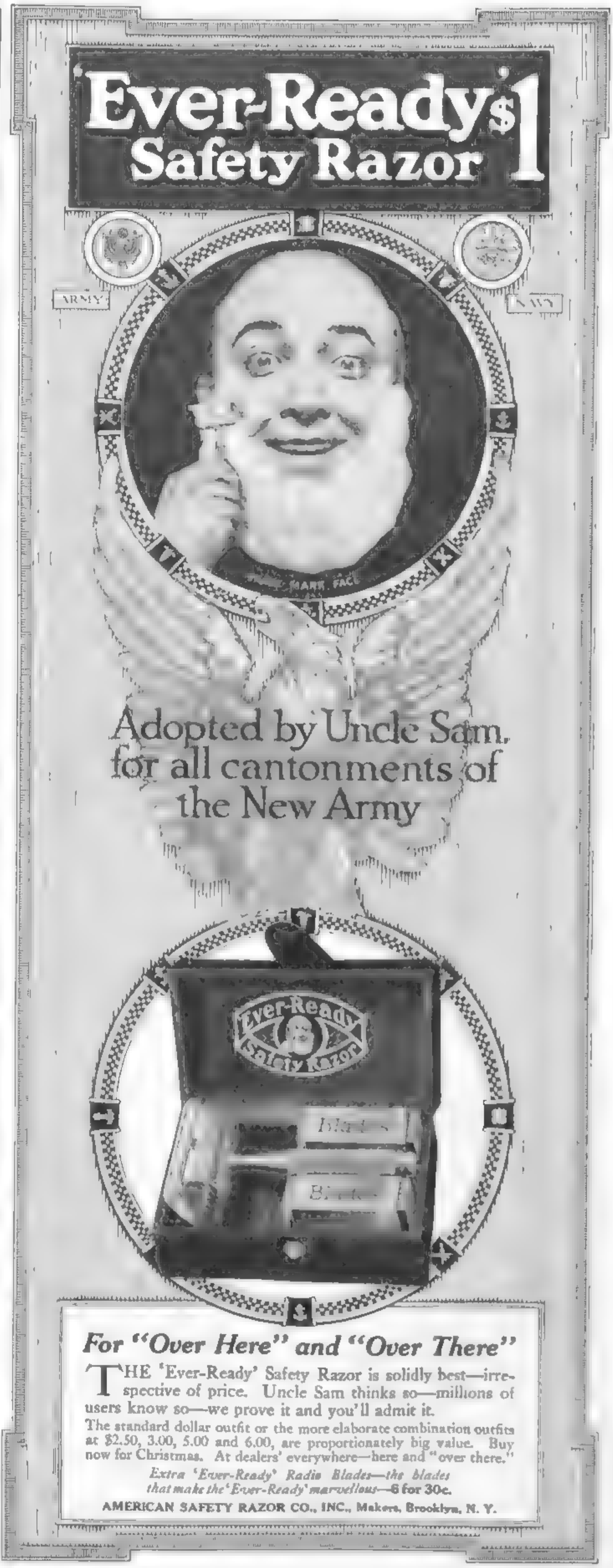
Suppose I owned a gold mine and could scoop the stuff in tons;
I couldn't feed one soldier or give one charge for the guns.
But if I save a loaf of bread, or Hooverize the meat,
I'll likely give somebody else a better chance to eat.
And if I plant these pennies saved, they'll grow there, all unheeded,
Till Uncle Samuel asks for them the next time that they're needed.

I may not own a factory and run it night and day,
But I can have the old shoes patched I used to throw away;
I may not own a dairy herd, or yet a single head,
But I can eat a little less of butter on my bread.
And, though I once was weak on styles, I'm now a little stronger;
The new coats may be long or short—I'm wearing old coats longer.

Your doctor thinks you smoke too much. Don't ask him his advice,
But save his fee and also save your smokes—a pretty price.
Your car drinks too much gas; so let it rest in its garage
And ride the "civic chariots"—a pleasing camouflage.
For each must save his margin by the use of some divisor;
We've got to learn to lick the plate, and also lick the Kaiser!

So, comrade, you're conscripted for the Old Guard of the Home;
You're helping all the Allied Cause from Washington to Rome.
You're the Maker-of-the-Margin; and each simple thing you do
Makes it less or makes it larger; so it's plainly up to you.
So here's the job; it's personal, and you're its Supervisor—
You learn to lick the platter and you also lick the Kaiser!

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*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"Elgins!"

Bolstering Up the Money Market—By Albert W. Atwood

THERE is a firm conviction throughout the country that altogether too much money finds its way into Wall Street speculation; not only the money which speculators lose but that which the banks loan to them and do not lose. It is felt that the hundreds of millions of dollars Wall Street constantly borrows to run its game might be better employed elsewhere. Like a great many other popular ideas, this one has a lot of truth in it, but is often exaggerated and carried too far. However that may be, the Wall Street money market, so called, is very closely related to many important matters in this country—to mention only two, the crops and the Liberty Loans.

Wall Street's money market gets a lot of advertising. It is periodically in trouble and excitement; and, though blamed for a great deal that goes wrong elsewhere, it continually needs and secures assistance and resuscitation for itself in the form of pools, syndicates and Government deposits. It is a most curiously and interestingly delicate, mercurial and complex organism.

What most strikes you or me, or any other ordinary person, about the Wall Street money market is that the very lowest rate at which we can borrow money from a bank, no matter how good our security and credit, is round six per cent. At least that is what we should probably pay—as the writer happens to know—near New York, Philadelphia, and other cities on the Atlantic Seaboard; and I suspect that in some other parts of the country the rate is often much higher. But Wall Street loans are frequently made as low as two per cent, or even close to one per cent. Indeed, if call money shows signs of going above seven per cent Wall Street almost falls into a panic. At least it gets a bad fit of nerves and calls at once for a pulmotor.

A few months ago a money pool, consisting of leading bankers, was organized in New York City to provide two hundred million dollars additional for the local money market, which, for all practical purposes, means the Wall Street market. And it was a patriotic thing to do too. It was necessary; perhaps an evil necessity, if you will. The chief purpose was to clear the way for the Liberty Loan, to prevent the business of loaning money to stockbrokers from engaging in one of its hysterical and periodical cuttings up at an embarrassing moment. Up to date the formation of the pool has had its desired effect, as the formation of pools nearly always has.

There is something about concerted, concentrated action that is a sure cure for incipient panic.

"You may call it faith cure if you want to," said one of the bankers on the committee; "but we don't care what names you apply. We are after results; and we get them. Money is now three per cent instead of several times that figure."

Financing the Brokers

Wall Street requires vast sums of borrowed money daily to carry on its stock speculation. Now it might seem as if the banks could avoid this strain by simply not loaning any money to people with which to buy stocks. But things can't be done in that simple way. In the first place, loaning money to buy stocks with is one of the most lucrative and perhaps the safest business the banks engage in, and they are not going to give it up all at once. In the second place, though much of the money goes into speculation so reckless and foolish that it borders on mere gambling, much of it comes close to being of an investment nature; and the distinction is very hard to draw.

The difficulty is that Wall Street is the investment center of the country, and if it becomes impossible, for any reason, for brokers and dealers in securities generally to borrow money, the legitimate side of the investment business is sure to be hit, along with the merely irresponsible speculative business. As a practical banking problem, it is extremely difficult to separate the two.

On the one hand, when speculation in stocks becomes so wild as to endanger the country, bankers often call in loans to restore sanity. But on the other hand, if the calling-in process goes too far the values of all securities will become unsettled; and that creates uneasiness throughout the country. It prevents corporations from borrowing needed funds and checks the legitimate activities of business men, professional men, banks, savings banks, insurance companies, and other large investment institutions. Thus the problem of maintaining a wholesome equilibrium in the Wall Street money market cannot be dismissed offhand by a chance remark or an expression of mere prejudice.

"The call-money rate in New York has no real significance, so far as the rest of the country is concerned," was the apt remark of a country banker in Wisconsin not long ago; "but, as a matter of fact, . . . it has a tremendous sentimental influence."

The Federal Reserve Act and the Farm Loan Act, for that matter, were adopted largely because it was felt that Wall Street enjoyed an unfair advantage over the rest of the country in the ease with which it obtains money. For nearly twenty years the subject had been agitated, and at last, in 1913, the Federal Reserve Act was passed, and specifically left Wall Street out. The object was to make it easier for business men and farmers to borrow, and at least not add to the facilities stock speculators already enjoyed. But we have a money pool recently formed in New York City with the local head of the Federal Reserve Bank as chairman! If there is any inconsistency in that, however, it is only apparent.

The Fluidity of Call Money

Far from injuring brokers and dealers in securities, the new banking law seems to have helped them. Unless it becomes necessary, owing to war conditions, to change the banking law, there is no provision in it by which Federal Reserve Banks can loan on bonds and stocks. But the very fact that banks can borrow on other security from the Federal Reserve increases their ability to help stock and bond brokers. When the Wall Street money market is scarce of funds the banks merely avail themselves a little more freely of their rediscount privilege at the Federal Reserve and are thus strengthened; and so they are able to help out the brokers more than they were before the new law was adopted.

There are two kinds of Wall Street money that interest and affect the world outside—time loans and call loans. Wall Street people are more inclined to speak of them as time money and call money. Time loans are for specific periods of time, from thirty days to six months. Call loans may be called in at any time, after a few hours, and in actual practice are often called within a very few days. The essential characteristic of both time and call loans is the fact that always, without any exception whatever, they are directly secured by the borrower's putting up stocks or bonds with a market value considerably more than the face value of the loan—usually one hundred and twenty per cent. In almost every case the banks demand stocks and bonds which can be quickly sold on the New York Stock Exchange.

Now aside from merely technical details, the most remarkable feature about these call loans, which it should be distinctly understood are made only to brokers or to very large operators in securities, is the ease with which they are recalled. Nowhere else in the world are loans repaid so quickly and smoothly, as a matter of course, as these call loans.

Banks can cash in on them any day and any hour, without loss, trouble, ill feeling or expense.

If John Jones goes to his banker in a small town and makes a loan without specific date of repayment, which is common enough, he always feels aggrieved if the loan is called on him. In the same way persons who borrow on mortgage feel hurt if the lender calls it in. But brokers have no feeling in the matter whatever. To repay call loans is as much a part of their business as to look at the ticker or to talk through a telephone. It is literally a matter of course. They are making new loans, closing out old loans and renewing loans all day long. It is part of their routine.

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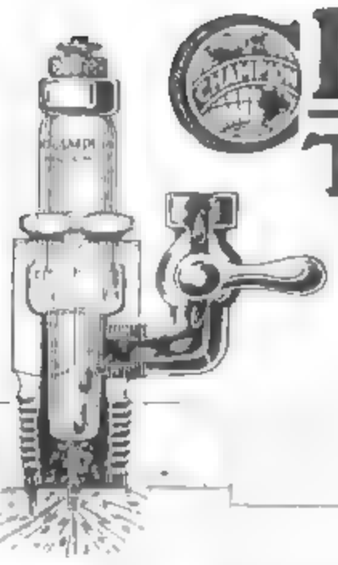

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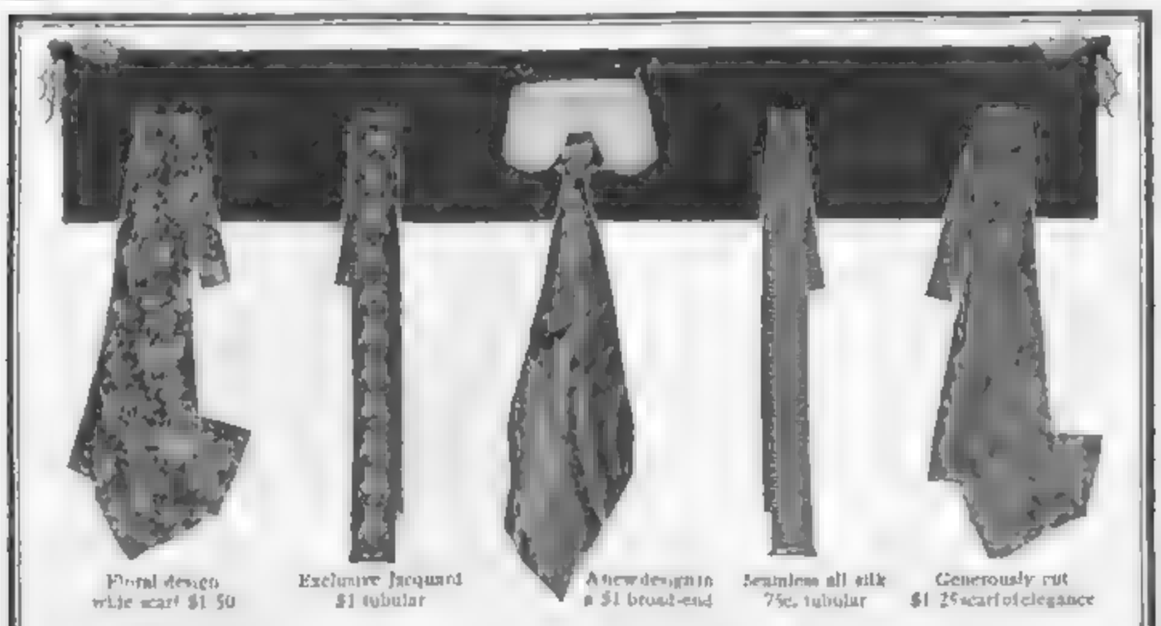
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CHENEY SILKS

Brokers often have six or seven different kinds of money. They have regular, mixed, industrial, special, curb, and almost always both time and call. Regular and mixed mean much the same—that is, secured by sixty per cent railroad and forty per cent industrial stocks; industrial means secured by industrial stocks; special and curb refer to classes of securities other than those commonly regarded with favor by most bankers. All these different kinds of loans may be at slightly varying rates of interest. Indeed, there may be a difference of at least two per cent between a regular loan and a curb loan. Further to complicate the situation from the broker's point of view, no bank will lend more than a small percentage of its capital to any broker. Thus a broker may be borrowing from many different banks at one time. This becomes the more necessary because the banks vary in practice. Some banks will never put out money below two and a half or three per cent; and others refuse to enter the market above six per cent, regarding the very high rates as poor business.

Thus we have a business that is extremely safe from the banker's standpoint, because the security behind the loan is instantly convertible into cash, and the element of personal relation between the banker and the customer is reduced to the absolutely automatic. If a big Wall Street bank needs ten million dollars it calls in the broker's loans without compunction; and only when pools or syndicates are formed is the broker freed from the hourly necessity almost of rustling round for accommodation.

Call loans form an immediate and peculiarly elastic reserve for the banks; but it must not be supposed that only the capital or local deposits of the big Wall Street banks are used in this way. Though most of the money passes through their hands, it is possible for corporations, and even private lenders, to make more by withdrawing their deposits from the banks and loaning directly to brokers. This they may do when rates go very high. Much of the money comes from the idle funds of wealthy corporations, estates, and even individuals. Russell Sage frequently loaned as much as twenty million dollars at one time to brokers, and Hetty Green was supposed to have been engaged in the business. In times of crisis John D. Rockefeller is reputed to have placed large sums with banks to help out the brokers.

The significant fact is that much of the money actually originates with banks outside of New York City; all over the country, in fact.

These out-of-town banks send it either directly or by way of a few large cities to the New York banks. Development of the Federal Reserve may alter or finally put a stop to this practice; but it does not seem to have done so yet. At times some of the big New York banks embrace as many as five or six thousand banks in other cities and towns in a business relationship; and though this fact does not mean that all of the five or six thousand send on money to loan on call, it gives some indication of how extensive the practice is.

How Rates Fluctuate

Perhaps the most scandalous thing about this business is the way in which rates fluctuate. Usually call loans bring a very moderate return—say, three to four per cent. But in the panic of 1907, for a brief time, the rate shot up to one hundred and twenty-five per cent, and bulges to, say, fifteen per cent are quite common. It is constantly being said that these wild fluctuations are a disgrace to this country, because in countries like France and England money rates change only a trifling fraction from month to month and year to year. The comparison is most unfair, because nowhere else is there a great daily money market solely for stockbrokers. In France and England stocks are paid for on the exchanges only once in two weeks, instead of daily, as in New York; and there is no need for huge money accommodation. The steady French and English rates, which are quoted to show New York's disgraceful conduct, are not for stockbrokers primarily, but for commercial transactions.

There are several reasons why Wall Street money rates move so violently. As already explained, this business is a sort of easy side issue with the banks—something they are not exactly ashamed of, but half apologetic for. They will throw it overboard in a second if they need the money for another purpose, and then return to it as quickly as they gave it up. They are continually calling in or putting out loans. The business is so facile, so liquid, that banks use it as a sort of leeway, a convenient and elastic cushion which they have no objection to pushing in hard if necessary.

Then, of course, rates fluctuate more or less according to the requirements of the stock market, which at times are enormous and at other times very slim indeed.

The wise broker is he who does not depend too fully upon call money. It may seem foolish for a broker to borrow time money at five per cent at six months when he can get call money at three per cent. But with the time loan he knows where he is for six months anyway, and his bank may jerk up the call-loan rate on him every day. He may pay three per cent to-day and fifteen per cent next week; for it should be understood that call loans, unless called in, are renewed each day, at a renewal rate which may be very different from that of the day before. Though call loans may be called every day, and millions of dollars are daily being called, many of them run for weeks and months, or even years. One call loan ran for forty years.

As a rule, only the weaker and more poorly equipped brokers are caught in a sudden money squeeze. Those who are far-sighted load up ahead with as low-priced time money as they can get. Though rates shot up to one hundred and twenty-five per cent in one day during the panic of 1907, all brokers, of course, did not pay such high figures. However, if President Thomas, of the New York Stock Exchange, had not walked across the street to J. P. Morgan's office and begged Mr. Morgan to form a money pool, the Stock Exchange would have been obliged to close its doors that day, so many were the brokers who were stranded for money.

Easy Borrowing

Though conditions were far less serious during the money stringency in the falls of 1916 and 1917, a number of brokers considered themselves badly pinched; and there is always the danger that enough banks may suddenly decide to withdraw from the call-money market to leave the brokers stranded, as a class. The greatest immediate determining factor in loaning freely or calling in freely is the state of the surplus reserves of the New York City Clearing House banks, as disclosed in their week-end statements. If surplus reserves take a drop of, say, thirty to forty million dollars, a great many loans will be called on the following Monday; and if reserves mount up by large figures the banks may be expected to put out funds freely.

Brokers interpret the changing rates, as far as possible, into the bills they render their customers. A broker aims to borrow his money at, let us say, an average on all loans of four per cent, or 3.895 per cent, or any other figure you may choose to take, and then charge his customers in turn about six per cent.

Brokers are placed in a peculiar position just now, because nearly all speculation in the last few years has been in industrial stocks; and yet the banks still cling to the old idea that railroad stocks are better collateral for loans. Thus the brokers are often hard put to it to find the acceptable security.

Call loans are made both directly to brokers and indirectly through the medium of money brokers on the floor of the Stock Exchange. In the morning the bank officers call in their chosen money brokers and tell them how many millions to lend for them that day. The money broker then goes on the floor of the Stock Exchange and is besieged by stockbrokers who need funds. So automatic is the process that the stockbroker does not know or care which bank he is dealing with until after he has made his deal with the money broker. Then of course the stockbroker is given the name of the bank and sends round the proper collateral. A single money broker may loan as much as twenty-five million dollars in one day.

For the last fifteen years money rates in New York have averaged more than two per cent higher in December than in June. Now, as money rates affect the stock market one way or the other, we have a very close relation between the stock market and the great agricultural and internal business processes of the nation. It is so, whether we like it or not.

The Greatest Thing for America and Her Allies is to Keep the Wheels Turning!

NOW is the time to conserve all the power that the wheels can deliver.

"We need belting equipment badly," writes a certain manufacturer; "but our profits have gone into plant extension, and *we must borrow the money to pay war taxes.*" This from a factory which is making for the Government a line of material built to the strictest specifications.

WE are not in agreement with those manufacturers who believe that in the final war tax measures the Government intended to *penalize thrift* and strangle industry by levying upon profits put back into plant betterment—*the necessary replacement of worn-out machinery and equipment.* This would mean chaos instead of conservation—and panic in place of production.

THE first principle of manufacturing thrift is to *keep your plant up to the highest efficiency.*

Letting it go won't pay dividends, or taxes, or *carry on the war*—for very long.

The manufacturer is learning that the cheapest thing he can do is to throw away old equipment after a certain point in production is reached.

There is a definite production life for transmission and conveying belting wherever it is used—and for the sake of thrift, the manufacturer should know what that life is.

BELTING is not *material,* it is service!

That is why every belt must be built to fit its work.

Belting ills must be cured at short range. Manufacturers should abandon the patent-medicine idea and call for treatment by a belting specialist.

THE experience of our men can be made a valuable part of every factory organization in the country.

They have fitted belts in nineteen classes of industry and have shown power savings of ten to thirty per cent.

Think what that means with conditions as they are in the coal market!

IN certain cases we have sold and will sell belting on a cost of production basis and show savings over the use of other belts and forms of power transmission.

We can do this because our men are equipped to treat each customer and his business as an individual unit.

And this is the most economical way for any manufacturer to buy belting.

SEND to us or our nearest office for a Belting Service man. No cost, no obligation. Just consult with him. You will save money if you do.

Leviathan-Anaconda belts themselves are totally unlike any other belts in the world—variously ply, of solid fabric, so impregnated with a special composition, treated, stretched and aged as to form a pliable belting material well-nigh indestructible.

LEVIATHAN AND ANACONDA BELTS

For Transmission, Conveying and Elevating

MAIN BELTING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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Five Facts—Vital to Every Business Man

1—In case of fire your insurance policy will cover only a fraction of your loss. This is proved by the fact that you would not sell your steady going business for the face value of that policy.

2—You are afraid of fire. This is proved by the fact that you carry fire insurance and pay a substantial premium for it.

3—Fire danger in your building can be practically eliminated by an installation of Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers. In over 20,000 reported fires the average loss under Grinnells has been only $270, a reduction of 96-2/5 per cent over the lowest average business losses prior to their invention.

4—Your insurance rates can be reduced 40 to 90 per cent. The insurance companies are glad to make this reduction because Grinnells reduce to a minimum the loss they have to pay.

5—Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers pay for themselves and then pay you. The insurance rate reductions are usually sufficient to wipe out the initial cost in a few years. After that their savings are clear profit.

Two thousand men will see the business efforts of a life-time destroyed by fire this year. The insurance companies will return them a large part of their actual property loss, but cannot repay them for the equally large losses due to lost profits, interrupted operations, and general business demoralization. Preparation now is better than reparation then—especially when the reparation is only half-measure. Our estimates and proposals are free. Ask for them now. Address General Fire Extinguisher Company, 277 W. Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

The Factory-Assembled System

THE INEPT LOVER

(Continued from Page 15)

was sick of himself—disgusted utterly; but presently he grew calmer, even hopeful. He had accomplished one definite thing at least—had at least taken the first step in his wooing.

III

FOR three months, on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, Barlow Wells went and sat on Mrs. Foster's veranda with her. There was no one to divide honors with him now. With a happy sense of unreality, Barlow realized that by some intervention of the gods he had been singled to be preeminent among her courtiers. One by one his rivals had effaced themselves, and it was tacitly understood about Melford that Mattie and he were on the eve of announcing their engagement.

Yet no one more quickly than Barlow—unless it were Mattie—could have told the gossips that there was no more actual foundation for such surmise now than there had been on the first evening he had called.

Three months had come and gone. June's roses had blown; the July firecracker had been exploded; the green corn of August was consumed; now the grapes were ripening and the sickle moon of September hung in the tender sky. All this time expended in his chase and no actual concrete gain!

On all Wednesdays and Saturdays punctually Barlow had made his ritualistic toilet and gone upon his way to his lady. Frequently he stopped at Carter's Drug Store to make a purchase of chocolates, or on other evenings bore the garnered floral fruits of his own generous garden in his hand.

He had never yet grown accustomed to making these offerings to her. The speeches—on one occasion even a verse that he designed—somehow died on his lips. He found he got away with it best by merely extending his tribute in silence and leaving it to Mattie.

Mattie had such a pretty manner of accepting the things he brought—so much ardor and grace. Sometimes he felt a great wave of longing rise in him. He wanted to do something rash, tempestuous—something like taking her into his arms, or seizing her hands and pressing them violently; but he always controlled himself. He had not addressed Mattie as yet with a proposal of marriage; and until he had properly put his case he had, he felt, no right to attempt a trespass of any sort.

Not that Mattie made him feel that he would be trespassing. She was frankly glad to see him; she even let her little hand rest in his an extra moment in her greeting handshake—rest, indeed, until Barlow himself reluctantly let it go—lest he crush it.

There had been other things besides the chocolates and flowers too. Buggy rides, at first, and later many pleasant jaunts in a new automobile he purchased especially to facilitate his courting. These were happy occasions for Barlow. Mattie's presence—her proximity—was delightful. He felt he wanted her always near him. It was delightful to touch Mattie's arm when getting her seated in the car; it was equally pleasant to assist her into her serge jacket.

Sometimes—pausing to admire some scenic witchery—he dared the audacity of draping his arm on the back of Mattie's seat. He got a sort of vicarious comfort out of touching the leather cushion against which Mattie rested.

He had eaten supper with Mattie; he had feasted on the fudge she made; he had partaken of ice cream with her at Lindemann's; he had talked to her as no woman had ever cared to hear him talk before—hardware, travel, biography, religion, ethics, sociology—anything but love itself. No word of this!

And now September was come! And alternate discouragement and elation touched Barlow. Surely Mattie knew his feelings; surely he had let her see his state of devotion effectively!

When he fancied she must know this his spirit soared. Was it not his love he told her when he dissected the chances of the President's renomination; when he discussed his favorite author, or spoke of the ideals a man should hold to in family life? Why should any man speak of these things to a woman unless he loved her? Was it not love that moved him to speak of strawberry culture, the progress of the moving picture and the growth of the automobile industry? True, they had spoken of those things in May and were still discussing them in September. When he realized all this he despaired. He was near Mattie—yet not near. There was a spiritual veil between them.

If only Mattie would give him a little encouragement! He felt she cared for him. Why, then, did she not realize his feelings? But perhaps she did. Perhaps she, too, longed to find a way to bridge this gap.

"It is three months—isn't it, Barlow—since you began coming to see me?" asked Mattie one pleasant evening.

"Yes," said Barlow, who was ever literal—"three months, two weeks and four days." As though he could fail of remembering a minute!

"That's quite a lot of time you've wasted, isn't it?"

"Oh, I wouldn't call it wasted!" protested Barlow boldly.

"No; perhaps not. Well, we've got pretty well acquainted, haven't we?" She laughed a little shyly. "And we knew each other well when we were youngsters. People might really say we have been friends a long, long time—mightn't they, Barlow?"

"People will say anything at all," said Barlow thoughtfully.

He cleared his throat then and spoke of the effect a recent storm had had on Parker's Milldam. He wanted to drive Mattie out to see it. The old mill among the willows was a romantic spot—pretty, too. Perhaps out there he and Mattie ——

It was only when going home that he realized he had lost a precious opportunity. He should have told Mattie then and there that they were to be a great deal more than friends; he should have made his declaration. He cursed his folly. He was a fool—inept, clumsy! He knew it. A dozen times he put his foot into it with the best intentions in the world.

There was the matter of noticing Mattie's clothes, for instance. Why did a woman care about a thing like that? Yet did he not take stock of his own plumage? After all, he ought to be more observing!

"Do you like this dress, Barlow?" Mattie had asked one evening.

"Yes," said Barlow; "I do. I've always thought it a very nice dress."

"But you never saw it before. It's brand new. I made it all myself, and just got it finished."

"Well," said Barlow, "it's nice cloth, isn't it?"

Mattie had looked at him as though expecting something more. He did not object to her looking at him. There was something uncommonly lovely about her appearance this evening in the new-made white frock and her coral necklace.

"It's not cloth, Barlow. It's organdie," she had laughed. "Do you like the way I look in it, Barlow?" she asked after a moment.

"Yes," said Barlow thoughtfully; "I do."

He ought to have done better than that. Not that a man could be expected to recognize a flimsy dress under its proper name; but it made Mattie look so fine, and she had probably wanted him to say so. Foolish! Did she not know it already?

He had resolved passionately to mend matters; but he seemed to lack inspiration.

"Quite fine, aren't we?" he had declared appraisingly at their next meeting. "Been making another new dress, I see."

"Oh, no, Barlow; I've been wearing this old thing ever since you began coming here. I got this old gray silk in Kansas City."

It was maddening. And when it came to colors it was chaos. If he spoke of Mattie's wearing lavender it turned out to be green; and if, taking counsel, he armed himself to recognize lavender it proved to be blue.

But, for all his absurdity, Mattie dimpled at him. Sometimes, had he but known it, her eyes grew very tender as they rested on him—sweet, maternal.

Now Barlow felt desperately that the time had come to do something. He must put it to her in some creditable shape. Lately Charlie Showers had begun looming into the offing again. She had gone to a church sociable with Charlie; and he had no right—no right—to claim her refusal. Well, he would get it. He would ask her—out and out.

But the evenings came and the evenings waned, and still Barlow did not speak.

"Mattie," he gulped one evening, "do you—do you like me?"

It seemed to him she gave a little ardent start—leaned a little nearer to him. It was

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The rich, ripe Burley leaves of which Tuxedo is made store the sunshine of the Blue Grass region of Old Kentucky and bring cheer and satisfaction to you with every smoke—"Your Nose Knows."

Try this Test:—Rub a little Tuxedo briskly in the palm of your hand to bring out its full aroma. Then smell it deep—its delicious, *pure fragrance* will convince you. Try this test with any other tobacco and we will let Tuxedo stand or fall on your judgment—

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The Bank Was a Fifth Wheel In Town

Its deposits were going down instead of up. Its competitors seemed to have all the accounts. It had to have new business or quit. As the president looked around he found there was one class of business men to whom no bank was paying any particular attention—they neither deposited nor borrowed money. They were the farmers!

A Bank With a Heart

and a good idea has won $3,500,000 deposits in the past five years by encouraging the farmers. And the region round about it has gained in prosperity along with the bank. George Kibbe Turner tells all about it in this week's issue of THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

Other splendid features in the issue that is out today are:

The Town That Jacks Built

Getting Together in Iowa

Concrete in Cold Weather

Beginning a Home Orchard

The Early Bird

As you make up your Christmas list in the next week or ten days just remember that the best gift of all for a friend in the country—living on a farm or in a suburb with a garden and poultry yard—is a year's subscription for THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. Send us a dollar with the name of the person to whom your gift is to go and on Christmas Day your friend will receive a card of notification in your name.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

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a very balmy evening and they were sitting together on the top step of the veranda. He could look deep into her eyes. She wore her little silvery scarf with a flower pinned at her throat. There was something very exotic about Mattie this evening—something that moved him profoundly.

"Yes, Barlow—I—like you." Her voice was very low; a little thrilled.

"I—I'm glad," said Barlow scarcely above a whisper.

There was a little silence. Their eyes held each other's until Mattie's wavered and dropped. Far off across the evening a train's whistle sounded. Silence again. Nothing more.

After a space Mattie breathed a little sigh.

"It's getting late," she said.

"Yes—it's very late—for this time of year."

It was a little incoherent—not what Barlow had meant to say; but he could not correlate the varied impulses that tore him.

In the end he pressed Mattie's hand good night respectfully and went on his way, and during two successive calls spoke most carefully of music and poetry.

It was Mattie who drove him finally to a new unease.

"Mr. Showers is calling on Celia Thaxter—quite regularly."

Barlow looked at her with a sort of horror. Was it regret he detected in Mattie's voice?

"I suppose," she added, "they will be engaged presently."

"Perhaps they will," agreed Barlow.

"Celia is a pretty woman, I think; and Mr. Showers is quite fine-looking. They will make a very handsome couple."

"But it may not come to anything."

"I do not think," said Mattie, "that Mr. Showers is the sort of man who would trifle with a woman—pay a lot of attention to her and—and keep other people away—and n-not say—anything."

"Well, I don't take any stock in Charlie Showers. Celia's too good for him!"

"I think Celia is the prettiest woman in this town—don't you?"

"No; I don't."

"Who do you think is the prettiest, Barlow?"

"Well, it's a matter of choice."

"I know, but whom would you choose?"

Barlow knew perfectly; but he could not find the phrase.

"I think," he said thoughtfully, "that you are fully as good-looking as Celia."

Mattie sighed.

"Do you think she looks younger or older than I?"

"Younger," said Barlow literally after a minute's pondering; it seemed a trifling, unimportant admission to him.

"Indeed! And how old do you think she is?"

"About thirty—I take it."

"I'm thirty-four; and if you think she looks younger than I, and is thirty, you must think I look my full age."

"Well," said Barlow, "it's a hard thing to say whether a woman looks her age or not—especially when you know her well. And then, too, everybody has his off times—times when he looks less and times when he looks more. I think," he added, alarmed a little by something queer in Mattie's eyes, "that you look just right—for your age."

"Age!" said Mattie. "Age ——"

It was very still, save for the crickets that shrilled so loudly in the garden.

"Why, Mattie—you don't think ——"

"I think," said Mattie with asperity, and her voice trembled a little, "that some men—that some men —— Oh, what's the use?"

What was the use? Perhaps Mattie herself despaired. At any rate, one evening, in spite of the legend concerning Celia Thaxter, Barlow met her out driving with Charlie Showers. It happened a second time; and as they drove by he saw that Charlie's arm was over the back of Mattie's seat; nor did it protect the leather cushion solely.

Barlow went home and paced his floor in agony. In agitation he sat down and attempted to write Mattie a statement of his feelings.

He tore up one effort after another. Useless! The ink turned to ice on his pen.

Then he tried composing and memorizing a declaration. He walked his bedroom floor rehearsing—muttering. In the end he felt that he must let it rest with Providence. . . . But it must occur at his next call. In some fashion he must bring his wooing to a happy climax.

Mattie received him very sweetly. Perhaps she repented her philandering with Mr. Showers. At any rate she had never been more alluring. There was absolutely no excuse for further tardiness. The blood pounded into Barlow's head; his pulses throbbed; his hands turned deathly cold. He took out his handkerchief a number of times and wiped his clammy face.

Several times, just as he thought he might let the first word rise to his lips, Mattie, by some happy inspiration, deflected it, to speak of some small immaterial matter.

But at last came a pause—an interval of silence in the moon-gold autumn evening. The moon began to goad Barlow desperately. And it must have had the same effect on Mattie.

"Barlow," she said out of the silence, "do you know that I can read palms?"

"Can you, Mattie?" asked Barlow.

"Yes. When I was in Kansas I was a gypsy and told a lot of fortunes at a church fair. Would you like me to read your palm, Barlow?"

Barlow tendered his hand in silence. It was an exquisite sensation—Mattie's delicate fingers clasping his. He could have cursed the appearance of his hand. Hardware does not tend to the lily-fingered type. It looked, he thought, like the hand of an ape. But Mattie was not revolted, apparently.

"This moon is so bright," she remarked, "that you could easily read a printed page—I can see every line in your palm plainly, Barlow. You have —— You have a nice hand, Barlow."

Was it a dream—a spiritual mirage—or did Mattie's fingers seem to press his the merest *soupçon?* Barlow concluded he was mistaken.

"You have —— You have lots of things coming to you: Money—good fortune. . . . Oh, but there's a spell of sickness, too that will be after you are quite old; and you will—let me see—yes—you'll recover. . . . And your heart line ——" She paused and tilted her head away from him. Her voice trembled a little. "Barlow, there's—there must be some woman in your life; some woman you—you loved once—and—simply cannot forget. . . . It says so here."

"It's a lie!" said Barlow hoarsely.

Oh, but this was maddening beyond all endurance! To have her so near—so dear—her sweet hand clinging to his—to be so tortured! He snatched his hand away and sat up very erect.

"Mattie," he said in a harsh voice he did not recognize—"Mattie, I want to—to tell you a little—about—the prospects in the hardware business ——"

"The hardware business, Barlow!"

"Yes—I ——" He could scarcely go on; then the lines he had composed flowed to his lips: "When father left me the store we were doing a net business of eight thousand yearly. Our gross receipts the last year of father's life were, if I remember right, $9318-odd. At that time there was a blanket mortgage on the store and the house; but things promised to be pretty good and I got an extension of time. . . . It was Arlo Simpson who was carrying it; and mother and I were so economical that by the time I was thirty I got it all paid off.

"Business was a little slack the first two years after father's death, because I was a greenhorn; but I got the hang of things presently. I found I could economize here and there—and I got cheaper rates from one or two jobbers than father had been doing; and by buying in bigger lots, too, I could get a better price. And so, one way and another, I've swung things pretty well, if I do say so.

"Of course you understand the figures are net—and profits aren't so big as they were a few years ago; but, take it all and all, I've increased business about one-third. That's not bad in a town of this size."

He paused; but Mattie made no remark.

"I—so that, take it all round, I may be said to have a sound yearly income—a—sufficient to provide for all wants—and a great deal more than I need for myself. I've got the house—and that's appreciated considerably; and I have a little farm out Mayville way. No—no person would need to feel that—that she would not be taken care of—or have nothing to look to in her old age ——"

Mattie sat very still, her hands laced in her lap, a faint Mona Lisa smile in her eyes.

"Why? Why do you want to tell me this, Barlow?"

Barlow wiped his white face.

(Concluded on Page 85)

A Nation can Thrive only Through the Thrift of its People

* * * * * * * * * * * *

AT Washington our Government has brought together a group of men officially termed the War Savings Certificates Committee and popularly known as the National Thrift Committee. The chairman is Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, who dropped his work as head of the largest bank in America in order to give his services to the Government. * * * The purpose of this Committee is to have the American people actually save two billion dollars and lend it to the Government at 4 per cent interest. These savings are to be in small amounts—twenty-five cents at a time—so that every man, woman and child in the United States not only may participate in this public service, but can at the same time be creating a nest-egg for the day when the war will end. * * * The raising of this money for the Government is important, but after all, the greatest value of the Committee's efforts will lie in developing a spirit of thrift among the people of our Country generally. If that can be accomplished—and you and we know it will be—the good effect will be felt for many years after this war.

If this Committee can teach the American nation as a whole the virtue of thrift it will have done a work valuable beyond measure.

Thrift! Just what does being thrifty mean? The dictionary defines thrift as care and prudence in the management of one's resources; economy and frugality; it says, "Thrift is the best means of thriving," and to be thrifty is to be successful and prosperous.

Thrift is the opposite of waste. Waste means to spend, thoughtlessly, unnecessarily, without return and without purpose.

* * *

In devoting this space to the Government's plan to bring thrift before all the American people, we are in no sense advancing a principle new to those who have dealt with us. Our customers are primarily a thrifty people.

In fact, when the question was put to us, "Wouldn't a nationwide campaign toward thrift and saving, frugality, economy—wouldn't such a campaign injure your business?" our answer was that the customers of Montgomery Ward & Co. were innately a thrifty, careful people, that from the very foundation of this business, almost fifty years ago, the suggestion had always been made to let one's own interests alone prompt him in buying.

This business was founded on the belief that thrifty people in the United States, knowing the value of a dollar—and particularly of their own dollar—that these people, given the opportunity to save money in their purchases, would make use of that opportunity.

* * *

Save—be thrifty, buy where you can buy best—those words sum up principles we have laid before the American public from the very beginning of Montgomery Ward & Co.

And today the Government is placing the same thought before the people, and is asking further that their savings be placed in loans to our Country.

A household that does not consider the value of a dollar can rarely be a prosperous, happy and successful household; even less can a people prosper and at the same time be thriftless, wasteful and thoughtless of their earnings.

* * *

There is little need to dwell on the virtues of thrift to those who deal with us. Our customers' relationship with us is almost always prompted by thrift. But as important as the virtues of thrift may be in times of peace, they are all the more important in these times of war.

Save, be thrifty, buy where you can buy best!

This Nation can Win only through the Thrift of its People

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Seven models, ¾-ton to 5-ton at low prices

Republic Special Chassis, **$895**; Republic Dispatch for delivery purposes, **$895**; 1-ton with bow top and stake or express body, **$1195**; 1½-ton chassis, **$1450**; 2-ton chassis, **$1885**; 3½-ton chassis, **$2750**; 5-ton Thoroughbred chassis, **$4250.** All prices f. o. b. factory. We furnish every type of body. Write for book on any model. Address Department Y.

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REPUBLIC
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TRUCKS

(Concluded from Page 82)

"Mattie," he said, "I've been thinking seriously a long time. . . . I –I'm a lonesome person. I'm not getting any younger either. You made a mistake about my hand, too; I've never tried to marry any woman—not before this." He cast about desperately. "So I'm putting it up to you. Even if you look at it in no other way than just as a business proposition, I—we—it would pay us to get married, Mattie. I could take care of you ——"

"Why do you want to take care of me?" Barlow gulped.

"There isn't a woman in the world that I respect so much as I do you."

"Respect!" said Mattie with a little sniff.

"Or that I—I esteem more."

"Esteem!" said Mattie.

He was not wrong about the sniff. She got up suddenly.

"Barlow," she said, "a woman—I—I —— Oh, you ——" She turned away from him with a little despairing gesture, a little bitter laugh. "Barlow, I think it will end here and now. I don't mind saying—any man that can't —— Oh, well, there are men in this world ——"

Emotion broke her voice. She turned violently toward the house; and Barlow saw it slipping from him—all his Paradise; all his happiness! . . . Life would not be worth living. A wave of horrible emotion submerged him.

"Oh, my Lord!" he moaned, forgetting all else. "Don't go—don't refuse me! . . . Mattie! . . . Why, I couldn't live without you! I love you! . . . I love you so ——"

"Then, for heaven's sake, why can't you say so?"

Mattie whirled round to him and burst into tears. And with her tears went the last of Barlow's paralyzing self-consciousness. He was beside her at a bound, his arms round her, pressing her to him.

"Why, Mattie," he said, "wasn't I telling you? Oh, sweetheart! Oh, my darling girl ——" But really, there is no need to go on; for at this point Barlow Wells ceased to have anything in common with the title of this story.

THE DARK-BROWN LIQUID

(Continued from Page 20)

Miss Glaub rose and faced him. It was really too bad the colonel could not appreciate this exquisite pose of a Southern woman about to hold tradition sacred.

"Don't worry," she commanded. "I know a way to put a crimp in those guys." Miss Glaub hesitated; were the words too forceful?

But the colonel was all eagerness.

"What—what is it?" he twittered.

Miss Glaub looked at the date of the letter, did some simple addition, and gazed into the depths of the wicked green dinner ring.

"I only got the idea now," she said. "I'll have the whole thing worked out after to-morrow night."

"You're a wonderful woman," the colonel breathed asthmatically, as he reached for his hat.

"What a kidder you are!" said Miss Glaub with lowered lids.

Safely tucked in a bright kimono a half hour later, Miss Glaub sat and wondered why some men were so sharp and business-like, an' others—well of course in the colonel's case it was sim-plee because his family had never had to work—the black retainers—it was wonderful; but even then Miss Glaub remembered the frayed cuffs and wondered ——

IV

ONCE again we find the spider waiting for the fly. A heavier, louder, more assured fly—to judge by his steps along the corridor.

A more appreciative fly if his first airy words are any criterion.

As Mr. Uthas Garbey stood framed in the doorway, he saw for the first time the recent additions to the stage equipment. The sinuous figure was familiar, but the chaise longue! He knew the little phonograph, but that passionate lamp! Then he spoke:

"If there ain't more class to you to the square inch than even Beda Thara I'm a poor judge of class."

Mr. Garbey's eyes seemed to admit, however, that as a judge he was considered some pumpkins.

Miss Glaub brought her left hand slowly to her bosom.

"Please"—very archly—"don't measure me up like a cee-ment walk."

Mr. Garbey drew his chair closer to the net and said with deep feeling: "Sister, the only thing I want to measure you to is a wedding ring."

But Miss Glaub was looking over the dark, damp Garbey curls into some shady something beyond. Anyone with any discernment could have seen a fine old white-columned mansion nestling among giant trees as old as the house itself, mirrored in the dark smoldering Glaub orbs. He could have seen the darkies' cabins purple in the distance. He could have seen the mistress with the proud nobility of the South welcoming the local gentry at the threshold. All this he could have seen; instead, he affected alarm at some imaginary shadow back of him that was frightening Miss Glaub.

"But your eyes were as big as saucers," protested Mr. Garbey when he was told rather dreamily not to mind her to-night.

Instead of answering, Miss Glaub trailed slowly to the table and started the Old Black Joe record, with the sound doors closed to make it soft and far away. After Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground and Old Kentucky Home, Mr. Garbey inquired, with elephantine clumsiness, if this was a reunion of F. F. V.'s or merely entertainment.

Then, with her hands clasped in front of her to denote mental anguish too subtle for words—or Mr. Garbey—Miss Glaub told him that she alone stood between Southern tradition and its desecraters—D. Bertram Pinkus *et al.* That twenty thousand dollars' worth of silk must be turned into at least ten thousand dollars in cash. Purple ribbon made in America—with American dyes! Miss Glaub gulped the last sentence slowly, that Mr. Garbey might realize the enormity of the task before her.

Mr. Garbey waited until the last gulp had died.

"When I first met you," he began, "I talked business first and—something else last. I got stung then—but, sister, I'm going to take another chance. I'd rather fall down on a job than lay down on it. Your childish little silk problem is easy—dead easy; but about measuring your left ——"

Miss Glaub interrupted him gently:

"It is only fair to tell you that others are ——"

"Others," said Mr. Garbey, "don't interest me. I'm interested in you!" Masterfully he took her left hand.

Miss Glaub let it lie within its warm embrace—after all, it was a mighty little thing if he could only sell the silk.

"Now," said Mr. Garbey briskly, "the ways an' means committee will come to order. First, who is this crazy old shaver?"

Miss Glaub withdrew her hand abruptly.

"The gentleman is Col. Amasa Pickering Jephson, of Kentucky," she corrected almost tartly.

"I've gone to the foot of the class," apologized Mr. Garbey; "what's doing in town?"

Miss Glaub allowed her hand to return to the neutrality of her lap. "Well, next week there is a big musical comedy opening the season at the Bijou, and the fall meeting of the Bigburg Races."

Mr. Garbey invaded Belgium.

"That makes it easier than ever—nothing to it!" he declared. "All you have to do is to get me about forty yards of the silk, five hundred dollars expense money—and the thing is all over."

"You mean ——"

"I mean," Mr. Garbey continued, "that at the end of next week this old town will be fighting for Jephson Purple."

Some time later, when Mr. Garbey rose to depart, Miss Glaub said she was sorry that she couldn't reward him as he deserved. But she couldn't help noticing as he said good night that his cuff was without fray, and had the pret-tiest blue and green stripes!

V

AND it was even so. A week later, when the Bigburg Grand Circuit Races opened for the fall meet, the stands and boxes were dotted here and there with a most peculiar shade of purple. It was different, as well as peculiar, and in each

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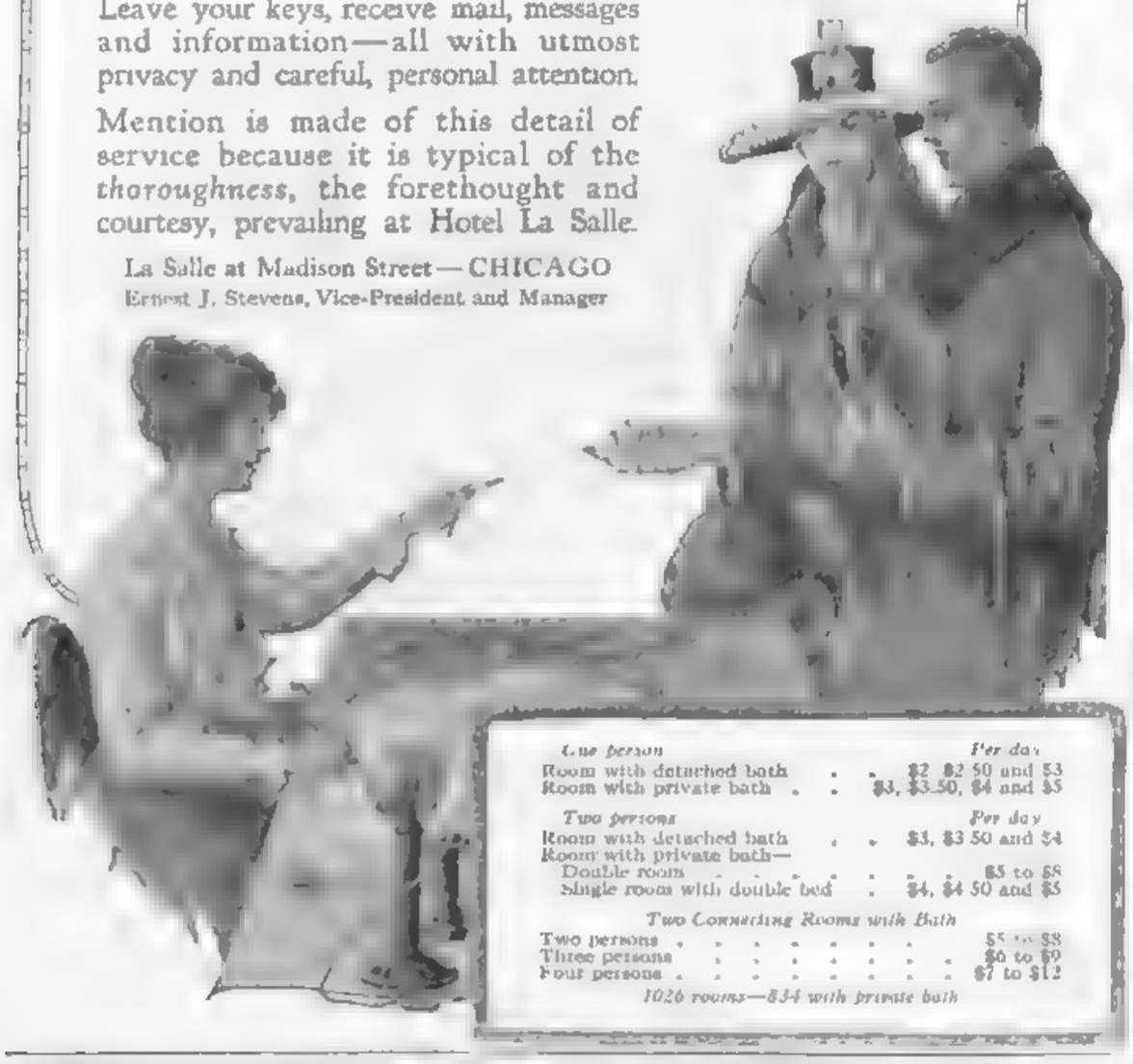

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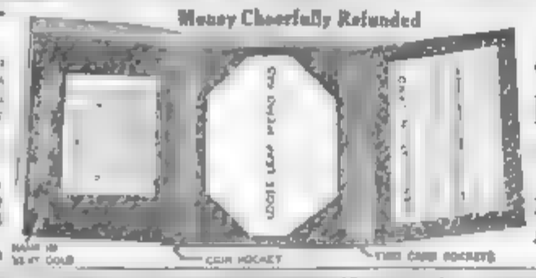

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In Dainty Gift Boxes

instance it dotted the head of a particularly pretty girl. One, whom several recognized as Miss Billie Taylor, of the Golden Glow Company, wore a loose sports coat of the shade to match her hat. She sat in a most prominent box.

And then round the golden oval came Ormondy Boy, a glistening gleam of black, and behind him, gently clucking, rode old Pop Rivets, the king of them all. And Pop, instead of the Rivets black, wore the same peculiar purple color in coat and cap. Just before old Pop nodded to the judges that he was ready to go for the world's trotting record, a bull-voiced announcer told the stands that Col. Amasa Pickering Jephson, formerly of Kentucky, had purchased an option on Ormondy Boy, and the purchase price was one hundred thousand dollars. The stand gasped and then cheered wildly. Pop nodded and the crowd stood up.

Ormondy Boy was off! The time at the quarter brought a wild cheer. At the half, hats were waving. When the time for the mile was announced, bedlam broke loose. As Ormondy Boy wheeled to return past the stands a band broke into The Star-Spangled Banner. Peopled yelled themselves hoarse. And then, just as Pop was tipping his hat, the band stopped. All eyes suddenly turned to a common center of interest. In the most prominent box the girl in the purple sports coat had jumped to her chair. Pulling her purple hat from the mass of golden curly hair she waved it wildly in the air.

"Jephson Purple! Jephson Purple!" she shrilled; and the crowd, looking from coat to coat, suddenly began to echo a mighty chorus: "Jephson Purple! Jephson Purple!"

VI

"OF COURSE it's press-agent stuff," growled Jerry Anderson, of the Bigburg Star; "but we'll have to fall for it though. That crowd went crazy out there. But we'll fool the theater guy that slipped it over. Play up the purple angle, and the colonel an' his one hundred thousand bucks—by the way, who in hell ever heard of old Jephson having a hundred thousand dollars?"

And because a world's record is news—and because the purple incident could not be eliminated—the story went over the wires much after the fashion of Jerry Anderson's decision.

The Mammoth, in on the ground floor, as it were, had a window of Jephson purple waists and hats the following morning. They melted away before noon.

"What is Jephson Purple? Send us all you can get!" This and many other inquiries flooded jobbers within a radius of one hundred miles.

"We want Jephson Purple," insisted women as far east as New York.

The colonel began limiting quantities to bolts—then to half bolts and then, with twenty-three thousand dollars safely tucked in the Third National, the Jephson Silk Company announced that it had no more Jephson Purple.

"Get some more!" demanded the manufacturers.

"Can't be done," replied the Jephson Silk Company.

And then, slowly, Jephson Purple passed on to fashion's limbo, without the David Belasco of it all knowing why some progressive manufacturer didn't step in and supply the demand.

"Why didn't they?" Mr. Garbey asked the colonel.

"I bought it all."

"But why didn't they make some more? It would be as easy as buying an option."

"I don't know," admitted the colonel.

Languidly Miss Glaub took her huge muff from the waiter—they had been dining at the colonel's expense—and rose.

"It'd take 'em too long to let it fade," she said witheringly.

Both men rose.

Miss Glaub looked from one to the other.

"A rose between two thorns," she said coyly.

The colonel ignored Mr. Garbey's attempt to assist Miss Glaub with her neckpiece. As he adjusted it on tiptoe, he whispered: "What a wonderful little bromide you are."

"Wonderful what?" asked the siren.

"Bromide." The colonel smiled.

"Oh—yeh," said the puzzled Miss Glaub uncertainly.

Alone within its charming web the spider sought a little brown book that was indispensable when Glaub epistles were written. Slowly she turned the pages. Under one headed B she stopped. A look, first of incredulous amazement, then of black anger crept over the face of the spider. It joined the jade dinner ring and the jet earrings in registering wickedness and determination. The spider recollected with grim satisfaction that the colonel's cuffs were slightly soiled as well as frayed.

"My Gawd! The nerve and ungratefulness of the poor old fish!" she hissed in the direction of a small pile of records.

A few moments later Mr. Garbey was holding her hands.

"Well, sister?" he questioned brusquely.

Miss Glaub motioned him silently to a chair.

"I wanta talk to you—earnestly—Mr. Garbey."

"You an' me both."

"You ——"

"You know what I mean, sister. I ain't going away without giving you another chance."

Miss Glaub gave him a dazzling smile of the utmost warmth, which changed slowly as her eyes nearly closed and her hand began to wave with the slow rhythm of an asp.

"Ain't it funny, Mr. Garbey, how you can misjudge people? Ain't it? An' ain't it funnier the way some people repay you for being kind an' helping them out of a hole ——"

"If you mean the colonel," said Mr. Garbey, "why, he seemed quite grateful at lunch. He ——"

"Don't mention his name to me," begged the lady. "It makes me sicker than his cuffs."

"He must 'a' got in bad all right if ——"

The asp stopped.

"That poor fish! I'm offen him. Besides, he never had the class that ——"

"Yes?" breathed Mr. Garbey. "Yes?"

"That some of my other gentleman friends have."

Mr. Garbey captured the asp.

"After all, pep counts, don't it, Mr. Garbey?"

"Sure, but ——"

"I was born in Paterson, New Jersey, Mr. Garbey"—this in the tone of one making a confession.

"Where you was born don't interest me," said the gallant Mr. Garbey, "but where you're going to live this winter does. Now, New York ——"

Miss Glaub slowly averted her head. Gazing at the point of her satin slipper she spoke in the wondering tones of a child:

"I ain't making any promises, Mr. Garbey, but ——"

"Yes"—eagerly.

"But sometime ——"

A convulsive grip on the asp.

"Yeh?"

"Sometime—sometime I wanta know what you would do to a man—a person—that called your wife a dark-brown liquid."

Slowly the dark eyes closed, as if in silent enjoyment of the combat.

A. B. ARMENT

To Men over 31:

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The Pathé Sapphire Ball-enlarged 200 diameters

The one greatest phonograph feature is the Pathé sapphire ball

WOULDN'T it be a good idea to drop all those miscellaneous Christmas-present problems, and make *one real gift* to the whole family this year?

All right—do it!

Almost any Pathé dealer will arrange to deliver your Pathéphone upon receipt of a small first payment, and enable you to complete the purchase at convenient intervals during next year

Any model of the Pathéphone will make an ideal gift: ideal because of things it will bring you; and ideal because it's *different*.

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That tone is due partly to the violin-body sound-chamber, partly to the Pathé reproducer, but most of all to the Pathé sapphire ball.

It's a big thing—that little sapphire ball.

Big in what it does, and how it does it.

Not merely because it does away with changing needles, and not merely because the records are guaranteed to play 1000 times—

But because the *way* its polished, rounded jewel surface fits into the half-round groove of the record enables it to bring out all the TONE that was engraved *in* the groove by the artist's voice. It isn't merely lifelike—it's LIFE!

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We guarantee every Pathé Record to play at least *one thousand times* with the Pathé Sapphire Ball, without impairment to the unexcelled beauty of tone and without showing any perceptible wear on the record.

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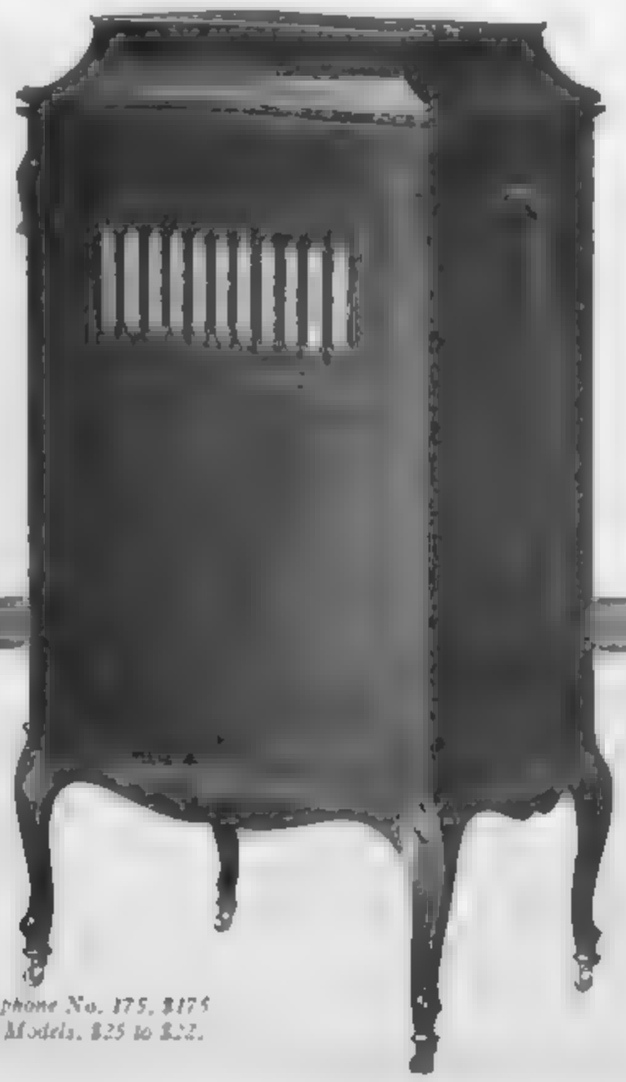


Pathéphone No. 175, $175
Other Models, $25 to $22.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MILLION DOLLARS

(Continued from Page 23)

"I don't know," I said. "I never thought of it one way or the other."

He was, though, in a way. He had this devil-may-care style to him—even then—and that bold, kind of insolent way of looking at you, when he wanted to, that kind of took the women—as it came out afterward.

"Goodness!" said Zetta. "I didn't realize he was so old as that. He looked so little next to that big ogre of a thing he rode against."

"I wouldn't tell him that."

"Why not?"

"They don't like to be told about it when they're little."

"He's not so small when you see him this way. If he had been younger," she said, and laughed back over her shoulder to me, going out to meet him—"if he was what I thought he was, I was just going to take him round the neck and give him a big hug and a kiss." And she went out holding out both her hands to him.

"It was great," she said to him. "Great! Just splendid. You beat him all to pieces that great big beast of a thing. Didn't you? I almost died, watching you, from excitement."

"You know what she said to me, Chuck?" said I. "She said if you were only a little younger she certainly would have kissed you."

"Go as far as you like," said Chuck, but his face got fire color; he dropped her hands right away, and stood there.

"I would," said Zetta, standing looking at him in that straight-out way of hers. "I meant it. If you'd been three years younger I certainly would have done it too. For you saved our lives. You don't know how much we owe you."

"Not so bad as that, I guess," said Tom's boy, shifting to his other foot.

"You did," said Zetta. "Maybe you've made us rich—by this. And when it does," she said, "you want to make them pay you for it too."

"We will," said I. "Don't you fret! I generally manage to pay my debts to most people, whatever I owe them, whether it's a good turn or a bad one. I always have. And you did us one this time, Chuck, all right—a good one. We've got to hand it to you. You did the job to-day."

"Aw, I don't know," he said, looking up and down again. "You'd ought to killed me if I hadn't. I had fifteen seconds on him to the mile. I had the only machine on the track."

"And you rode it, in the second place," said I. "You can't tell me. I saw you. That big murderer didn't scare you much, did he, boy?" I said, slapping him on the shoulder. "He didn't turn a hair on you."

"Who?" said Tom's boy, stiffening up and looking into my eyes again. "That big stiff? Not in a thousand years!"

"How much was he hurt, anyhow?" I asked him.

"Oh, not much."

"How much?"

"Splinters, that's all—from that board track—right through the leather; stuck all over him, like a dressmaker's pincushion."

"Nothing broke?"

"Not so far as they can see."

"Well, you gave him what was coming to him this time, anyway."

"He did it himself," said Chuck. "He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been mad with the heat, after the grand stand bawled him out."

"It's too bad you didn't kill him," said I. "He needed it—the murderer. And you want to look out for him after this. He'll be laying for you. He'll get you if he can."

"He can try!" said Tom's boy, glancing up at me a second again with those eyes of his.

"Well, there's one thing," I said to him, "you won't lose anything by this day's work, not if I can help it."

"Look," said Zet, breaking in, "I tell you what we're all going to do now. We're all going over to New York to some big restaurant and celebrate!"

I saw Pasc grin, and I did after him.

"You've got the money for it, I suppose," I said to her.

"No, but you have—somebody," she came back at me.

"We won't have—not when we get these bills here paid," said I.

"What'll we do then?" she said. "We've got to celebrate somehow."

"We haven't made our million—yet, remember," I said to her.

"Here," said Tom's boy; "I can let you have it—if I can collect on this prize."

"That won't be necessary, I guess," said Pasc, and grinned again. "I've got it. I've got enough for that—from what I got in part payments on those machines."

"All right then," said Zetta; "come on!"

"Go it while you're young, eh?" said I, feeling pretty good myself.

"We won't be, any too long," she said. "I don't propose to miss any of it, from now on."

And we laughed.

"Well," said Tom's boy, backing away, "I guess I'll be going."

"Going? Going where?" said Zetta. "You're coming with us. Why, certainly you are. This is your party, mostly. Unless you've got some other place you'd rather go," she said, fastening her eyes on him. "Have you?"

"No," he said, looking up and grinning at her, "I guess not."

"Well, then, come along then," said Zetta.

"Do you all want me?" he said, looking at me.

"Sure, we all want you. Why shouldn't we?" I told him.

"They'd have nothing to say about it anyhow," said Zetta. "This was our race. I paid for it, and you rode it."

"I'll just run across here," he said, when we stopped laughing at her; "I've got to polish myself up for a minute."

"Hurry up then," she said. "We'll be waiting for you. We'll walk slow, and you'll catch up with us."

"He's not much more than a kid, after all," she said to us, watching after him running back. "The kid freckles aren't all off his face yet."

"He's half a boy, I guess, and half a man," I said.

And then she turned round quick and shoved her arms through Pasc's and mine and started along between us.

"This is our night, boys," she said, looking up, "isn't it? We've just got to celebrate some way.

"The only thing," she said, "to make it complete would be if Polly was here, wouldn't it? Have you telegraphed her yet?" she said to me. "Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You'll do it just as soon as we can find an office. She mustn't wait a minute, sitting worrying about it."

"That's right," said I.

"I can see her eyes snap when she gets it," said Zetta. "I can almost hear her stammer, getting excited. She'd ought to be here, Bill. She put as much into it as any of us—more."

"I guess that's right, too," said I.

"She'd take her heart out and give it to you, Bill," she said, looking at me, "if you wanted it."

"And then get mad if I didn't take it!" I said and laughed.

"You don't deserve her, Bill," she said, laughing back. "She's too good for you, and that's the truth."

"I guess it is, at that," I told her.

"Or for any of us. She's an angel. A kind of a little spunky angel. I always think of her that way."

"A fighting angel, eh?" said I.

"Yep," said Zetta; "they have them that way. I read it when I was in school—in Milton's Paradise Lost.

"Look! Come on!" she said, looking back over her shoulder. "Here he comes."

As we went out into the street there was that poster that fellow of ours had pasted out on the walls and fences:

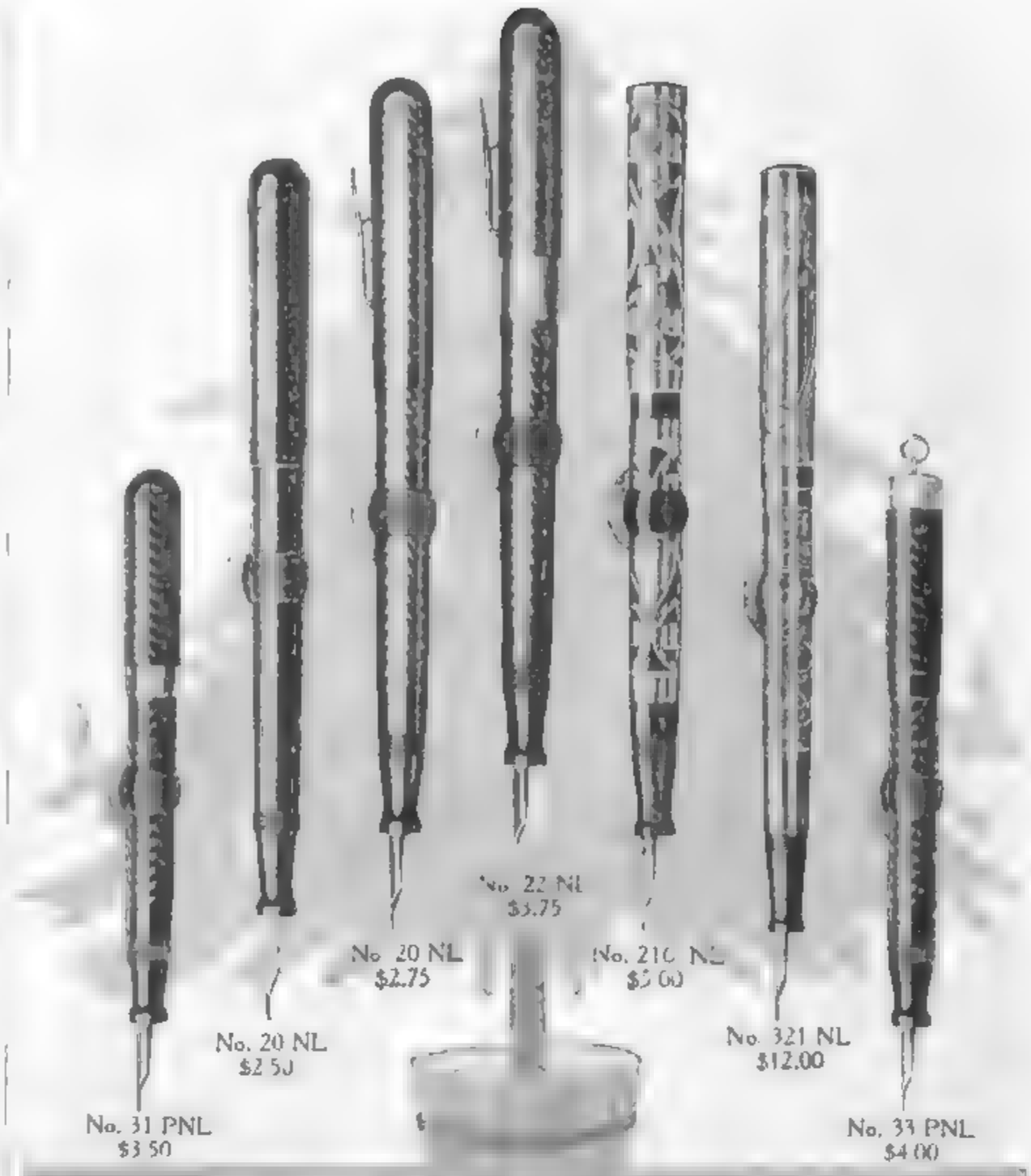
HOOT-TOOT!

GET OUT OF OUR ROUTE!

HOODLUM!

VIII

IT CERTAINLY did look rosy, on the face of it, right after that. Every mail was full of orders and applications for agencies—for days and weeks. The women especially got all excited over it.



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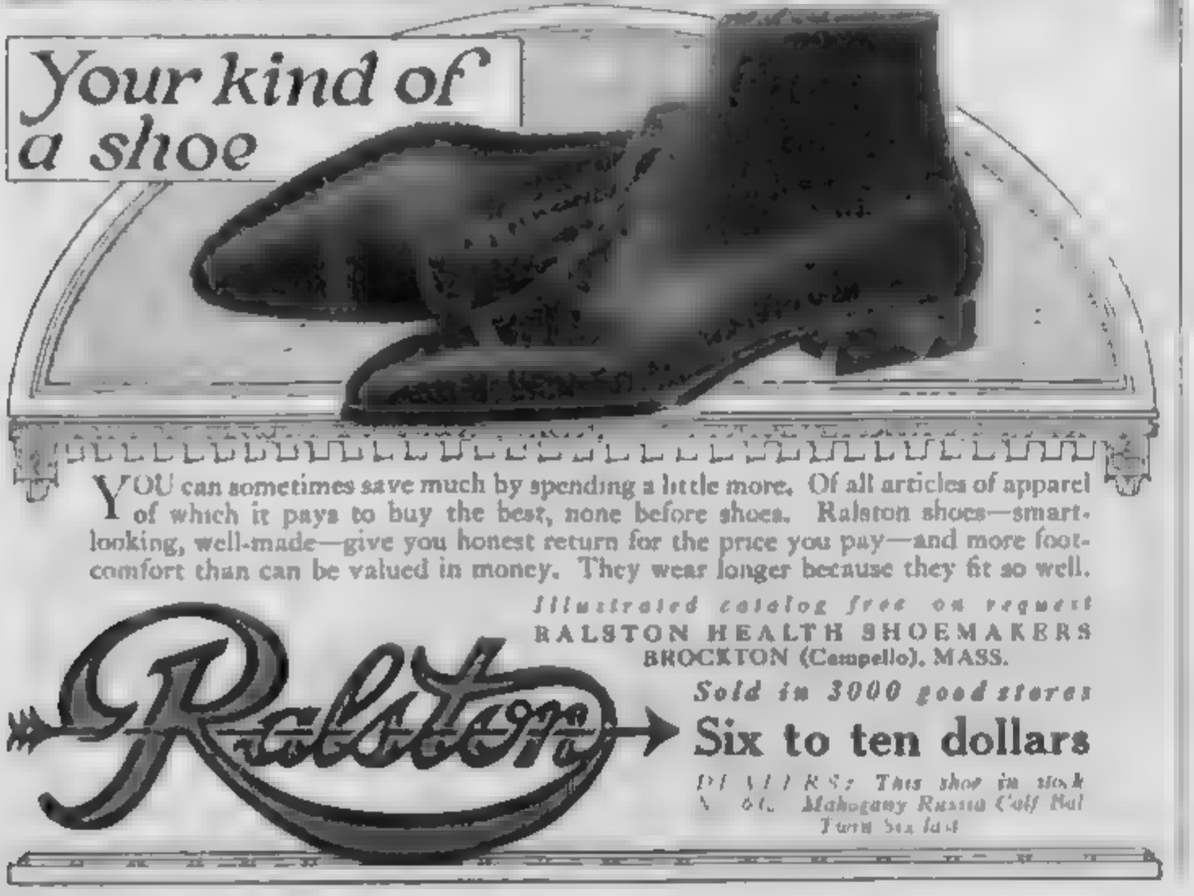
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"See here," said Polly, pulling out a paper, when I came home. It was the second week after that race. "See here, didn't you tell me we were going to sell two hundred machines a year?"

"We ought to do that, anyhow," said I.

"And didn't you tell me you'd make fifty dollars on every car?"

"Nearer sixty," said I, "when we're going right."

"But that would be twelve thousand dollars a year!"

"Yep!" said I.

"Oh!" she said, and kept still. I don't suppose we'd ever had twelve hundred dollars a year before to spend on ourselves.

But I didn't speak about the rest of it to her, naturally. I just kept up a terrible thinking to myself. I had for several days and nights then.

"What's the matter with you?" said Polly. "You don't sleep at all."

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "Something I ate, I guess."

"Well, I guess not!" she said, miffed; "not when I'm cooking for you."

"Maybe I ought to cut out coffee," I said. "I've been drinking quite a lot."

"What you'll have to cut out," she said, "is working all day and thinking about it all night. Go to sleep."

"Don't worry about me," I said. "When I get tired doing a good business—making money—I'll let you know."

And I lay still and figured on it—the way I was doing all the time now, to see if I couldn't find some loophole. It was no use to bother Pasc about it. It wouldn't be any good; and that was my end of the business anyhow. But finally he got it himself.

"Here's a funny thing," said Pasc, coming in and sitting down in the office after six o'clock. "I wish you'd explain it to me."

"What?" I asked him.

"We claim we can turn out three hundred machines a year here."

"Yes."

"And we're going to."

"I see orders for three hundred right now," said I.

"How are we going to?"

"You don't mean machinery? We can make them up, or get them made now; you know that."

"No; I mean money," said Pasc. "How are you going to get the money?"

"I wish I knew," said I. And I shut up and let him talk.

"As I understand it," said Pasc, getting out his old envelope and stub again, "you get twenty-five per cent down from the dealer, with the order; and twenty-five more when you deliver; making fifty per cent when your delivery is made. And the rest on sixty days."

"Yes."

"So if you sell a machine for two hundred dollars to a dealer, you get one hundred dollars from him, and it costs you one hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes."

"So while you seem to be making fifty dollars on a machine you're really out fifty dollars in actual money for every machine that goes out from the shop."

"To say nothing of the time before that," I said, "while the machine is being made in the factory."

"Yes," said Pasc, with his old blue eyes on me, wetting his old pencil and going on with his figuring.

"Now then," he said slowly, "if it stopped some time—this thing—we'd catch up and get our money in. But now, growing the way we are, we never can catch up; it gets worse every day. Is that right?" he asked me, looking up. "I want to get that right."

"That's right."

"Then that's a peculiar thing, ain't it?" he said. "The more money we seem to be making, the less we've got. You wouldn't believe it!"

"Peculiar, yes," I said. "Sure it's peculiar! And dangerous!"

"Dangerous!" said he.

"It's going to bust us if we don't look out."

"Bust us!" said Pasc, stopping and getting it into his head. "H'm! Making money so fast it'll bankrupt us. That's a new one!

"What are we going to do about it?" he asked me after a while.

"You tell me!"

"You can't cut down expenses much more."

"No."

"Nor take any more of the work ourselves."

"Not and live!"

"Well," said he, "there's only one thing then, I suppose."

"What?"

"You've got to stop your deliveries till you get some of your money in."

"You can't."

"Can't?"

"No. How can you?" I asked him. "You know those dealers as well as I do. They're in business to sell a machine when an order comes for one, ain't they? If they don't get deliveries from us they'll sell somebody else's, won't they?"

"Good and sure!" said Pasc.

"But it don't stop there. If we lost that order it wouldn't be so much. One order's not so much. But what we lose is the dealer. If we can't deliver goods he starts for the fellow who can—and hitches up with him."

"Naturally."

"But that ain't all," I said. "The minute he does that he not only don't push our machine any longer, he knocks it, by comparison anyhow. And no matter what a reputation you've got or what your goods are you can't stand continual knocking like that—especially with a thing like ours—a motor cycle—where the ordinary man don't have enough real knowledge but what a dealer can tie him all up in ten minutes' talking."

"So we've got to keep growing," said Pasc after a while, "anyhow!"

"Unless we want to die."

"That's a funny thing," he said, thinking a while. "If you grow you bust and if you don't grow you bust just the same. You're damned if you do and you're damned if you don't. And as it is, we're in danger of being killed by overprosperity—too much business."

"That's about it," said I.

"What are we going to do about it?" he asked me after a while.

"There's just one thing," I said, "that's all. I've been thinking over it day and night: We've got to get more money somehow."

"Credit?"

"I guess that's all you can get," said I. "I've got Briscoe & Co. to help us out some, by showing them what we were doing. That's our biggest account, of course, and I'm working on some of the others."

"What about the bank?" he wanted to know.

"I've been trying to get Proctor Billings over here for a week to look us over," I said, "to see if he won't give us a little more than that one thousand dollars we've got now. He says now he'll be over to-morrow.

"Gad!" I said, thinking. "What a power these fellows have got that control the money! You don't realize it until you go in business for yourself; and get up against a thing like this. You sweat and drag and work eighty-one hours a day. And when you're through the day and covered with dust and oil and blisters, one of these damned still-faced dudes from a bank drives over in his limousine, with a flower beside him in a little glass vase, and decides whether you're going to live or die. That thing drives me crazy. It always has, ever since I was in business—to have to get down and crawl round to men like Proctor Billings, and ask them for permission to go on living."

"What will he do for us in the bank?" asked Pasc. I can see him still, sitting there in his overalls, with his envelope and pencil stub; and his old faded eyes staring out at me over a smear of machine oil on his old prominent cheek bones.

"Not much."

"What'll you do then, if he won't help us?"

"I'll have to try and tease the creditors along the best way I can."

"It ain't normal, is it?" said he. "This way we're doing?"

"No. But what can you do?"

"Get some money in from somewhere."

"Yes," I said, "if we could. I thought maybe I might get some idea out of Proctor Billings along that line—if he comes."

He came that next day, as a matter of fact, locked up in his limousine, wearing his chamois gloves, and went through the shop with me as if it was a special favor to me; and Pasc came along for a minute and spoke to him and looked at him, all smeared up with machine oil so he couldn't shake hands. And then Billings flicked off his new gray suit with a fine handkerchief and sat down in the office for a minute or two and listened to me talk, without any more expression on his face than there is on the bottom of a china plate.

(Continued on Page 93)

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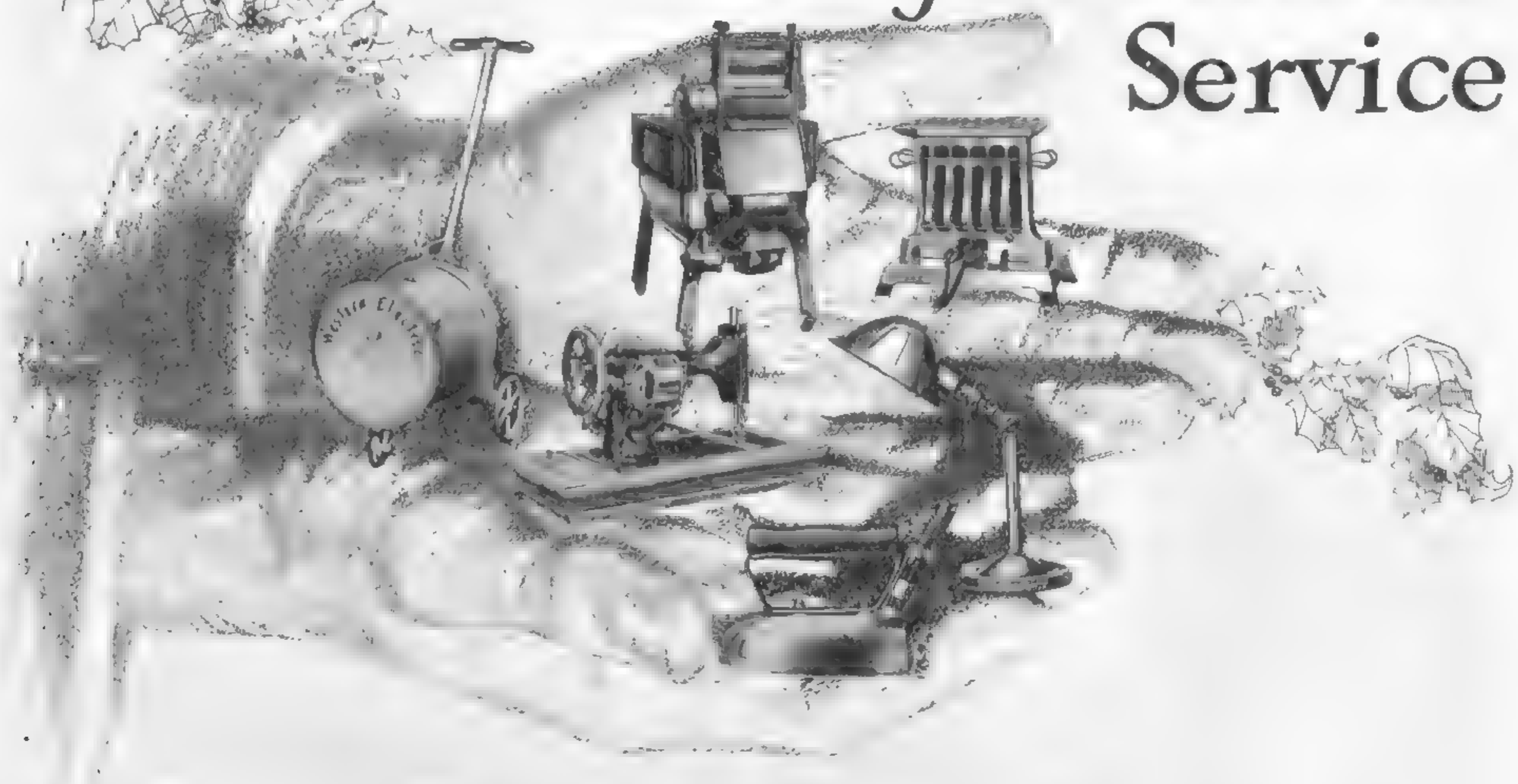

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(Continued from Page 90)

"I don't see how," he said finally, getting up, "I can be of any use to you. We can't take on any more of a loan for you in the bank. You're overextended too much. You aren't in any condition for a bank to take up—from what you say yourself."

"What can we do?" said I, getting desperate—and mad. He always got me on the raw, just looking at him riding round the town.

"You'll have to get in more money," he said in that particular, college-educated talk of his.

"That's what I'm trying to get now," I told him, getting madder.

"In the form of capital," he came back at me.

"How'll I get it?"

"That I don't know," he said. "All I can say is, we'll continue our loan at the bank, but we can't possibly go any further."

And then he went out and got into his limousine, and left me there jumping mad, cursing him out under my breath as he drove away.

"We'll pull it out in spite of him," I said to Pasc. "And we're well off, if we never get any of that kind in with us. He and the old man together," I said, "didn't have blood enough in them for an eel. We'll pull her through," I said, talking along to encourage myself. "We've got a big thing, and I know it, and by working it along right we'll come out all right. We've got a big thing; and you take a man like old man Briscoe—he's big enough to see it.

"I've got to keep on the right side of him," I said. "He's a quick-tempered old man, but straight as a die. Always willing to help you out—if he thinks you're doing your part. A fine old man—if he is a millionaire! A regular old-time New England mechanic that's earned his living with his own hands. Not one of these bankers—with soft hands and hard faces! Not one of these fellows with the money, that earn their living by their faces—never right out like a man, always bluffing you, keeping you from knowing what they really think or plan or mean to do to you. I hate the whole tribe of them!"

"How'd you happen to know old man Briscoe, anyway?" said Pasc.

"I worked for him one year down in his shop in Bridgeport. The only year I ever was out of this town since I was born. He's the man we've got to watch," I said, "after this—like a hawk. Do what we tell him we'll do—to the dot; or there'll be trouble."

"You'll do it, all right!" said Pasc, getting up and taking off his overalls.

I stayed round there a little longer—till old Tom Powers came in for the night.

"Hello, Tom," said I, putting on my coat. "Well, how's the old Miracle coming on for you these days? How's she coming?"

"Good," said Tom. "How's yours?"

"Too darned good," said I.

"How's this?" he wanted to know.

"We're selling them so fast it's busting us," I said; and I stopped and told him a little something about the trouble we had to get money to fill our orders, coming in so fast.

"What do you think of that, Tom?" I asked, to see what the old man would say.

"They're strange-acting things," he said, "these miracles."

"They are, by cripes!" I said. "If we don't look out this one of ours is liable to be too much for us."

"That's the trouble with them," said Tom. "You can't tell where they'll land you. You can't tell half the time whether you've got them or they've got you—after you get hold of one. Half the time all you got is one hand on your miracle's tail, wondering where she'll go next."

"And you with her, eh, Tom?" said I.

"The trouble with them is," said he, looking up without cracking a smile on that old skeleton's face of his, "they're so much bigger than a man is. That's the trouble with them."

And I laughed and went out. You never could quite make the old man out. He was a queer one. There was always apt to be a lot of sense in that stuff he was getting off.

IX

IT WAS a hard ugly fight. There were three or four times in those next few months when we strained our credit to the limit. And the bank was after us on our balances all the time. We wouldn't have got through if Briscoe & Co. and some of the other supply people hadn't helped us out on the showing in our statements—watching us, of course, every minute.

But this particular time things were a little bit easier. I got a little money in—cash down from one or two of the dealers; and I was feeling pretty good.

"I tell you what I think, Pasc," said I. He had come in for a minute, between jobs, and we sat there in the office. "I believe we're beginning to see daylight. I believe if we turn a few more corners and take care and do everything just so, we'll pull out. These people will see us through on the basis of our profits."

"That's good," said Pasc.

"And they've got a right to—if nothing scares them," I said. "Do you know what I think?"

"No."

"I've been figuring up lately what we are making here. What do you think we are likely to pull out of this thing if it comes out right? This year, I mean."

"I haven't the slightest idea," said Pasc, lying back in his chair, watching me, with his long bony legs in his overalls.

"Twenty-five thousand a year! Laugh, if you want to," I told him, "but it's so—if it keeps going the way it is now. I hope we can," I said. "I'd like to do it. I never knew how we could get outside capital in if we wanted it. But I never wanted to get it if I could help it.

"I tell you, Pasc," I said: "I always felt this way. I always thought, when people got up a business and pushed it through, they were the ones who ought to have the benefit of it, and not outsiders. Not outsiders—these men with the money, like Proctor Billings for example. I don't know as I ever told you, but I've always had a suspicion, since that time he looked us over and I showed him our statements for his bank, that he's had his eye on us, more or less. I think he thinks there's something here he'd like to get in on. There have been several signs of it, for one thing; and then I've been told so straight. I hope he never does get us where we would have to let him in. There's one kind of man I can't stand."

"Seems to me I heard you say that before," said Pasc, grinning.

"Yes, and you'll hear me saying it again probably," said I. "We're a different breed of pups. We don't take to each other naturally. What I want to see out of this business," I said, "is our people, you and I and the folks that have worked with us to build this up—get what there is in it."

And just then I saw that Myrtle—that little bookkeeper we got from business college to take Wilkins' place—look up at the clock all at once and put on her coat in a hurry and go out.

"I wonder what she's forgot now?" I said to myself.

And I looked up at the clock myself, and saw she was going over to the bank—late as usual.

"Late again," I said to Pasc. "She couldn't be on time if her life depended on it. She's got to hustle now if she gets in at all."

"She ain't very strong," said Pasc, looking after her.

"She don't look well to me," said I, "and she never has. She looks worse and worse. She hasn't got blood enough in her body to keep a robin alive. I don't think we ought to keep her. Sooner or later she'll have to go anyway."

"No, no," said Pasc, making excuses as usual. "I don't think so. She'll get on to it before long."

"I don't believe it," said I. "It isn't in her. She won't do."

"She's conscientious," he came back. "You couldn't find a harder worker or anybody that was more loyal anywhere."

"That's it," I told him. "If it hadn't been for that, and your begging, she'd been fired long ago."

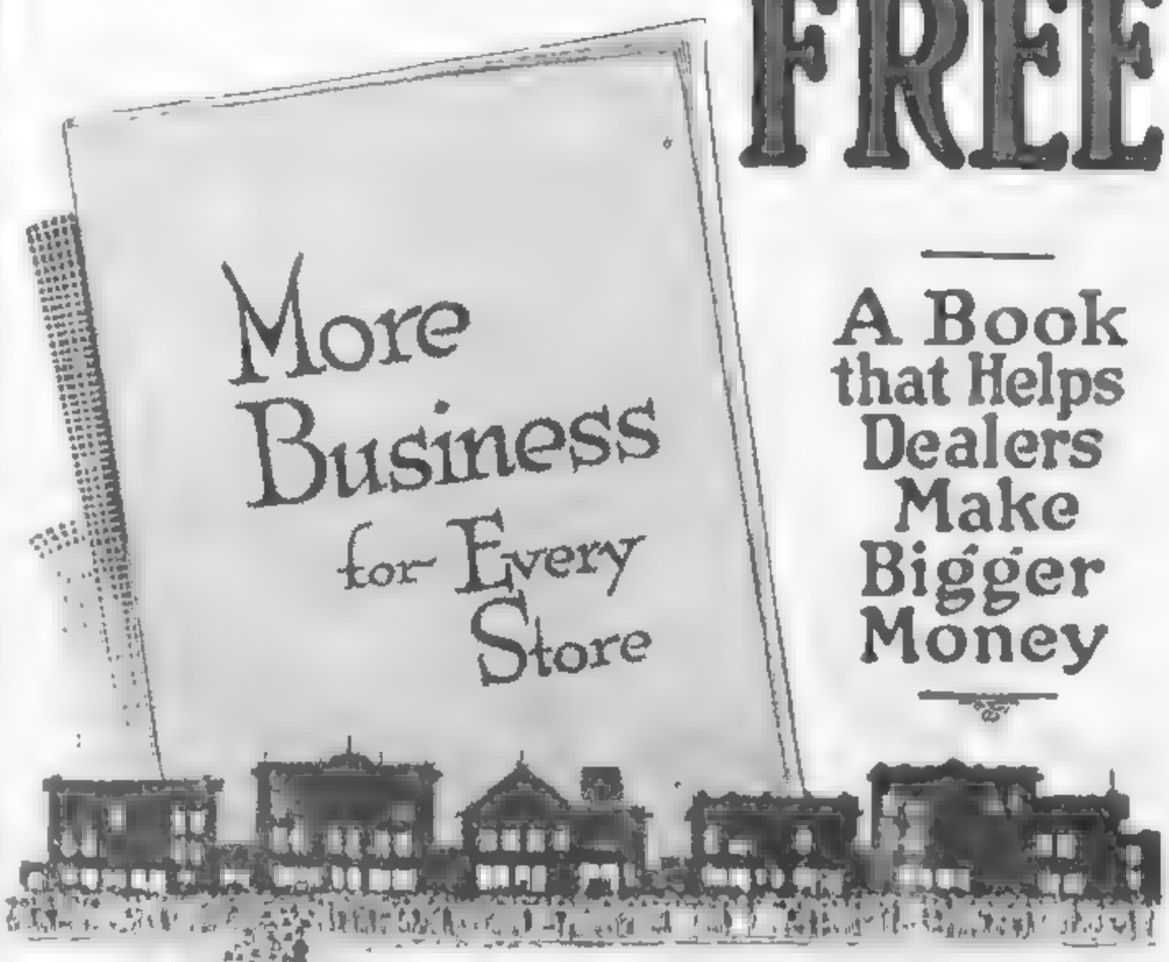
"Oh, no, she wouldn't, Bill," said Pasc. "You say so, but I know you better than that."

"She's got so now," I said, "she seems to have got kind of panic-stricken, following round, trying to catch up."

"You've got to remember," said Pasc, still finding excuses, "you don't ever see the best side of her. She's scared of you, always."

"Why should she be?" I came back at him. "I always treated her right."

"I know you have—always. More than right. But you don't realize, sometimes, I believe," he said, "how you impress people who don't really know you, Bill. You're so darned positive about everything you do. You go after everything so strong."



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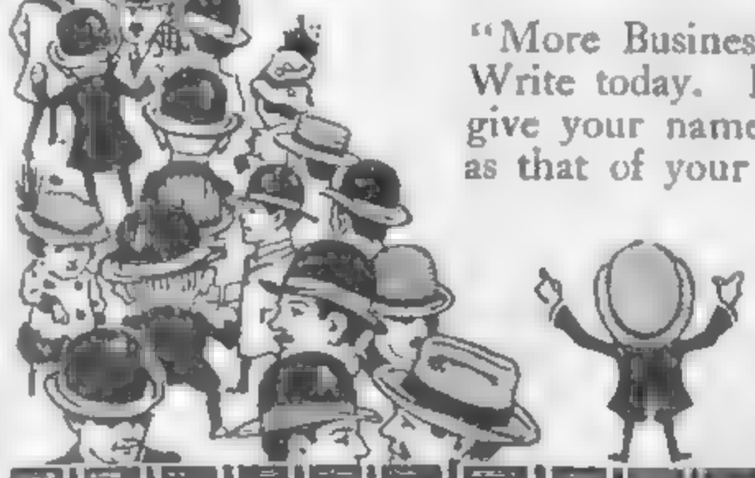

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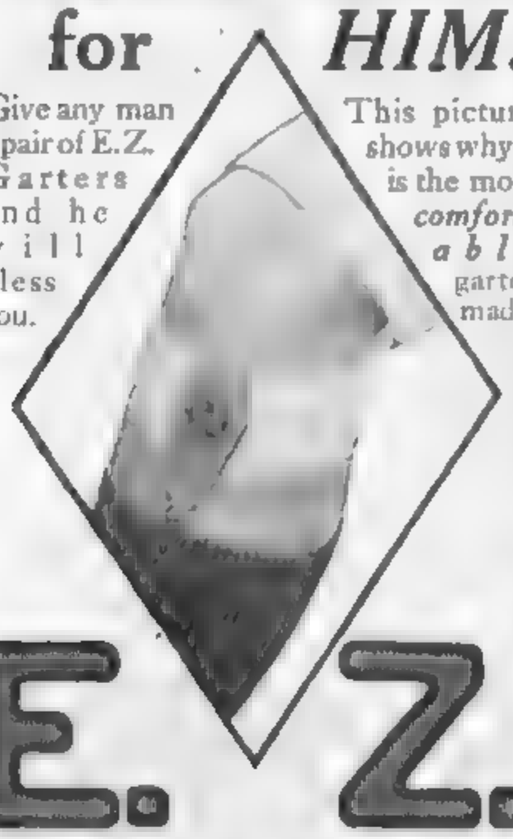

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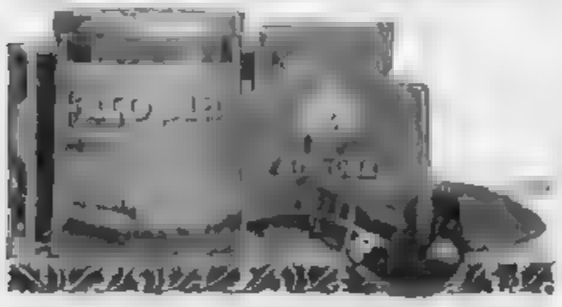

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"Maybe I do," I said. "But that don't make any difference in what we're talking about. I've told her she could have help if she wanted it."

"I know you have, Bill," said Pasc. "That's perfectly true. But she wants to do it all herself; she's told me about it. You could see how you'd feel. She thinks it's her one great chance—just like the rest of us. She's ambitious to do it all herself—to show she can; so if she does make good it will be better pay for her afterward. She's ambitious in her way. And she's got a mother and a sister at home, kind of partly dependent upon her."

"I know all that," said I.

"She's ambitious, naturally," Pasc went along. "She wants to do it all. And she's overconscientious. That's the trouble. I honestly think half her trouble is because she's always working in our interest. I think she's trying to save us money, trying to do so much herself."

"I do myself," I told him. "That's the devil of it."

"And she thinks sometime she'll handle it."

"That's just it!" I said. "Look at it now. Out twenty minutes, just going round to the bank. She can't do it. The job's too big for her. She can't follow it round. I'm sorry for the kid, just as you are, but the thing's too big for her, that's all there is to it."

"It's been pretty big for most of us," said Pasc, "when you come right down to it."

"It isn't killing either of us yet," I said, seeing again how pale her face was, when she went out—with that kind of bluish look to it, like skimmed milk; as if the blood was all out of her body. And great dark-blue rings round her eyes.

"Where is she now, anyhow?" I said, wondering what kept her at the bank; and remembering her face again, I suppose, as she went out.

"She'll be back in a minute," said Pasc.

"I don't want to work her to death, anyhow," I said. "I don't want her to die on our hands."

I was worried about her too. I used to find her there evenings, when we were ready to close—struggling to catch up, fighting the figures on those books of hers; trying to get them right. I had to send her home.

"I'm sorry for her," I said, looking up at the clock again, wondering why she stayed; "we both are. But we might be a darn sight sorrier for ourselves for something she might do to us. She might be a dangerous thing to us. She's got so now you can't rely on her. And she'll make some bad mistake we can't afford."

And I turned and looked at the clock again.

"Well," said Pasc, "I guess we can try her a little longer."

And just then I saw her, finally, outside, coming on the street. She was a homely kid, thin and small; and always dressed in a blue-serge suit that seemed as if it was falling off of her, and a little round cheap hat.

She came in the door—holding her bank book and a slip in her hand. And I got up. I could see from the color of her face that something had happened.

She didn't say a word. She came right in and walked right by us and sat down at her desk—and threw her arms down and her face on them and started crying; not loud, but as if she were going to tear herself all to pieces.

"What is it?" said I. "What's the matter now?"

And Pasc went over beside her, trying to stop her.

But we couldn't get a word out of her; either of us. She just lay with her face hidden, and when we tried to make her talk she'd just sob a little worse and bury her face in deeper.

"What is it?" we kept asking her. "What is it?"

But she just hunched her shoulders, crying.

She had on that little cheap round straw hat of hers, and it fell over crooked on one side. In one of her hands that stuck out, she had her bank book and a slip of paper.

"What have you done?" said I, stiffening up. For I'd got a suspicion of it now. "What is it?" I said. "Come—come on—talk! We ain't going to bite you."

And then I reached out and took hold of that bank book and slip of paper—wet and sticky, where she'd cried on it. I took them away from her.

Pasc was on the other side of the girl, patting her on the arm.

"You know what she's done?" I said to him, bringing my voice down the best I could. "She hasn't made her deposit to-day—or yesterday either."

"Yes?" said Pasc.

"She forgot it entirely yesterday; and she was late to-day. And in the meantime that check to Briscoe & Co. has come back, and been protested!

"Is that right?" I yelled at her.

"Don't!" said Pasc. "That don't do any good."

"Look," said I. "That is how it was. The check went to protest yesterday; and yesterday she didn't go near the bank at all. And she came in late this afternoon, and got the teller to write me this about it.

"Isn't that right?" I said to her again, and took hold of her. "Tell me!"

And she bobbed her head up and down, like a crying child on a desk in school.

"Didn't I tell you?" I yelled. "Didn't I warn you that that one thing must be attended to!"

I felt Pasc taking hold of my arm, but I shook him off; I was crazy—just about.

"And not to-day, either," I said. "Yesterday! And you said you'd do it right off."

"You've got to stop this," said Pasc, pulling. "You're scaring her to death."

"Scaring her!" I said, turning on him. "Scaring her to death! You know what she's done to us? She's busted us! Wide open! You know what they wrote us—what old man Briscoe told us we'd have to do; about that exact agreement we must carry out. Now, not only haven't we done it, but our checks have gone back protested!

"We're through," I said. "He's certain to shut down on us now, I know him exactly; and the minute he does, all the rest of them will be on top of us at once."

Then I stopped talking, and went over and sat in the chair, holding that bank book and that note from the teller—trying to think.

I didn't say anything for a while; and Pasc didn't. There was no noise in the room, but that girl crying, and the machinery outside—going grinding along, out in the shop.

"I told you what would happen," I said to him, "if you kept her; and I hadn't more than said it when it came!"

"It was our fault, too," said Pasc. "Not seeing it was done."

"Seeing it was done!" I said. "I gave her special instructions yesterday afternoon, just before I left her. And she said she would start right out and do it. Special instructions," I said, "that nobody could miss but an idiot."

"You've got to stop that," said Pasc, setting his fingers in my arm. "That's no use. It only makes it worse. She's nothing but a kid."

And when she saw him taking her part the girl started crying louder, letting herself loose, in kind of half hysterics.

"Oh, Lord," I said, walking up and down. "She's got to quit that."

"What are you going to do?" Pasc asked.

"I'm trying to think," said I.

"It was kind of strange, wasn't it," said Pasc—"their coming down on us like that at the bank. They usually call us up and give us a chance, don't they, in a case like that?"

"Yes, they do," I said. "They have."

"Do you suppose that Proctor Billings could be trying to play some trick on you?"

"I don't know," I said, thinking. "He might. And yet," I said, "they warned me once or twice before, when checks came back on them. But there might be—there might be a hold-up.

"Oh, quit, quit!" I said. That girl kept going on, worse and worse. You couldn't hear yourself think. "Keep her still," I said. "I've got to think. I've got to work this thing out."

And I went over then and dug out that new statement of the business I'd had made out for us.

Pasc was over trying to stop the girl, patting her on the back of her shoulders, like a little kid.

"It may be a hold-up," I said, "by Billings. I hope it is."

"Hope it is!" said Pasc. "How's that?"

"Because if it was just the ordinary thing, if he didn't have any personal interest, he'd just let it slide along. Our account's been no good to them, there's been no money in it for the bank. He'd just let

(Continued on Page 97)

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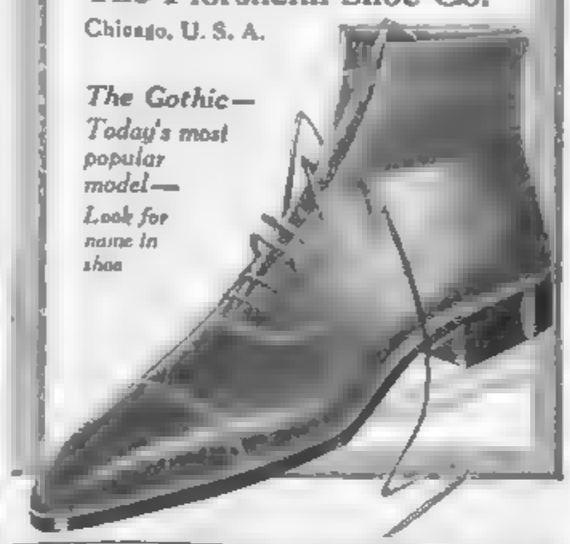

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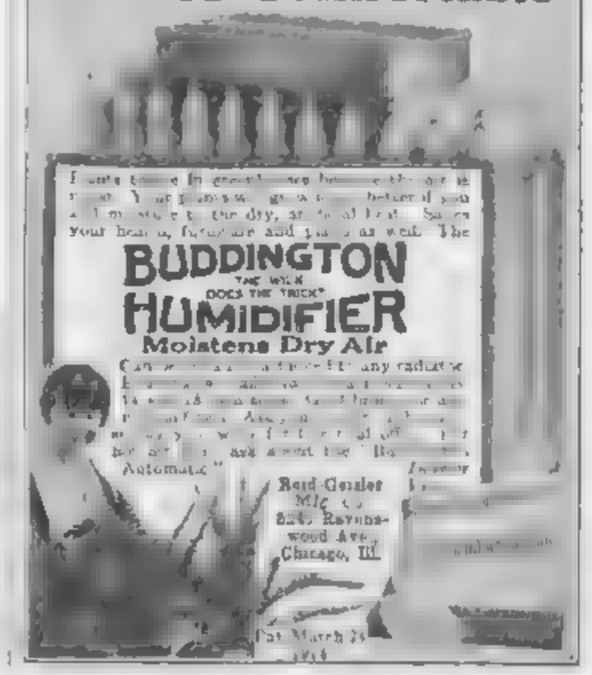

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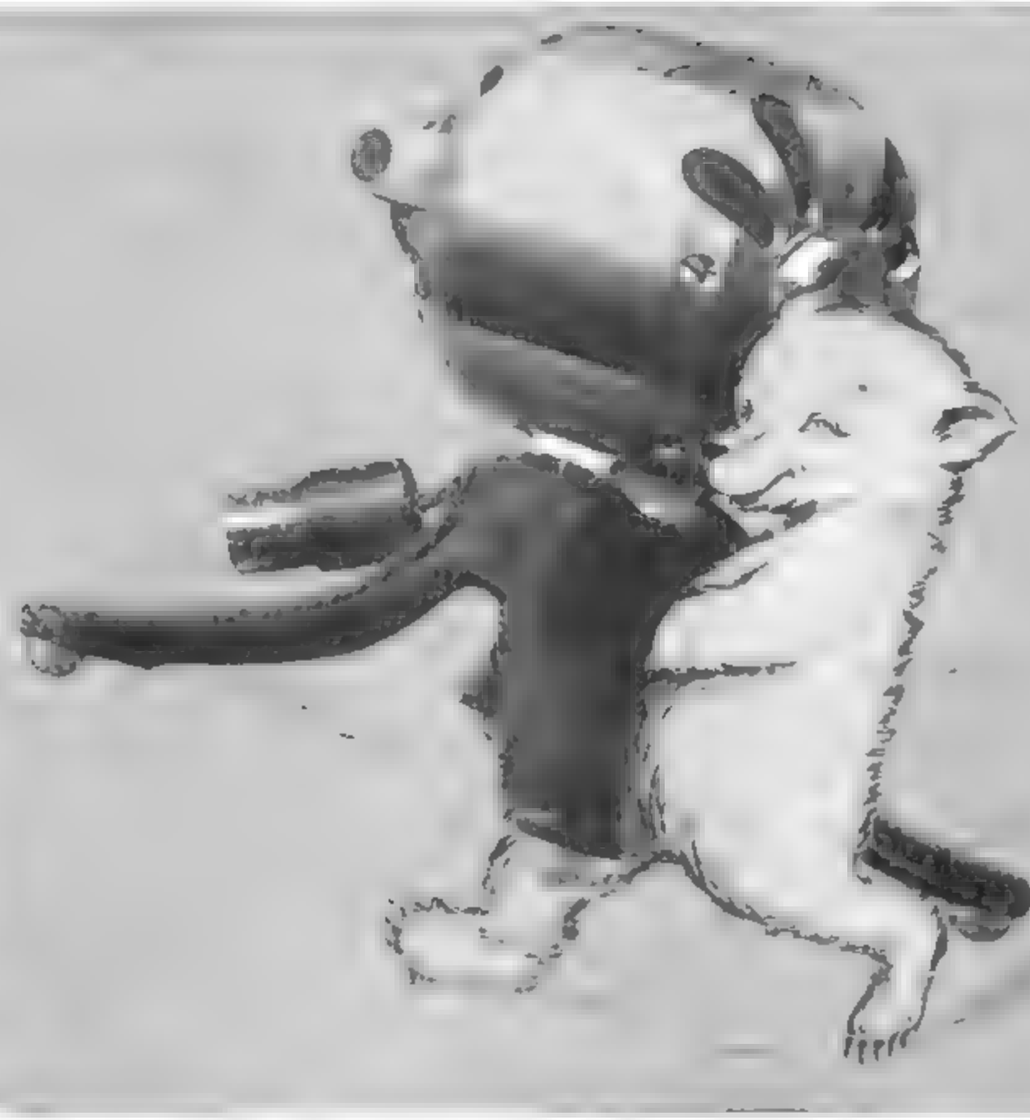

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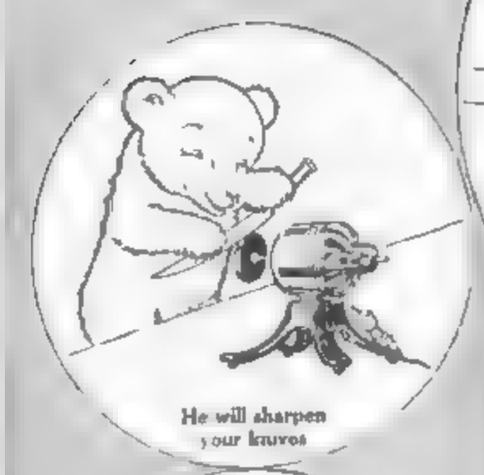
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Stores whose names could not be listed at the time this weekly went to press, also sell Polar Cub Home Motor. If no store in your city is listed here, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

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ALABAMA
Birmingham—Matthews Elec. Supply Co.
" The Robert Prowell Stove Co.

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Fresno—F. Gottschalk & Co., In
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" Southern California Elec. Co
" Woodhill & Hulse Elec. Co.
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Century Electric
Sacramento The J. C. Hobrecht Co.
Weinstock, Lubin & Co.
San Diego—Southern Electrical Co
San Francisco—Nathan-Dohrmann Co.
" The Emporium
" Chas. Brown & Sons
" Kohlberg Spatz Auto Electric Co.
San Jose—The Trinkler-Dohrmann Co.

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Colorado Springs—Kaufman & Co
Denver—The Cahn-Forster Electric Co.
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" National Elec. Supply Co
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GEORGIA
Atlanta—Electric Retail Co.
" Carter Electric Co
" The King Hardware Co

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IOWA
Des Moines—Thomas Electric Co.
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" little joe's
" Stewart & Co.

MASSACHUSETTS
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Lowell—George A. Hill
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Worcester—E. W. Ham Electric Co.

MICHIGAN
Detroit—Henry L. Walker Co
" The J. L. Hudson Co
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Lansing—Electrical Equipment Co.
Muskegon—J. Schantema Electric Co.
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MINNESOTA
Minneapolis—Powers Mercantile Co.
St. Paul [illegible] Rose

MISSOURI
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St. Louis Stix, Baer & Fuller
" The Frank Adam Electric Co
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" Adams, Senior Co., Inc
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Louis Ernst & Sons
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Cincinnati—The John Shillito Co
The Mabley & Carew Co
Cleveland—The May Co.
" The Ptahl Electric Co
" The Newman Stern Co.
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" The Electric Shop, R. W. Keck & Co.
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" Penn Central Light and Power Co
Bethlehem—The Luckenbach Stove Store
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Richmond—Morris Hunter
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ONLY A *Highest Grade* TRUCK Is *Economical* FOR THE *Large Or Small* TRUCK USER

ALL business must be as efficient as big business under the handicaps of war time conditions. The strain upon truck service increases as the railroads become burdened with war traffic. Motor trucks must take over a larger share of commercial transport, eliminating short hauls by rail wherever possible. Fewer men will be available. Each truck will be called upon for faster and heavier work.

The truck which cannot stand up under high pressure operation fails in the most vital respect—*uninterrupted work.* It depreciates rapidly, with ever-diminishing efficiency and ever-increasing repairs. Time off duty is extremely expensive.

Big concerns look ahead. They see what is coming and fortify their delivery service with fleets of the most efficient trucks money can buy. They know from experience that a high grade truck will outlast two or more of cheaper construction. It can be worked to the limit and *stay in active service.*

If this is important to the large truck user, with his own repair facilities and "extra" truck units in reserve, how much more important is it to the smaller truck user, with one, two, three or even half a dozen trucks, who has very limited shop facilities and no chance to "substitute" when a truck is laid up.

War conditions will prove quickly what years of peace service have been steadily evincing, that the best trucks are the cheapest, regardless of price. They last longer, do more, cost less to operate.

With White Trucks and White service facilities behind him, any user of trucks will be equipped to meet the most strenuous demands.

THE WHITE COMPANY

CLEVELAND

(Continued from Page 94)

us slide—as you'd expect he would, if there wasn't something in it for himself. You could talk to him all night. He's got no more insides to him than an ice box.

"On the other hand," I said, "if he planned for it or thought he saw something in it for himself I could go right to him and show him how he'd got to pull us out—if he ever wanted to get anything. For once this thing goes smash—it's all over. Humpty Dumpty wouldn't be in it for a minute if this thing went bankrupt!

"Oh, quit, quit!" I said to the girl, and went up and took hold of her arm myself. "Nobody's going to hurt you. Listen," I said, "if you don't stop you'll have to get out, that's all."

She kind of shivered then, and stopped.

Then I got up myself, taking that statement.

"Where are you going to?" asked Pasc.

"The only place I can go," said I, starting to go after my hat. "I'm going to see Proctor Billings.

"She'd better go now," I said to Pasc, nodding over to where that little bookkeeper was still sitting. "She'd better go, anyway, where she can have some other woman with her—her mother."

She kind of dragged herself to her feet then, and Pasc went over by her.

When I went out she was getting together her gloves and veil and stuff, clearing away her own personal stuff from the drawers in the desk—getting ready to leave her job; and Pasc helping her.

And I went along, cursing her out to myself; wondering if I was going to save anything out of what she'd done.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE CHASM

(Continued from Page 10)

have expected to see. I am too fair to you to believe that my blood or my origin are the reasons for my failure to earn you. There is something else—something which may be a characteristic of a nation or a race or a family, but just now something which is an individual thing in me. It comes between us. What is it?'

"'A chasm,' she said, and looked away because tears had come into her eyes.

"'Perhaps you are made of a different stuff,' I said. 'I sometimes think it is that, dear. I have tried so hard to live up to you, and yet after all you are on one side of a great yawning abyss, and I on the other. Sometimes I can just touch your hand. But there is no bridge. Between us ——'

"'—— there is a chasm,' she said firmly. 'That is true. I do not understand it myself, Mortimer. I only know it is there. We must let things stay as they are.'

"And that was the end. I knew it was the end of my hopes. Just as I had learned that somehow there was a wide, unbridged abyss between Margaret and myself I now knew that no plans, no labors, no strivings could close that space or bridge it over. To me there was a mystery in it all—a terrible mystery—and my defeat ——

"I can see her standing there beside the radiance of the lamp, her hand upon the papers which were the result of our labors, her mouth firm and her eyes wet a little.

"'And so if it is for her that my soul has striven I have lost,' I said. I said it over and over. But finally I learned the good sense of saying it no more.

"A week later I gave a great dinner in my house—a magnificent dinner. I was Mortimer Elms—successful banker, financier, patron of the arts, philanthropist—a great man, graceful of manner, powerful in resource. I was that—to the world!

"And then in the midst of the pain and the loneliness came the news of the revolution in Russia—the Russia I had damned and hated. She was going through the heavens and hells of freedom and anarchy, new lights, new shadows, glories and humiliations. She staggered up upon her feet. She fell. She staggered up again, dripping with the filth of the gutters but with the spirit of God shining from her eyes!

"I can't tell you how strangely this affected me—how it gripped my imagination and my heart. Oh, I tell you, there is something in the soil upon which a man is born that enters his soul and calls to him! He may forget for years and years. And then it is the soil that bore him that calls to him through all time and all space. It cries to him 'Come ye back! Come ye back to me! It is I who am thy mother!' It is the soil! The love of it never goes. Forgotten, it calls suddenly across the years and round the world. I learned it, because I found all at once that my heart was back there in Russia!

"The wall of the blacksmith shop just outside Vitebsk, on which I had cut into the masonry my initials in Russian characters when I was twelve—was it still there? I found that I was whispering to myself in the old tongues I had known. I wondered whether, now in these days of new stress, of liberty, of awakening—which had come to save or swamp the millions—the children still ran along the road to the home village with shouts and cries so heedlessly. I sat in my office with the morning newspaper spread out and the palms of my hands holding it flat on the desk while I read every last word of the triumphs and agonies of Russia. America was my country but she was at peace; Russia was my mother and she was in torment! . . .

"My stenographer came in and I did not see her. There was a break at the opening of the Exchange and I cared nothing. I was in my office, but, by the living word, my soul had gone—to Russia!

"Russia has haunted me day and night. Who can say what are the essences in a man's soul? I only know I could not make quiet the eternal call of my birthplace—the endless murmur of all the human voices that seemed to come from Russia with the hoarse cries of madness, the wail of suffering, the tremulous hopes and the tremulous fears. For Russia was calling to me—the soil on which I was born.

"And I opened my lips and I heard my own voice saying: 'You can go back to Russia. You can give yourself to Russia.'

"'And what can you do?' I asked myself. 'What can you do that will equal the good that you can do here?'

"And I answered: 'Give yourself back to Russia—to the soil that was your mother. Take back to her the abilities, the leadership you can bring to her.'

"And I laughed, because I thought: 'Who will follow my leadership—how can be used the help of a stranger like me? I shall be a little chip tossed about in the seethe of that great caldron. What a notion of duty!'

"But it would not be still—my own voice would not be still. I was trembling with emotion. I felt some new fever in my heart—as if I had come near, without knowing it, to the very secret of life, or could catch for a moment through the parting of the mist one look at the face of God.

"I heard myself say: 'If there is nothing else for you to do you can put aside in one great moment all fear, all thoughts of preservation. You can even join the men who fight in the trenches for Russia, for liberty. You say this is mad? You say this is not practical? You say this is a wicked waste of yourself, who should be used for something better? Well then, you lie! It is not waste.'

"And then suddenly I thought that to return and to say 'This is I, Joseph Stem, the man who killed Manovitch, the captain of the guard,' would mean death. But if that were not to be true, after all there would be death perhaps in some charge—death for a Wall Street financier, a philanthropist, an art critic; and if not death there, then an assassin's bullet from some liberty-crazed creature who wished to still all mouths capable of giving temperate counsel. At any rate it might mean death.

"I thought of death and I weighed it. I had never thought of death and there seemed to me to be death waiting for me, calling to me in Russia.

"Then suddenly the scales were knocked off my eyes and I saw that death was not terrible. I saw the mountain top at last. I knew at last that death was nothing. That which was something greater than all else was the giving away of oneself—to death if need be—but the giving away of oneself—that was the mountain!

"That is what Margaret's kind has that I had not—the vision. There is an endless store of that thing among these English. Some peoples have it and some are blind—wise, practical and blind. It is the willingness to give oneself to a cause. It may be to a woman, or to a principle of sportsmanship, or to a religion, or to a country, or to an ideal. But every man should have something for which he is willing to die—for

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that he has advised his friend Santa Claus to give Girard Cigars to all smokers this Christmas. The doctor himself smokes the Girard the year 'round, and recommends it to his patients in place of heavy cigars. He knows that the average smoker feels better physically and enjoys his smoking more when he smokes Girards *exclusively*

The Girard Cigar

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The Girard is a mild full-flavored cigar of genuine Havana that never interferes with health or efficiency. A box of Girards for Christmas will start the smoker on the road to safe smoking habits and greater smoke enjoyment.

10c and up *Less by the box*

Any cigar dealer from Maine to California can supply you with Girards—if he hasn't them in stock he can get them for you from us Show him this advertisement.

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Keeps Contents Icy-Cold for 72 Hours, Steaming-Hot 24 Hours

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$1 DOWN FREE TRIAL

"I'll Play the 7-Ball!"

BURROWES Billiard and Pool Table

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SAFEGUARD Your Children

KEEP Tycos FEVER THERMOMETER IN THE HOME

which he will, when the call comes, die with a grunt of willingness and a smile. Without this type of man the world, with all its wisdom and organization and plans and comforts, is a world which is a nasty craven. 'It is only tied closer to heaven and nobility by those who have something for which they will die.'

"And I knew then that I, with all my striving, all my success, all my charity, all the acclaim given to me, had never yet given myself to anything.

"Suddenly, though I loved life, I realized that nothing could be sweeter than death, if it must come—if one could give oneself for a cause—to death.

"I said to my office manager, who stood in the doorway: 'Find out the next steamer leaving on the Pacific by which I can go directly on through Japan to Vladivostok.'

"'You are going ——' he asked.

"'Yes; I'm going to Russia,' I said. 'Find out when—the earliest moment!'

"That was two days ago. I did not know until this afternoon that it will be a close call to catch that boat. I am going to Russia. I suppose there are those who would think me quite mad. But you and I know, don't we? Say that you know! It was to hear you—my old friend of long ago—say it, that I have told you."

"Yes. Go!" I said.

He put his long white hand over mine.

"Of course."

He wiped the Pullman window glass and stared out into the night. We were jumping over the switches as if we were coming into some railroad yard. Lights, thick lights, in a maze were flicking by the windows.

"Here we are at Philadelphia," he said. "You see I had no warning that I must move so quickly. I could not even get decent accommodations on this train. I wanted to say good-by to her. I had written her that I was going. She may not understand. But when it came to say good-by there was only one chance—it was for her to come down to meet this train. Not a very welcome suggestion to a girl, is it?—but the only chance. I wanted to say good-by—to her. I hope she will be here. If you will excuse me I will see."

He got up. I shall not soon forget the expression of sadness in his eyes as he left me.

I began to put away my papers and it was after we had pulled out of Philadelphia that the Pullman conductor came to sit in the seat where Elms had been. He was a stout man in blue and brass, and red of face—the kind of man who never sits down without a sigh.

"We're running full to Chicago," he said.

"Yes, I suppose so."

He coughed and wiped his forehead with his palm.

"Yours is Lower Six, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said.

"You don't want to change it for an upper, do you?"

"Why?"

"Well, it's this way: A young woman got on at Philadelphia. It seems there was something unexpected about it. The porter has black ears, just like telescopes. He says she was met by the man in Upper Nine, who is going to Russia; that something was said about being married in Chicago. The man asked if I could find a lower; and I thought, as she was going so far, and all that, for her sake I'd like to do what I could."

"Take mine," I said quickly. "I know the man. He is a builder of bridges."

A VAST FRIENDSHIP

(Continued from Page 11)

among the villages. It had been slow work. One felt very much alone at times and very inadequate to the task. It was good now to find in Petrograd so many stronger men on the job. But even so, we were too few. Germany has sent thousands of emissaries into the land. Our country, as yet, has sent but scores. God grant we may rouse ourselves in time, for a friendship so tremendous is not sealed by a handful of men; nor can it be built on words alone. Action, deeds, real service are needed from America.

What do the Russians want most from our people? That was what the commission had come to find out, and its first work in Russia was to make a rough survey of the whole national situation.

At the Front it made an investigation into the living conditions there—sanitation, clothing, food, and medical service and supplies. What was needed from America? What sanitary help should we give? What drugs and surgical instruments? What ambulance service should we provide? If the time ever comes when our armies must be sent to the Russian Front, what can be done toward making conditions of food and sanitation there as good as they are to-day in France?

Meantime, back in Petrograd, Colonel Billings and others of his staff were looking into the medical work that is done for the Russian soldiers. He found four large organizations—the Sanitary Department of the Russian Army, the Russian Red Cross, the All-Zemstvo Union, and the Union of Towns. On the whole, each was doing splendid work in the face of heavy obstacles. In Moscow they were working together, but in Petrograd each was working alone. There was little or no coördination. And times were hard for some of these men; for the Russian treasury was low, hospital supplies were lacking, and the wounded were still pouring in from the Front. Most Americans believe that Russia did no fighting in the summer just gone by; but tens of thousands of their men have been wounded in the last few months and these all had to be cared for, together with several hundred thousand who were suffering from disease.

Many Russian medical men had come close to the end of their rope. When they learned from Colonel Billings that he had brought large stores of drugs and instruments, and other supplies, and that these were not to be paid for, but were all free gifts from America, their appreciation was deep and real. And their readiness then to listen to the advice and counsel of these new friends from America was so great that within a few busy weeks Colonel Billings had persuaded them to unite and form in Petrograd, on a more comprehensive plan than they had done in Moscow, one great central committee, representing all four of their organizations.

"That's the trouble all over Russia," Colonel Billings told me. "So often you find wonderful work of separate organizations—as fine as anywhere in the world. You find strong men who have worked hard and with amazing efficiency in spite of all the waste and corruption of the old régime. To them should go the credit for having maintained the Russian Army at the Front all through the war, despite the bungling and intrigues of the old bureaucracy under the Czar.

"These men have pushed steadily on in the midst of the confusion attending the changes of government. But, with some striking exceptions, their organizations are working alone. It's coöperation that they lack."

So, in Petrograd, he induced them now to form this central committee to coördinate all the medical work for the Russian Army, to eliminate waste and duplication, fix responsibility, and represent to America and other friendly nations Russia's real needs in the present war.

Meantime he was arranging with our Government at home that, from now on, all medical work we may do for the Russian Army should come through our Red Cross alone, and from it to this Central Russian committee.

"They will get supplies from us," he told me, "from now on; as much as they need. But I doubt that they're going to need very much; for the more I see of these Russians, the more I feel they can do this themselves in the greater part. We are not here to teach these men. They can teach us. We can teach each other—help each other."

It was the same in civil relief. The members of the commission had heard before they arrived that they would find Russia starving. They found nothing of the kind. On their arrival in Petrograd, quickly working their way through the appeals for aid from all kinds of relief societies, they soon got through the confusion to the one big basic truth—that there is food enough in Russia to-day to feed all her people; but that, through the demoralization of the whole social and industrial system, caused first by the long war and the corruption of the old régime and later by the revolution, food supplies have been piling up in certain sections of the land, especially in the villages.

(Concluded on Page 101)

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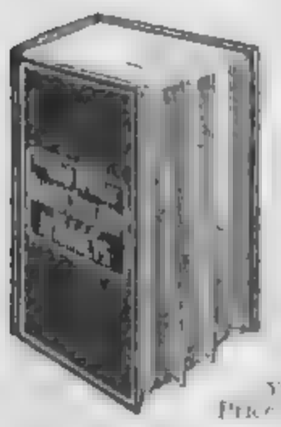

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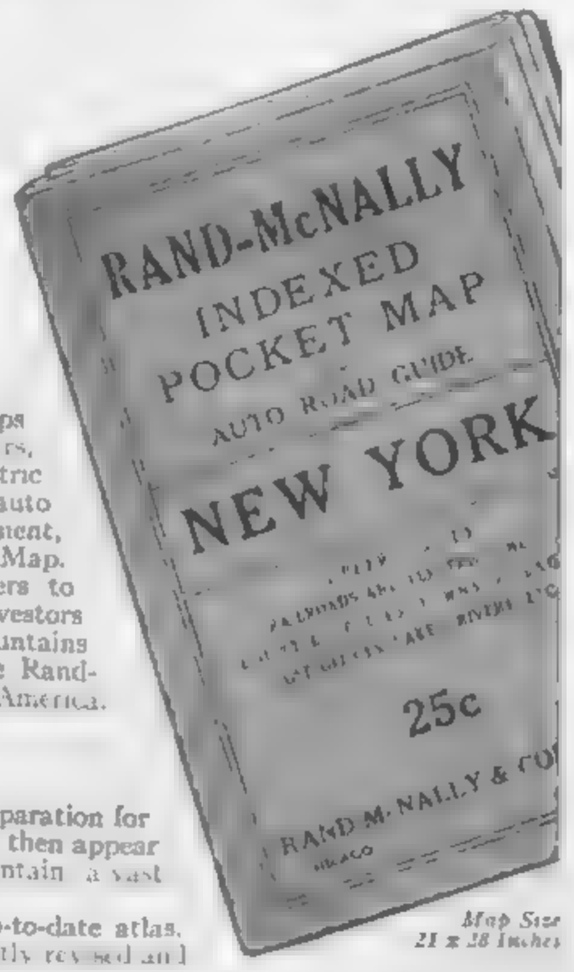

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The trouble has come in the distribution. There is danger of terrible destitution during the coming winter months in Petrograd and Moscow and many other cities, and also possibly at the Front; but this is not due to lack of supplies, but to the confusion attendant on the absence of law and order, inadequate railroad transportation and the partial paralysis of the nation's industrial life. Again, it is system and coöperation that Russia requires most of all.

But while arriving at this fundamental truth for the guidance of our Government, the commission meantime had been prompt to give aid wherever it could. It was soon in close touch, for example, with a great national congress of relief societies, met for the purpose of planning to safeguard the lives and welfare of children all over Russia. And in Petrograd, in coöperation with both the government and private relief organizations, a central committee was formed to give food and fuel and clothing and medical aid to the women and children of Petrograd during the coming winter months through a series of soup kitchens and other centers of relief. The commission has asked our Red Cross at home for over four million cans of condensed milk from America for the babies and small children. This amount, Colonel Billings says, will feed one hundred thousand babies for three months.

These are only two examples of various concrete projects into which the commissioners entered in their first five weeks in Petrograd, to prove to the Russian people that America means to do more than talk. But all such work led, at every turn, back to the deeper problems of food distribution, the organization of industries, the restoring of law and order and of regular work throughout the land.

"Once they get that," said Colonel Thompson, "the Russians will handle these problems themselves. Of course it will not be easy—and it may take them many months. Meantime we'll have to help them. But their leaders understand that, in order to obtain large credit from the American Government, they must show it will not be wasted here. They must prove they themselves are doing all that lies in their power to replace confusion by order, a strong government, a really adequate food control, an army that will obey commands and a railroad system that will work. But, from the talks we have had with their leaders, we feel certain they are attempting this; that at least they are headed in the right direction now. They have already in a large measure adopted the recommendations made to them by our Railroad Commission. And we find the same readiness everywhere."

"We've found the Russian Government," Colonel Billings told me, "ready and eager to get our advice and coöperate with us. And every week we stay here makes us more sure that Russia will at last work out of disorder and become a real democracy, a great liberal friend to America."

The Liberal Belt

This spirit of the commission, this vigorous faith and optimism, even in those first five weeks, had a real and wide effect. The Russians need such encouragement; for, with all their devotion to big ideals, they have been born and bred under a government so tyrannical and so inefficient that most of them have acquired a habit of negative thinking, a habit of throwing the blame for all their ills on the government. And, having been used all their lives to attack and criticize the powers that are over them, it is hard to change this attitude now—to stop knocking and all work together to build up a new nation.

On all sides you hear criticism. Listening to some Russians, you might think there was nothing good in their land. Some such men I introduced to members of our commission.

I remember one whom I took to dinner with Major Post. The Russian began, in true Russian style, to tell how they were failing on every hand.

"Failing!" cried Major Post. "Why, my dear sir, I have been in your city only three weeks, but I want to tell you I have never seen anywhere in the world such work as some of your medical men are doing here! Have you ever been in the Evacuation Hospital at the Finland Station?" The Russian had not. "Go there," said Post, "and you'll be proud of your country!" He went on to describe the place in detail. "Have you ever been in the hospital at the Warsaw Station here," he asked, "or in the Evacuation Hospitals at Moscow?"

The Russian pessimist shook his head.

"Then go there. You people ought to wake up and look round and see what's here. You've got just about the finest nation on earth—except America."

The Russian stared, dumfounded; but through his bewilderment I saw a gleam of keen liking for Post—for Post and all Americans—gradually come into his eyes. For, in spite of this habit of theirs of constantly criticizing themselves, they resent criticism from outside and are hungry for praise of their country.

I had another Russian friend who was inclined to the negative habit of mind, a man I had heard time and again, with great gusto, join his friends in deriding their government as absolutely hopeless and riding for a heavy fall. I brought him to Major Robins; and Robins took him along one day as interpreter for an interview with a certain government minister. That night the Russian grasped my arm as we walked down the Nevskii Prospekt and said to me intensely:

"Do you know what's the real trouble with this government of ours? The poor devils have been criticized until they have almost lost faith in themselves! What they need from us is encouragement!"

I looked round at him with a start. I could almost hear Robins talking.

The New Russia

These are just two instances of the way I saw this optimism and hope and faith from America come up against the Russian mind and act on it like a tonic. When I left Russia for America with some members of the commission, one of my closest Russian friends said to me very earnestly:

"If you'll only back up these men at home; if Americans are all like this and will act like this toward Russia in the months ahead of us, nobody can even imagine the tremendous good it will do! With such help you'll see a new Russia rise here. And, more than that, you'll feel the beginning of a great Russian-American friendship, so deep and strong that nothing can ever kill it.

"And think what it will mean in the future! There will be one broad belt of land reaching almost round the whole north of the globe—America, Russia, Siberia—a great wide belt of democracy, of liberal purposes and ideals."

I remember that last night at the station, when they came down to see us off—Colonel Thompson and Major Thayer, and the fourteen other men of the commission, who were to stay and form the basis of a permanent American Red Cross organization. With them were our ambassador and several of the men on his staff who, through all the trying months of constant change and chaos, have so borne themselves as to keep the name of America foremost in the minds of the Russians as being the most friendly of all the foreign Powers. Both by words and deeds they have shown our faith in the new republic.

Shall Russia be left to lose her new faith in anarchy and chaos now, and drift back to autocracy and a possible German alliance that will make the future as black as night to all who love democracy? Or shall she be given every ounce of energy we can spare from the mighty task ahead in France?

There is deep hope in Russia, if only we throw our generous aid into the balance—money; men; special workers of all kinds and speakers; correspondents who will send back to America the whole truth about the Slavs, and who will tell Russia the whole truth about America.

Through the Russian press, which is friendly now—I have talked with many editors there—we may spread these tidings over their land, counteract the lies of German spies, tell the facts about ourselves and our ideals in this struggle—and by this truth and by our deeds lay the foundation deep and strong for a Russian-American friendship which, with France and England, will become the basis of that League of Free and Liberal Nations toward which this present world of ours is groping in the darkness, through sorrow and disease and death, through sacrifice, devotion, on into the better days in which that vaster army, made up of untold billions of struggling humanity, shall take one more prodigious stride—forward—in the march of men.

1917 Gift Announcement

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THE TOMMYWAACS

(Concluded from Page 7)

receive from $6.75 to $7.75 a week; motor drivers get $8.75; gardeners, $6.50; telephone operators, $8.75; telegraph operators, $10.50; unskilled workers—such as storekeepers, orderlies, messengers and so on—draw $5 weekly. The household people are paid by the year, and there is no deduction for food or lodging from their wage, which amounts to $125.

Forewomen are paid more than the girls in the ranks. A forewoman cook receives $225 a year—£45, to be exact; and forewomen drivers $10 a week. The pay of the unskilled forewomen runs from $6 to $7.50 weekly. It will be noted that the scale ranges from $10.50 for telegraph operators, who are the best paid, down to about $2.50 a week for those who do household work.

The W. A. A. C., on purely financial grounds, offers plenty of attraction to English working women, for they have been accustomed to earn far less than these wages in normal times. Some of them draw more than the Tommies; but, on the other hand, no separation allowances are given and no underclothing.

Rules and Questions

The corps is almost entirely free from those romantic persons who want to rush into every such undertaking from love of adventure or the social advertising their activities will bring them. Were a similar organization to be raised in America, we should have all sorts of women and girls, wholly unfitted for hard and sustained work, enrolling on hysterical impulse.

"How did you head that class off?" I asked the Chief Controller.

"Well, for one thing, the work is very hard, and they know it. And for another, we enroll for the duration of the war. That deters the dilettante," she replied.

The enrollment form is an awe-inspiring document. Some of the questions are searching. They ask the applicant's age, for one thing. No girl under twenty years is accepted—if they know it.

"Are you willing to be vaccinated and inoculated?" They have to submit to both. The typhoid inoculation is the same as the men are given.

"Question 11. Do you undertake to serve in the category or grade for which you are selected, or in any other category or grade to which you may be transferred or promoted; and to obey all orders given you by your superior officers or those who may be placed in authority over you? . . .

"Question 13. Do you understand that if, at any time, in breach of this contract of service, you—*a*—without lawful excuse, absent yourself from any work which it is your duty to perform, or from any place where it is your duty to be; or—*b*—refuse or willfully neglect to perform any of your duties; or—*c*—willfully impede or delay the due performance of any work in connection with which you may be employed—you will render yourself liable, on conviction by a court of summary jurisdiction, to be sentenced to imprisonment for a term not exceeding six months, or to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds, or to both such imprisonment and fine?"

You will perceive that they don't lead a Tommywaac out at dawn and shoot her for a grave offense; yet the punishments are sufficiently drastic. On the first occasion of her breaking any of the minor rules and regulations laid down for the corps she is liable to a fine amounting to thirty-five cents; that is tilted to a dollar and twenty-five cents for a second offense; and the third, and every subsequent occasion, diminishes her pay by one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Stoppage of leave is a form of punishment the controllers may employ, but this power is hardly ever exercised. It is realized that home leave means more to the girls than almost anything on earth and, therefore, the officials hesitate to use the weapon. Nevertheless, the mere fact that they could do so in an emergency acts as a strong deterrent.

To do the Tommywaacs justice, their behavior has been excellent. Up to the time of writing the Chief Controller has been obliged to ship back to England less than five per cent of the total number in France.

A reference to gardeners in a preceding paragraph of this article may puzzle the reader. They use lots of gardeners in the army zone. Not only are they employed about hospital grounds and their own huts and camps but they take care of the military cemeteries within their respective areas. I saw a large cemetery at one depot on which W. A. A. C. workers had been employed for some weeks. It was as trim—as sweetly tended—as the most loving survivor of the men sleeping there could wish.

In case of illness the women could not be better looked after at home than they are in France. They have their own hospitals, which are converted private residences selected with a view to cheerful surroundings. The wards are well furnished and fairly swimming in sunshine.

Another important function performed by the Waacs is cooking for the men. They are gradually taking over this work from male cooks at all the depots. In one kitchen I visited they cook for eighteen hundred men, and its condition would have done credit to one of those show grills you may see through the windows from the street.

They feed the girls adequately. Their ration is supposed to be the same as a soldier's, but slightly smaller. Fried bacon, bread and butter, and jam and tea for breakfast seems to me a fair starter for the day's stint; roast beef, potatoes and bread pudding for dinner; bread and butter, jam and cheese for tea; soup, bread and cheese for supper—that is an average menu.

A Tommywaac is not permitted to go far from home alone. She must have another girl with her. In all respects the regulations governing conduct are sanely lenient. That sort of thing is left largely to the individual; but offenses which come to the knowledge of officials bring prompt and stern punishment.

Military Chaperons

They have plenty of chaperonage, which includes not only their own officials but veteran noncoms. of the army. There have been instances where old sergeants took a paternal interest in them that practically amounted to standing guard over the Tommywaacs. In one town where they have a large camp of girls, a sergeant major, who has a daughter in the corps, looks after them like a father. He drives off undesirables who try to hang round, keeps tabs on the hours when the girls return to camp, and gives the administrators tips as to which men are all right for their charges to associate with and which are not. He is a self-constituted daddy to the W. A. A. C.

The men treat them splendidly. They cannot do enough toward helping the women in beautifying the camps; and they are frankly fond of the Tommywaacs' society. The girls give musical evenings, and each is permitted to invite one soldier friend. You never see the invitations turned down.

"How was the War Office ever persuaded to try such an experiment?" was one of the questions I asked. Knowing the British attitude toward innovations in general and especially any having to do with women, the formation of this corps and its employment in the army zone staggered me.

It appears that the W. A. A. C. was an outgrowth of the Women's Legion, raised earlier in the war to supply cooks and other such workers for the army. Also, British officialdom was impressed by the achievements of women in munitions work, farming and all sorts of activities. They were doing men's work in England; why should they not do men's work in France, and thereby relieve thousands of able-bodied Britishers for fighting?

Your Englishman is full of surprises. He may seem terribly slow in accepting an idea; but watch him when once he is persuaded of its feasibility! Nothing stops him then; he will go the whole hog.

It proved so in the case of the W. A. A. C. Radical as the plan was, the War Office discerned its possibilities, and, once convinced, acted with exceptional dispatch and vigor. The scheme had its inception in February last and the first of the W. A. A. C. women came to France in March.

And now, as I said before, the British are advertising for ten thousand a month. That tells the story better than all the puffs one could write. They have made good. And, now that I have seen them on the job, anyone who tries to sneer at the Tommywaacs when I'm about will have to do so over my dead body.

Somewhere with the Jackies

Strenuous wartime conditions demand the elimination of all waste time and labor. In the great drive to conserve human effort, the

The name Maytag on a washer—whether it be the Multi-Motor, the Electric, the belt-driven or the hand-machine—is insurance of worthy performance.

Maytag
Multi-Motor Washer
with
Swinging Reversible Wringer

Troublesome laundry problems find easy solution in the Maytag Laundry Manual. Write for your copy—free. It was written to help you. There's no obligation.

in serving the home is serving the nation. By their greater ease, convenience and thoroughness, the Maytag Multi-Motor and Maytag Electric Washers have minimized the waste in that homely, yet ever-present domestic problem, *the weekly wash*—in thousands of American homes. The greater your desire to conserve time and effort, the more a Maytag will remind you of that ideal in which thought of labor is forgotten. *Simple—safe—silent and ever ready.* The economic luxury of the Maytag as part of the modern home laundry equipment suggests its purchase as one befitting the gift season. In its possession the fondest desire of the home manager is realized. Why not make it *your* gift?

THE MAYTAG COMPANY—Dept. 206—NEWTON, IOWA

DEALERS—The Maytag proposition is an unusual merchandising opportunity. Write!

50

Make this Christmas "the best ever" for your boy

The longing for a rifle is the heritage of every American boy, and your son wouldn't be a chip of the old block if he didn't have it.

You remember, don't you, how much you wanted a gun, how discontented you were till you got it? And will you ever forget how proud and happy you felt the first time you fitted the stock of your *own* Winchester to your shoulder and fired your first shot? What heaps of good, healthy fun you had in those days—shooting at targets and "going after" woodchucks!

Well, that lad of yours wants a rifle of his own just as badly as you ever did and—

Now's your chance to make him happy

Christmas is the time to make his most cherished dream come true. Dreams seem pretty real to a boy, and that Winchester .22 will give him more pleasure this year than a whole arsenal of them could possibly give him five years from now. So make him happy while you have such a good chance, while he's still a boy with dreams.

It isn't likely that he has kept his yearning to himself, but if he has, just try him out and see how much he wants that rifle. Say to him, "Son, which would you rather have for Christmas—a Winchester or—". The chances are ten to one against your ever getting beyond that "or".

The wise gift

A gun is a wise gift, too, because it will give your boy more than the passing pride of possession; it will be a fresh joy to him every day in the year—a joy that will grow greater the better he learns to shoot. And a rifle will bring out the man in him; it will teach him responsibility, self-control and self-reliance; it will develop in him the invaluable qualities of concentration and perseverance.

There is a place near you, either out in the open or at a club, where you can shoot. If you do not know where to shoot, write to us, and we will tell you where and how you can, or we will help you organize a club.

Every boy knows the traditions behind the name "Winchester", so get him the rifle he can be most proud of.

What the name "Winchester" means

The name "Winchester" stands for the best in gun making. For over half a century Winchester has been the standard of pioneers and sportsmen. Winchester rifles built the West. As the need grew, Winchester originated a model and a caliber for every purpose.

The Winchester Company today is an organization of expert gun makers with 50 years of gun-making reputation behind it.

Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired many times for smooth action and accuracy, and is fired with excess loads for strength.

No Winchester barrel varies one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness or diameter. The Bennett Process, used exclusively by Winchester, gives the Winchester barrel a distinctive blue finish that, with proper care, will last a lifetime.

The same care that is taken with Winchester guns is taken with Winchester ammunition. The two are made for each other.

Get the rifle now

Your dealer will help you decide which one of the fine .22 Winchesters will best suit your boy. Now is the time to select it—while there are still plenty in stock. You will be surprised to find what a fine gun you can get for a low price. Get the rifle now and make the boy happy.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
Dept. 165 New Haven, Conn.

BOYS and GIRLS

Winchester Medals for skill with the rifle

The Gold-Plated "Sharpshooter" Medal goes to the boy or girl under 18 who makes the first grade score with a Winchester .22 rifle and Winchester ammunition.

The Silver-Plated "Marksman" Medal goes to the boy or girl who makes the second grade score.

Go to your dealer today; he will give you a sample target and booklet explaining the full conditions of the contest. This booklet also tells you how to get the best results from your Winchester. The dealer will also supply you with targets.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Dept. 165, New Haven, Conn.

MODEL 90. Take-down Repeating .22 caliber rifle, 24-inch octagon barrel. The standard target gallery rifle for 25 years.

MODEL 06. Take-down Repeating .22 caliber rifle, 20-inch round barrel. Shoots three sizes of ammunition. The most popular .22 caliber repeater ever placed on the market.

Take-down .22 caliber single shot rifle. A low priced, light weight gun made in two sizes.

MODEL 03. Automatic hammerless take-down rifle. Handles only its own .22 Automatic cartridge. Shoots ten shots as fast as the trigger can be pulled.

WINCHESTER

World Standard Guns and Ammunition

A Man's Most Welcome Christmas Gift

IF there is a man's name on your Christmas list, whether relative or close friend, whom you want to please particularly, write "South Bend Watch" opposite his name. His delight and pleasure on Christmas morning will form a memory you will treasure for years to come.

He knows the meaning of the purple ribbon across the face of a South Bend Watch. He knows that it is an honor mark—a symbol of quality, of accuracy, of durability, of every characteristic that marks a watch of the highest grade.

South Bend Watches come in more than forty different combinations of movements, dials and cases, which assures your being able to select a South Bend Watch of distinctive individuality.

Prices range from $16 to $125. Ask for the Watch with the Purple Ribbon at your jeweler's and write for "A Book of Beautiful Watches."

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY, 112 Studebaker Street, South Bend, Indiana
For Years Makers of Standard Railroad Watches

South Bend

The Watch with the Purple Ribbon

Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?

Will Santa Claus usher into your home on Christmas morning the artistic Genius of all the world—the singers, the instrumentalists, the composers, the comedians who rule as the monarchs of Art and Laughter?

Caruso, Alda, Calvé, De Luca, Farrar, Galli-Curci, Gluck, Hempel, Homer, Kreisler, Martinelli, McCormack, Melba, Ruffo, Schumann-Heink, Scotti, Tetrazzini, Victor Herbert, Harry Lauder, Sousa—these are names that promise you the greatest music and entertainment that the world has to offer. All these illustrious artists—and many more—make records exclusively for the Victor.

The Victrola is the supreme gift—enjoyed by all the family every day in the year.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $400, and there are Victor dealers in every city in the world who will gladly demonstrate them and play any music you wish to hear.

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